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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1899.

ART. I.—ROBERT AITKEN, A SKETCH
FROM MEMORY.

Eleanor Leslie, a Memoir. By J. M. STONE. Art and Book Company. 1898.

WE do not propose in the present Paper to review the charming memoir of Mrs. Leslie which Miss Stone has given us, well worthy as that beautiful life is of the most careful attention. But we place it at the head of this article because it is the only book that we know of that contains anything like a lifelike sketch of a man who exercised a very considerable influence in his day over earnest-minded men and women, many of whom, like Mrs. Leslie, found their way into the Catholic Church, and still retain a grateful remembrance of what they owe to his teaching and personal character. Mrs. Leslie's first acquaintance with him was in 1838, under the following circumstances. We quote from the Memoir :

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, with their daughter Eleanor, returned from Birmingham to Wandsworth. In the train with them was a large, loosely-built man, coarse in appearance, but of considerable mental power. He began to talk of religion with a simplicity and earnestness that caught the attention of all. Mrs. Leslie afterwards said, in speaking of this first meeting with one who was destined for some years to exercise a large influence on the religious life of the family, "I made a

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remark which I thought very wise, and he showed me how foolish I was."

They discovered before leaving the train that he was a certain Robert Aitken, Dissenting minister in London, and that he preached in Zion Chapel, in the Waterloo Road (p. 56).

The only word that the present writer would object to is the adjective "coarse." The sixteen years that passed between 1838 and 1854, when he first met Mr. Aitken, may have done much to refine him. A man who spends much time in prayer cannot be really coarse, and the constant thought of God has its softening effect even upon the outward features. It may also be presumed that so refined and cultivated a lady as Mrs. Leslie would hardly have been attracted to one who was even "coarse in appearance." And attracted she certainly was:

After this they went regularly to Zion Chapel. The services consisted of some Scripture reading—Mr. Aitken had a wonderful voice, and read magnificently—of hymns and a sermon. It was the first really powerful preaching they had ever heard. One main idea recurred constantly; and, indeed, ran through all: to do everything for God. This involved turning away from the world and worldliness, a distinct act which Mr. Aitken called "conversion," and which Mrs. Leslie certainly experienced about this time. Her husband remarked a decided change in her. Formerly she would be greatly disturbed by any convulsion of nature—a thunderstorm would agitate and unnerve her; but now she would be perfectly calm even during a great storm. She never did things in a half-hearted way, and entered thoroughly into Mr. Aitken's scheme of conversion, allowing him to make use of her in the conversion of others, and being quite lifted up above human respect or fear. In after years she always maintained that she had then turned to God in a way she had never done before (p. 57).

Robert Aitken was born at Jedburgh at the beginning of the century, and was brought up a Presbyterian. According to Miss Stone, "after a madcap youth, he started life seriously as a schoolmaster." She gives an amusing account of his obtaining a Professorship in Dublin, where he presented himself as a candidate:

Finding that he would have to wait some time before the examination, and that he would have no money to pay his hotel bills, he hired a hall, put out a programme of pieces for recitation, and scored such a success that the next day all the other competitors for the professorship retired and left the field to him (p. 58).

Some time after this he made up his mind to be a minister ; but, having a great repulsion to the Calvinistic doctrines of the Kirk, he determined to join the Church of England, and held a curacy in one of the northern counties. Here he married a lady of good family, the daughter of a Colonel Eyres. She was a few years afterwards in delicate health, and her husband after a while gave up parochial work and devoted himself to writing on theological subjects. His revulsion from Calvinism led him to embrace rationalistic opinions, and he laboured earnestly to prove that there was no eternal punishment. He was now living in the Isle of Man, and one day he was startled to find himself falsifying a text of Scripture in order to support his views. This was how he stated it to the present writer. Miss Stone says : " It seemed to him that God had said to him : ' You want to write a gospel for Me ; I have written one for you.' " For many days he was a prey to the keenest remorse. He used to go out into the fields in solitude, and pour out his soul to God, crying aloud for mercy, and for deliverance from that hell which he had tried to disprove. At last relief came. It seemed to him that our Lord spoke to him, and said, " Mary," as He spoke to the weeping Magdalene at the Sepulchre. His heart was filled with joy and gratitude, and in the excess of his happiness he thought he had received a gift granted to no one since the days of the Apostles. He was somewhat taken down when he told an old gardener of the change that had taken place in him, and the old man said : " Why, Maister Robert, I thought you had been converted long ago."

With his whole soul on fire with the new life that had thus been awakened in him, he eagerly seized every opportunity of preaching on conversion to God, as a conscious reality to be experienced by all who sought for it. Many were stirred by his sermons ; but the clergy of the Established Church began to look upon this new movement with suspicion, and he found their pulpits shut against him. The Wesleyan Methodists invited him to preach in their chapels, and he went out into the streets and preached to crowds of people who flocked to hear him. Going over to England he found the same suspicion on the part of the clergy of the Establishment, and the same readiness to welcome him on the part of the

Methodists, and for some time he went over the country preaching, mostly in dissenting chapels. He soon, however, became dissatisfied with the way in which his converts were handled by the Methodists, and he set up two or three chapels of his own in Liverpool and London, one of which was the Zion Chapel mentioned above. Miss Stone tells us :

On Sunday mornings the services at Zion Chapel were decorous enough, but once Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and Eleanor were present at an evening service when the most melodramatic scenes took place. Mr. Aitken, having preached a rousing and emotional sermon, several women became agitated about their spiritual condition, and he came to beg Mrs. Leslie to go and speak to them and complete their conversion. While she was gone, an elder came up and asked Miss Leslie whether she were converted. The young lady prudently answered, "Yes, I'm all right," whereupon the elder exclaimed, "Praise God ! Bless the Lord ! Amen," and ran up to some one else, who, not giving an equal satisfactory answer, was hustled over to a group of people kneeling on the floor and undergoing the moral throes of the second birth. Another man had, meanwhile, accosted Mr. Leslie with the usual question. He managed to get rid of him in the graceful manner peculiar to himself, and then, turning to his daughter, asked severely : " How long is your mother going to stay in this damned place ? " (p. 59.)

Miss Stone sets herself to answer the question, " How people of refinement and culture like the Leslies could, even for a moment, have been attracted by teaching that contained such gross and vulgar elements ? " She accounts for it by the fact " that at that time anything like fervour or religious feeling was entirely non-existent in the Church of England services, that whoever preached a different gospel was sure of a hearing from those who craved something more than the dry bones of formalism and a ritual devoid of heart and soul "; and she truly adds :

Moreover, in this particular instance, the personality of Mr. Aitken, with all its drawbacks, was nevertheless imposing. His immense power, his eloquence, and a certain laying of his hands on the soul, as it were, could not fail to impress those who looked beneath the surface and were able to discern a mind superior to its surroundings. His preaching was not always of the emotional kind; he could be practical also, and, above all, he believed that " more things are done by prayer than this world dreams of." . . . Mr. Aitken's extravagances of doctrine and method were by no means the whole man. Behind these was a fund of faith and real humility, finding vent in a simple eloquence, which constituted his

attraction for minds of a high order. One of his hearers remembers a remarkable sermon in which, having read to his congregation the parable of the Sower, he proceeded to enlarge upon it, and said, with a simplicity that took all hearts, "When I was a boy going to the Sunday school I recollect saying to myself, 'How stupid those disciples must have been not to have understood the parable of the Sower'; and now that I am a man with more than forty summers over my head, I pray God to make me understand the parable of the Sower" (pp. 60-66).

We do not read of Mrs. Leslie being shocked at the wild scenes that took place at Mr. Aitken's revival meetings. She knew that rude and uncultured people must express their emotions if they feel strongly, and express themselves naturally in a way that will grate upon refined feelings; though Mr. Aitken himself was a man of a profoundly reverential spirit, yet he could not communicate that reverence to all who were stirred by his preaching. A Catholic Missioner is not shocked at the tumultuous exclamations which sometimes fill the Church during a mission; and those who have assisted at Italian pilgrimages to favourite shrines have often witnessed the wildest excitement among a simple and emotional people. The present writer confesses that he should rather like to hear some cries for mercy from our highly decorous and respectable congregations.

While Mrs. Leslie was still attending Zion Chapel, we are told :

One Sunday morning the low, pleading tones of a stranger broke the expectant silence of Zion Chapel, and a new era began for some members of the congregation. The preacher was a Mr. Harris, a man of extensive learning, profound faith, and the most tender, loving piety. His health, which had always been feeble from his youth, prevented his taking a very active part in the ministry, but all who came in contact with him were impressed with his sanctity and with the sweetness of his utter abandonment to the will of God. . . . And the childlike singleness of heart and purpose, conspicuous in all Mr. Harris's dealings with souls, was admirably suited to guide without detaining, while he himself, journeying onwards towards the same end, was able to illumine the way, in spite of the different paths they trod (p. 67).

This description of a very remarkable man strikes us as singularly just. If our readers are able to refer to the DUBLIN REVIEW for March 1850, they will find an article by Cardinal Wiseman, entitled, "The Priest's Hidden Life." It contains a

very beautiful biography of the Rev. Thomas Harris, who from his earliest childhood had an ardent love of the Catholic Church; but who, nevertheless, thought himself bound to remain outside the fold, and even to enter the ministry of the Independents, or Congregationalists as they are now called, and from 1827 to 1841 he acted as an Independent minister, still holding his early love for the Blessed Virgin and for the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He practised the most severe austerities, and at the same time disciplined his soul with those exercises of interior mortification that we read of in the lives of the saints. A friend whom he brought to the Church is quoted by the Cardinal as testifying that

Even here his love for Catholicity remained unshaken, and the works of St. Augustine, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bernard, &c., were his companions and his delight. His ruling principle, however, was never to move *himself* out of any position wherein he had been placed. . . . "The Lord," he said, "knows my desire to do His will alone in all things, and He will open the door in His own good pleasure; for however far I now seem to be from it, I often think that He will not suffer me to depart out of the Holy Catholic Church" (DUBLIN REVIEW, vol. xxviii. p. 100).

In 1841 some of his congregation urged his resignation, on account of the too Catholic character of his doctrines. He immediately gave up his post, but was not received into the Church until 1846. It was during this transition period that he and Mr. Aitken became acquainted. The latter informed us that a letter of Mr. Harris's on spiritual things fell into his hands, and gave him an earnest desire to know the writer. He found him in his lodgings, and was struck by his habit of devout recollection. He insisted upon his coming to stay with him, and through Mr. Harris he became acquainted with the works of the Abbé Grou and other French spiritual writers. These authors introduced him into a phase of spiritual life that was hitherto quite unknown to him, quite opposite to his impetuous nature. If our space allowed us to quote some of Mr. Harris's letters, both before and after he became a Catholic and a priest, they would show the attraction that influenced so many others besides Mrs. Leslie and Mr. Aitken. He was ordained priest in 1847, and died in March 1849. Mr. Harris's own account of his conversion is interesting :

A tree in the spring season, when full of blossom, has a different appearance from that which it bears in autumn, when laden with fruit. It has changed; but it is a change from immaturity to perfection, from what is incipient to what it matures. So the *change* which has taken place with me is not a change of *principles*, but of state. I have always believed our Lord founded a Church, and that it was my duty to belong unto the same, and that through its teaching I should be made wise to salvation. But for many many years I knew not where this Church of our Lord's planting was to be found. I even thought that I was a Catholic, and called myself one. For, assuredly, I never meant, I never intended for a moment, to set up my own private *opinion*, or follow it, in opposition to the judgment of the Catholic Church. Hence, I was fully prepared to submit myself to the claims of that society which could show that it was indeed the Church whose foundations were laid by our Lord. The Church Catholic in communion with the Chair of St. Peter is then, I am sure, the One society of Christians founded by our Lord. And the instant I arrived at this conviction I resolved to submit myself thereunto, since to hesitate in the matter would have been sin (*Op. cit.*, p. 107).

Miss Stone considers that it was largely through Mrs. Leslie's influence that Mr. Aitken rejoined the Church of England. The present writer does not remember her name being mentioned by Mr. Aitken in any of the conversations that he had with him on this subject. But Miss Stone is perfectly right in saying that "he was unable to control the unruly elements of which the greater part of his congregation was composed, and difficulties abounded in consequence" (p. 69). The fact was, some of those whom he had made elders over others he discovered to be living in gross sin, and they pretended that they were above all law. Mr. Aitken was solely distressed at this state of things, and convinced that there must be something radically wrong with his system, he persuaded a number of the most devout of his people to spend three nights a week in united prayer for guidance. The strange manifestations of Mr. Edward Irving and his "Tongues" were exciting much attention at the time, and attempts were made to induce Mr. Aitken to fall in with that singular movement, but without effect. After many nights of prayer, Mr. Aitken had forcibly brought to his mind the parable of the net cast into the sea, which gathered together all kind of fishes, bad and good. He suddenly perceived that the Church of God did not consist on earth of good people only, but of the

bad as well. Mr. Harris's teaching about an interior life founded on union with Christ by means of the Sacraments concurred with his experience of the need of authority to correct the vagaries of the private spirit. He had a strong repulsion from the Catholic Church, much as he loved her spiritual writers and her saints. Thus he at once made up his mind that it was to the Church of England that he was to submit himself, and he sought an interview with Dr. Bloomfield, the Bishop of London, and asked to be suspended as a clergyman who had broken the law. The cautious prelate replied: "You won't catch me doing that," and after considerable delay Mr. Aitken reopened Hope Chapel in Liverpool, under the name of St. John's Church.

In 1839, having been a widower for some years, he had married a daughter of Captain McDowall Grant of Arndilly, whose brother afterwards obtained some notoriety as a lay preacher like Lord Radstock. While Mr. Aitken was in a state of transition his congregation fell off, and for some time the family were in great poverty. Miss Stone tells us the following incident:

They were living in very straitened circumstances at Finchley, and one morning Mrs. Aitken put some bread on the table, saying: "That is our last loaf, and we have no money." "Trust in God," replied her husband with his accustomed earnestness, and shortly afterwards the door-bell rang, and a letter was handed in containing a five-pound note with an intimation that another would follow provided that no steps were taken to discover the sender (pp. 69, 70).

It seems that matters did not go very smoothly at Liverpool, and Mr. Aitken sold his chapel and retired for a time to Perran Uthnoe, a Cornish village near Penzance. Here his preaching awakened a great revival among the mining population. Dr. Hook, the Vicar of Leeds, was just dividing his vast parish into twelve districts, and he gave one of these to Mr. Aitken, who worked for four years at St. James's with much success. Father Gerard, S.J., tells us, in an interesting letter given by Miss Stone, that his father, Colonel Gerard,

prevailed on the Rev. Robert Aitken to take pity upon us and come to establish himself at Coatbridge. Mr. Aitken was certainly a remarkable man, a powerful though violent preacher, and exceedingly imperious.

... In the winter of 1847-8 my father paid a visit to the West Indies. During his absence my mother began, if she had not previously begun, seriously to study the Catholic claims, for I remember being startled to notice that she was reading a book called "The Faith of Catholics." A scriptural difficulty which presented itself to her mind she proposed for solution to Mr. Aitken, who endeavoured at once to crush the spirit of enquiry by assuring her that if she presumed to entertain such thoughts she would infallibly be damned, and so terrified her that, going out immediately afterwards driving by herself, she was run away with and had a bad accident. His reply, however, chiefly upset her as being altogether inconsistent with the system of private judgment which he loudly professed. Shortly afterwards . . . in passing through Dublin she paid a visit to Gardiner Street, and saw Father St. Leger, to whom she proposed the difficulty to which Mr. Aitken had refused to listen. Father St. Leger at once explained the Catholic doctrine on the point, my mother being as much struck by the reasonable procedure of the Church of authority as by the unreasonableness of that of private judgment (p. 155).

Soon after Colonel Gerard's return from the West Indies he and all his family were received into the Church. The Misses Nutt, Mrs. Leslie, and others of Mr. Aitken's disciples had preceded them.

At Coatbridge Mr. Aitken preached and practised the severest austerities, and his family eagerly followed his example, until he was startled by the illness and death of one of his daughters. His youngest daughter, who had been born at Perran Uthnoe, showed symptoms of a consumptive tendency, and her mother took her down to Cornwall, in hopes that her native air might restore her. Mrs. Aitken, without consulting her husband, wrote to the Bishop of Exeter to ask if he had any post in his gift that he could offer her husband. Bishop Phillpotts replied that he had nothing but the Peel district of Pendeen, or North St. Just, a wild place, where there was neither church, house, nor school, and where the miners were supposed to be particularly rude and uncivilised. The miners got wind of it. They had heard what he had done at Perran Uthnoe, and a petition signed by nearly all the males in the parish implored the bishop to lay his pastoral commands on Mr. Aitken, and to insist on his undertaking the work. The bishop sent the document to Mr. Aitken, with the remark that he would surely incur a grave responsibility in declining such a call. Thus he became the first incumbent, and subsequently

the first vicar, of Pendeen, where he spent the last twenty-four years of his life.

At Pendeen, Miss Stone tells us, "the miners with their own hands built a hall, where on Saturday evenings they assembled to meet their vicar, who would speak to them about the state of their consciences." We shall describe farther on one of the revivals which every now and then swept over the village. Mr. Aitken lost no time in beginning to build a church. He designed and planned the church himself. The miners themselves gave the labour. They rolled down from the adjoining hillside the great boulders of granite which lay upon the moor. Mr. Aitken cut out in newspaper templates the shape of the stones for the windows; sometimes two or more lights would be cut out of one solid stone. The design and plan of Iona Cathedral, severe Early English, was that which was followed as closely as possible, and the result was a very striking and devotional church. The principal cost was in sharpening the masons' tools for working the hard granite. The building of this church and the parsonage close by exhausted the already slender patrimony of the vicar, but he had many true and generous friends, and his trust in Providence was unbounded.

The present writer's personal acquaintance with Mr. Aitken began in 1854. He had been much stirred by a pamphlet on "Conversion," by the Rev. Richard Collins, afterwards Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and he had seen the very remarkable effect of Mr. Aitken's preaching in the congregation of St. James's, Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. At length, after trying in vain to obtain peace for his own soul through confession to an Anglican clergyman, he determined to pay a visit to Pendeen. The snow was on the ground, when, after a walk from Penzance, in the month of January, he found himself at the gate of the church-yard. Before introducing himself to the Vicar he entered the church. There was no lock on the door; the proportions are beautiful; a narrow, lofty chancel is terminated by a window of blue and silver glass, the like of which he has never seen elsewhere; and the walls adorned with outline frescoes of sacred subjects impressed him with a sense of reverence and brightness which encouraged him to approach the monastic-looking parsonage. There was no bell or knocker, but his

coming had been observed, for a tall figure, in a long cassock with a black skull-cap on his head, opened the door, with the words, "Come in, my brother." And the stranger, whose very name was unknown, was made at once at home, and remained four months under that hospitable roof. As I hastened to explain the object of my coming, my host said simply, "So you found it easier to travel 300 miles than to go to the Cross of Christ." The house was solidly but plainly built; there was no paper on the walls, but a great number of beautiful old prints of the Saints were a constant source of interest. Mr. Aitken put into my hands a small picture of a friar kissing the feet of a crucifix, saying, "This friar commissioned an artist to make him a crucifix; but he said, 'You must not make it higher than the feet; I am not worthy to have more!' Dear brother, get you His feet." Every little incident seemed to call forth some pious thought from Mr. A.'s heart. The next morning he pointed to his youngest boy, who was making a snow man in the garden: "See how naturally man tries to imitate God; let us make man in our image." There was nothing forced about this; the heart, full of the thought of God, simply spoke of Him, *ex abundantia cordis*. The little prayer before meals often ended with "And keep our hearts lifted up to Thee." Mrs. Aitken and her step-daughters worked in the kitchen with the maids, a pious book being read during the needlework. At noon a bell rang, and every one throughout the house went down on their knees for a quarter of an hour, until the bell rang again for them to resume their former occupation. To an ordinary worldly person all this piety would doubtless have seemed very oppressive; but there was nothing dismal or gloomy about it. The children played innocent games, and the elder of the boys let off the effervescence of his spirits by breaking in the colts of any of the parishioners who had them. He was then studying for his matriculation at Trinity College, Dublin, if my memory serves me right. He is now the Vicar of Paul, near Penzance, and his younger brother is well known as a zealous mission-preacher of the Evangelical type. At the time I was at Pendine the whole family used to attend daily service in the church, and Mr. Aitken used to spend many hours in prayer before his altar.

His preaching was the most striking that it has ever been my

lot to hear. When listening to him, invisible things seemed visible and tangible. It is true that the terrible side of divine revelation seemed most often to recur, and the preacher, with tears in his eyes, would say, as if he saw what he described, "It is all true, my people, it is all true." But a deeper impression was made by other truths. Jesus revealing Himself to the penitent soul, under the type of Joseph, saying to his brethren, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt"; and the intense love of St. Mary Magdalene, who would not be satisfied with a vision of angels, but persistently cried, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," moved the heart even more profoundly than the most appalling terrors of the judgments of God. But, whether the subject was sweet or terrible, the reality of the man was transparently evident, and nothing that one saw of him in the commonplace details of domestic life was the least inconsistent with his preaching. As far as one could judge, during those four months, there did not seem to be five minutes in the day when his mind was not recollected with God. Daily contact with a man like this was a life-long lesson for a young clergyman anxious to serve God and to save the souls of others. No wonder that many such gave themselves entirely up to his influence, assimilated his views, and imitated, as far as they could, his methods. During the time that I was at Pendeen there was no special movement among the people. But Father T. Livius, C.S.S.R., at that time an Anglican curate, describes a different state of things:

I found on my arrival at Pendeen that a revival (in Methodist phrase) had been going on there for several weeks. It had been intended to last only a week or two. But the people's fervour had kept it up still, and, as it seemed to me, at boiling-point. Aitken was preaching every evening, and numerous conversions were constantly taking place. He preached to an overflowing congregation that night. He was certainly a born orator, and the most powerful preacher of the mission-style I have ever heard. His sermon was addressed principally to the unconverted. It was clothed in language clear and dignified, full of solid argument and striking imagery. Eminently popular, he seemed to sway the minds and hearts of his audience at his will. His great voice was rich and full, his manner and gesture majestic. There was little in his sermon to which a good Catholic could object, and he pleaded with the sinner in words of touching pathos to make his peace with God, by repenting of his sins, and

yielding himself to the Divine mercy, depicting the judgment of God, and the miserable state of the man who is out of His grace and friendship. Sobs and ejaculations might be frequently heard on all sides. At the close he invited all those who had made their choice to go into the adjoining schoolroom after the service was over.

The sight that met me there was one not easily forgotten. A crowd, for the most part of men and youths, were on their knees wrestling hard in prayer, more or less in audible voice. Mr. Aitken was going round — and others also — suggesting words of encouragement to one and another by turn. I joined in the work, and amongst others took in hand a rough sailor lad. At the end of his travail he prayed very earnestly that God would have mercy on his poor father. I asked him something about his father, when he said that he had been lately drowned at sea. At once I thought, how co-natural to the human heart is the Catholic doctrine of praying for the dead: for the poor boy had never been taught such a practice. It was a strange scene indeed. Some men almost in ecstatic attitude—their arms stretched out, and their hands tightly clasped, their eyes fixed, and seemingly lost to all things sensible around. No one could think for a moment that there was anything put on, and that all was not a reality to them. The whole comes back to my memory as very like what I have heard described by ocular witnesses of the peasants in some parts of Italy, when under the influence of religious excitement during the time of a mission, or on some other occasion of religious fervour.

One day, probably some feast-day, there was a large gathering of clergy at Pendine, and a solemn celebration in the forenoon, at which there was a crowded congregation. I was fairly amazed at seeing the numbers who went to receive Communion, amongst them many young men and boys, which touched me much, all apparently with great devotion. I had never seen anything like it before. The whole resembled what, of course, I have since often seen in Catholic churches. . . . In the afternoon again there was a crowded audience to hear Mr. Williams, of Porthleven, bear personal testimony to the power of the new movement, to which he had very recently given in his adhesion. . . . Pendine was regarded at that time by numbers as a focus and source of grace and devotion, and many Anglican clergymen and others made a kind of pilgrimage from distant parts of England to consult Mr. Aitken.

I may add to this account that it was impossible to see Mr. Aitken celebrate the Communion rite without being moved. The tears would stream down his cheeks as he received and gave Communion; and he used, in surplice and stole, to carry the elements out of the church to give Communion to an invalid lady who lived a life of seclusion and prayer in the parsonage.

The room that I occupied in Mr. Aitken's house had been formerly tenanted by a man whose whole life was given to

prayer and work among the poor. He had come under Mr. Aitken's influence in Liverpool, where he was a clerk in a solicitor's office. At his first interview Mr. Aitken laid his hands on his shoulders, and looking him in the eyes, said, "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor." The young man did so, and the next day came back and said, "I thank God that I have not a penny in the world." Mr. Aitken took him to his heart and home as long as he lived.

One who has been a Catholic priest, and religious for the last forty years, writes :

When I made Mr. Aitken's acquaintance, it was by the desire of Mr. Williams, of Porthleven, with whom I was curate. He asked me to go and find out what was doing at Pendeen, and the nature of the work. I went and stayed a few days, and was attacked as "unconverted." On my return I wrote to Mr. Aitken some account of my experience, and in reply received a warm assurance that I *was* converted, but wanted freedom. It soon spread from Pendeen to Porthleven that I was converted, whereupon Mr. Williams told me I must leave, which I accordingly did.

This explains the excitement that brought a crowded congregation to hear Mr. Williams preach at Pendeen. When I was there, Mr. Aitken was busily employed in the publication of a series of tracts, called "The Teaching of the Types," or "Tracts for the Earnest-minded," in which he set forth his theological system as forcibly as he could. His writing, though not deficient in power, was by no means equal to his preaching, and these tracts have passed into oblivion. Still, we shall try to give some idea of the substance of his system. The part of it that struck most people was his insisting upon a definite, conscious, and instantaneous conversion to God. Catholic spiritual writers insist that every baptized Christian is bound, as soon as he comes to the use of reason, to give himself wholly to God. But the consciousness of God's acceptance of the offering thus made is not always perceptible. Even Mr. Aitken, when pressed upon this point, admitted that there might be souls in the state of grace who could not feel sure that they were so. But he regarded these as rare exceptions, and considered the vast majority of those who could not affirm positively that they were in the state of grace as "unconverted men." He looked upon it as a solemn duty to awaken them to the danger they were in, and to urge them at once to make

their peace with God, through faith in the redemption which Christ had effected for them on the Cross. Until this step was taken, whatever doctrines they might hold, High Church or Low Church, they were in equal danger of being cut off before they had obtained salvation. So far, there was little difference between his system and that of the Wesleyan Methodists. This state of grace he called "*spiritual life*," and all who possessed it, whether Catholics, Anglicans, or Nonconformists, had a certain community of spirit one with another.

If this had been the whole of his system, he would have had no attraction for High Churchmen. But he considered that he had learned the secret by which a real union could be effected between the extreme Evangelicals and the extreme High Churchmen or Ritualists, and that neither could be perfect without the other. He considered that the "*spiritual life*" of the Evangelicals was common to God's people in all ages, but that Christ had, by His Incarnation, brought a new order of things into existence, whereby men were to be made partakers of the divine nature by union with Jesus Christ through the Sacraments. This he called the "*Divine life*." It was begun in baptism, nourished by Communion, developed by mortification of self, and manifested in the Christlike lives of the Saints. He saw that this was the life which High Churchmen set before them as their ideal; but they could not attain it, because they were, he considered, "*unconverted*." He used to speak of the absurdity of High Churchmen preaching high sacramental doctrine to unconverted congregations, while Evangelicals were perpetually harping upon conversion to congregations who were converted, and needed to be urged to leave these "*first principles of Christ and go on unto perfection*" by the aid of the Sacraments. He never seemed to believe in any Saints, except those of the Catholic Church, whose lives he was well acquainted with, as his conversation showed. I remember once asking him what signs one could have that this divine life was being formed within one. He said that one sign was a direct personal love of our Lord, devotion to the several parts of His sacred humanity, His wounds, His precious blood, and so on, and especially the desire of imitating His poverty, His sufferings, and the contempt with which he was treated by the world. He used to say, "If you young men can keep yourselves from

marriage and worldliness, you will do something for God." Years afterwards, when I went to see him as a Catholic priest, I asked him after several of my old friends, and it was most curious to hear his replies. This one had married his own cook, that his pupil-teacher, and another his Sister of Mercy. None had carried out his programme. He had a great horror of forming anything like a sect. He had many grand ideas. One was that, if all the revenues of St. Paul's were properly used, there might be maintained a community of 600 clergy, who could keep up perpetual services in the Cathedral, the *laus perennis*, and evangelise the whole of London from that centre.

His influence in the parish was very remarkable. He charged himself with the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the mining population which formed the chief part of his flock. Most assiduous in his attention to the sick and dying, he provided well for the education of the children. He exercised an authority resembling that of an Irish parish priest. At night he would sometimes go round to the public-houses with a horsewhip in his hand and disperse the revellers. Sometimes a well-known tap at the window was sufficient. The lights were immediately extinguished, and the delinquents would cry out: "Pa'son, if you'll go away we will." They did not like to be seen and identified by him.

On occasion of a rather serious conflict between the miners and their employers, Mr. Aitken, on his own authority, swore in a large body of special constables, and thus managed to suppress a riot. It happened, another time, that an old man had married a young girl, and the youths had determined to give him a *charivari*. The old man swore that he would shoot the first man who approached the house. Mr. Aitken found him with a pistol in each hand at the open window, and was quite unable to induce him to lay them aside. He then took his own measures. He armed three or four men that he could depend upon with truncheons, and put them on the opposite side of the cottage to that on which the enemy was expected. After waiting some time, they heard the trampling of a great number of feet, and the crowd approached with a fiddler in front. It was a dark night, and the mob were astounded to see the tall figure of Mr. Aitken rush out, snatch the fiddle, and throw it far over their heads, while he shouted,

“Charge!” and his men attacked the crowd, laying about them lustily with their truncheons. As it was impossible in the dark for the mob to guess the number of their assailants, they fled in a panic, and left the parson master of the field!

It might have been supposed that a man of such powers would have been able to impress his own ideas about the efficacy of sacraments upon a people so devoted to him, and so susceptible of a certain kind of religious emotion. Such, however, was not the case. He never deceived himself as to their spiritual condition. “They are Methodists,” he would say; “they are a marred people, and they will never see the Church.” They regarded him as a more powerful preacher than any of those at the chapels; and chapel people would bring their friends to get convicted of sin under Mr. Aitken’s thrilling sermons, and then carry them off to their own chapels that they might “find peace” there, and so regard the chapel as their home. He thought that all he could do for them was to try and make them good Methodists, but he quite despaired of their ever being anything more. It was the same in Baldhu and Carnmenellis, and other Cornish parishes, where the parson had preached conversion in Mr. Aitken’s way. The people would throng the church to hear Mr. Haslam, or some other disciple of Mr. Aitken, but if he began to preach about the sacraments they fell away and went to the Methodist chapels. Still, it was a new experience for many an Anglican clergyman to find this preaching of conversion produce immediate results. Anxious souls would come, asking how they could be saved. One Cornish rector, who has now been a Catholic for many years, told me that he was sent for by the sick wife of a farmer in the neighbouring parish. He went with some misgiving, as he did not like to poach upon his neighbour’s preserves. He asked the woman whether Mr. —, the vicar, had been to see her. She replied: “Oh yes, sir, nothing could be more kind than he is. He brings me wine and jelly, and will do anything for me. But, sir, *I’ve got a soul to be saved.*”

Mr. W. G. Freeman, who has been a Catholic more than forty years, writes:

The first day I met Mr. Aitken he greeted me with the words, “I know you are a converted man; but you will not be able to keep what

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you have got, unless you see the Church!" My reply was: "I don't know what you mean; but I do know this, that there is only one thing I wish to know, and that is the way and will of God." He said, "Don't trouble about it; just read and pray, and it will all come right." At that time I was as ignorant of the idea of a visible Church, and a sacramental Church and system, as I am now of Chinese. But, thank God, *it did come all right.*

Mr. Aitken's main objection to Methodism was that it set *self* in the place of Christ. The Methodist—and in this term he included all Protestant spirituality—is so pleased with having "found peace" and the inward witness of the Spirit that he is converted, that he makes his own peace, his own happiness, the end and centre of his religion.

In the early days of his return to the Church of England he preached a remarkable sermon called "Nehushtan," in which he compared conversion to God by faith in the Cross of Christ to the Brazen Serpent by which the plague-stricken people were saved in the Desert; but when in years afterwards the people treated this Serpent with superstitious honour, the good King Ezechias broke it in pieces, and called it Nehushtan, a piece of brass (4 Kings xviii. 4). So the doctrine of Conversion does great good in its proper season, but, when made an idol of, it becomes a source of evil to those who misuse it. He was in later years somewhat ashamed of this sermon, though he never repudiated the main object of it. He was always inclined to express himself very strongly, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the other. It disgusted him beyond measure to see how the Evangelicals made the whole of the Christian religion centre in Conversion to the ignoring of the Imitation of Christ by self-discipline and mortification.

He used to say, "Protestantism is an unhallowed thing." As Mr. Freeman happily expresses it:

When *self* has been sacrificed, Protestantism is at an end. Dear old Mr. Aitken saw the truth of this. I never shall forget once, when he passed a night at my house, after riding in the mail-coach with Dr. Vaughan, the Bishop of Plymouth. They had been conversing about his work at Pendean and elsewhere, and the bishop had been describing the preaching of Fathers Pagani and Gentili, and its effects. The old man was deeply interested. He broke out in these words: "Oh that accursed Reformation! that accursed Reformation! It has left nothing to our

Church but the idea of *salvation*, while in *theirs*, if it is only the lifting of a straw, the idea is the glory of God!" These words fell upon a very fruitful soil; for my wife and I had suffered the loss of friends and position, and were in much poverty; and the question came to her mind: "And is this the outcome of our sacrifice?" The question of authority was working in my mind. I had come out of the Babel of Dissent, and was beginning to discover that the Babel within the Establishment was even more fatal than that without. The sects had separated on the plea of truth, and many of them had suffered for their conscience' sake. But here was a system which deliberately compromised the truth. The same fountain not only *could*, but had been hewn out for the purpose of pouring out waters sweet and bitter: high, low, broad doctrines, baptismal regeneration or non-regeneration, real presence or real absence, could be held and taught by men ordained by the same bishop! All this had prepared my mind to quit what I found could never be "the Pillar and Ground of the Truth." And Mr. A.'s remarks, and other equally forcible circumstances, had brought my wife to a similar conclusion, and thus we were prepared to go on, and suffer more, rather than remain outside the true fold of Christ. That is forty-three years ago; and, as you well know, nothing will ever be able to lessen my gratitude to God for words which I heard from Mr. Aitken and Haslam, which helped me to that which has been the increasing joy of my life.

Thus it happened, in many instances, that a movement which seemed destined to give fresh life and vigour to the Established Church, and which has done much to infuse unction and spirituality into the dry bones of High Church preaching, yet resulted, in the case of many of those who gave themselves up most unreservedly to the movement, in their coming into the Catholic Church; much to the grief of poor Mr. Aitken, whose lamentations and denunciations resembled the distress of a hen when she sees the ducklings, on whose hatching she had lavished a mother's care, taking naturally to the water. He had a great deal of the old anti-Catholic prejudice still strong in him, and he honestly believed that he was doing God service in striving to prevent people from submitting to the Catholic Church. Thus he concluded his farewell letter to Mrs. Leslie:

You will be damned, I believe, eternally. I remain, yours affectionately,

ROBERT AITKEN (p. 103).

He never expressed himself in such language to me, but he wrote me a great number of long earnest letters of dis-

suasion, urging all the points that he could think of to turn me from the inevitable conclusion. Yet, when I had not only been received into the Church, but had returned from Rome a priest, and I went to see him at Pendean, he threw his arms round me, and embraced me with all his old affection, and did not say a word that I could be offended by.

He was a wonderfully sanguine man, and so firmly persuaded of the truth of his system, that if it failed in one direction he expected it to succeed in another. When the late Mrs. Schimmelpenninck left him all her documents relating to "Port Royal," he wished to have them all translated into English; for, though he detested the Calvinism of the Jansenists, their piety, on its Catholic side, attracted him strongly, and he thought they would help forward the fusion of the Evangelicals with the High Churchmen. When his High Church disciples split asunder, some submitting themselves to the Catholic Church, and others, like Mr. Knott, formerly of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and Mr. Haslam, abjuring all sacramental teaching, he looked about for new allies. At one time he thought England was to be converted by pious young ladies, at another time by converted noblemen of Lord Radstock's type. We should not be far wrong if we regarded Canon Body as a good representative of his High Church side, and his own son, the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, as representing his Low Church side. He never spared himself, but worked on hard to the end. His youngest daughter, Etheldreda, grew up to womanhood, and married a physician in Bournemouth. She persuaded her father to accompany them in a short tour on the Continent, and it was at Ems that he preached his last sermon from the same text, "*And they crucified Him*," on which he had preached his farewell sermon in Zion Chapel. On his return to England, Mr. Aitken fell down dead as he was stepping into the train at Paddington Station on his way to Cornwall in 1873.

We have endeavoured, by the aid of our own and others' reminiscences, to give a sketch of this remarkable man. His life, full of interest as it was, has never been written, perhaps because of the very intimate and personal nature of his influence, which makes those most qualified to write shy of acknowledging the influence he exercised over them. Our

sketch would hardly be complete unless we attempted some explanation, on Catholic principles, of those spiritual phenomena which we have described, and which formed the basis of Mr. Aitken's system. The objective reality of them cannot, we think, be seriously called in question. The explanation is not very easy.

Görres divides his celebrated work into "La Mystique Divine, la Mystique Naturelle, and la Mystique Diabolique." Some may be disposed to reckon these phenomena among the latter, because they are found so much among heretics, and are often associated with a strong antipathy to the Catholic Church. These are certainly points to be considered. Those who would put them down to mere natural causes have to account for the fact that the moving cause is always the bringing home to the mind the thought of God, His judgments, the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the Cross, and the efficacy of His precious blood. These are not natural but supernatural motives. We believe that all three of these influences are at work. The first movement of the human soul towards God must come from God, and be due to a special act of divine grace. "The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God." But can that word be spoken by one who is not sent by the true Church? Such a one cannot preach Christ fully; but, when we consider the infinite love of God, and His desire for the salvation of souls, we can understand how God might make use of the fragments of truth, still happily held by multitudes separated from the true Church, to bring souls back to Himself. There is less difficulty in admitting this, so far as the conviction of sin goes, than in admitting the divine element in the sense of pardon and peace, which the Methodists and others rejoice in. But, supposing their contrition is sincere, sovereign, and supernatural, and is perfected by the love of God, their pardon and justification follow at once, and if they know nothing of the Sacrament of Penance, this ignorance would not stand in their way. If anything like a large number of those who are "converted," after Mr. Aitken's method, found their way into the Church, Catholics would have little difficulty in admitting the action of divine grace in their case. Unfortunately, the contrary is the fact; and their "conversion" seems only to increase their self-satisfac-

tion, and to render them the more impervious to Catholic influences. "Happy Jack" or "Hallelujah Polly" will tell you they have found their Saviour, they have got their sins forgiven, and are quite happy ; what do they want more ? We do not wish to shirk the difficulty ; and, perhaps, after all, we should do wisely to leave the case of these outsiders unsolved : "What have I to do to judge them that are without ? For them that are without, God will judge" (1 Cor. v. 12, 13). However, we venture upon an explanation.

In the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, the 8th Rule for the Discerning of Spirits in the second week is this : "When consolation is without cause, although there be in it no deception, since then it comes alone from God our Lord ; yet a spiritual person, to whom God gives such consolation, ought with great vigilance and attention to consider and distinguish between the actual proper time of that consolation and the subsequent time in which the soul still remains fervent, and feels the divine favour and the remains of the past consolation ; because, oftentimes, in this second period, the soul forms various propositions, either by its own actions in accordance with its usual habits and their consequences, and its own judgment, or through the action of a good angel, or a bad one, which propositions and designs are not given to it immediately by God our Lord ; and hence it is necessary that they should be well discussed before such entire consent be yielded to them, as to reduce them to practice." This Rule appears to us to give a clue to these perplexing spiritual phenomena. Supposing a person who has never known the Church or her teaching is truly converted by an act of divine grace. While that grace acts, the spirit of God is inspiring that soul. But when that period has passed, the habitual thoughts and ideas resume their current, errors and prejudices mingle themselves with the new lights, and the person unconsciously imagines that it is God that inspires him with aversion to the Church, while it is really only the consequences of his ordinary habit of mind. This appears to us also to explain another very shocking phenomenon, often observed by those who have studied Methodism and similar institutions, such as the "Salvation Army." Their Revivals are too often followed by an alarming increase of sexual immorality, for

which Cornwall and Wales are sadly notorious. The calling into lively exercise the higher spiritual emotions sets the whole inner nature of man on fire, and if his passions have not been brought into subjection, they are apt to carry him away with a frightful mingling of false spirituality and sensuality. He considers himself above all law, and is like the Corinthian Christians, "to whom nothing was wanting in any grace," yet who were "puffed up, and had not rather mourned" over the grossest impurity. We submit this application of one of St. Ignatius' Rules to those who are better acquainted with them than ourselves.

In thus attempting to account for the spiritual phenomena manifested in the cases affected by Mr. Aitken's method, and similar methods adopted by Methodists and others, we by no means admit that such methods are sanctioned either by the Catholic Church or by the authority of Holy Scripture. The method of Conversion sanctioned by the Church may be said to be that of the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, varied in Missions and Retreats according to circumstances. The sinner is led to consider the end for which he was created, the way in which sin has thwarted that end, the miserable consequences of sin, and the necessity of a thorough turning away from sin and giving of the heart to God. So far the two methods are in accord. But the Catholic penitent is always directed to complete his repentance by a good Confession, and is encouraged to expect that he will have the precious blood of Christ applied to his soul through the Absolution of the Priest; while Mr. Aitken and the Methodists teach him to expect an assurance of his forgiveness to be made known to him by an inward feeling of peace. We shall look in vain for such a method in the Acts of the Apostles. There the Sacrament of Baptism invariably completes the conversion. Saul of Tarsus is not told to go on praying until he feels that God has forgiven him, but he is told: "Now why tarryest thou? Rise up and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, invoking His name" (Acts xxii. 16). Mr. Aitken wrote a Life of St. Augustine, setting him forth as a type of a true conversion; but, if our memory serves us he did not note that St. Augustine, some days after his sensible experience of the spiritual change effected in him, says: "Thy purposes

were profoundly impressed upon me ; and rejoicing in faith, I praised Thy name. And that faith suffered me not to be at rest in regard to my past sins, which were not yet forgiven me by Thy baptism" (Conf. ix. 4). No amount of apparent good can justify the adoption of methods which are not sanctioned by the practice of the Church in ancient or modern times.

✠ W. R. BROWNLOW, Bishop of Clifton.

ART. II.—A GREAT FRENCH CONVENT SCHOOL BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

ST. CYR IN THE PAST.

STRANGE is the contrast between the past history and the present uses of the great white unpicturesque mass of buildings that lie in a hollow, westward of Versailles, at a distance of four kilometres—about three English miles—from Louis le Grand's stately home.

It was towards 1684, when at the height of her influence, that the uncrowned Queen of France, Madame de Maintenon, induced Louis XIV. to found and endow a house of education for nobly born but penniless girls. In memory of her own desolate childhood, Madame de Maintenon had long desired this foundation, which was to benefit more especially the daughters of military men, who had been killed or wounded in their country's service. The choice of the spot and the direction of the buildings were entrusted to the famous architect Mansard; but in after years Madame de Maintenon was often heard to regret that St. Cyr, a village situated in a low valley close to Versailles, had been selected by him. At different times considerable works of drainage became necessary to counteract the extreme dampness of the place, and even now, although much has been done to improve its sanitary conditions, St. Cyr is considerably colder and damper than Paris.

Louis XIV. royally endowed his new creation with considerable landed property and, by their prudent administration, the "Dames de St. Cyr" eventually became an extremely wealthy community. The King also took a personal interest in the government and organisation of the institute, whose members bore the official name of "Dames de St. Louis." Their constitutions were drawn up by Madame de Maintenon, assisted by Père Lachaise, the King's Jesuit confessor, by Racine the poet, and other well-known personages. At the outset, the "Dames" were not considered as religious, but as women of the world,

devoted to the work of education and bound by certain promises; their dress, which was simple and severe though not nunlike, was chosen by the King himself.

On August 3, 1686, the new community, which Madame de Maintenon had temporarily located at Noisy, a neighbouring village, was transferred to St. Cyr. The King lent his carriages and his guards; a procession of priests, singing hymns, preceded the ladies and their pupils, who thus in pomp and ceremony took possession of their new home.

Then came visits from the royal princesses and great ladies of the Court, who, partly from curiosity, partly from a desire to please the King and Madame de Maintenon, professed a warm interest in the new foundation. After them came the King in person. He insisted on visiting the class-rooms and dormitories, and gave the "Dames de St. Louis" a wise homily on their duties as teachers of youth.

It was from these unexperienced instructresses, however, that the first difficulties arose. The "Dames de St. Louis," who formed the nucleus of the community, were well-born young women, full of good intentions, but new to the work that lay before them. They had gathered round Madame de Brinon, a former Ursuline nun, whom Madame de Maintenon appointed their Superioreess at Noisy and then at St. Cyr, and who, although she was older and more experienced than her companions, lacked balance and prudence. Neither she nor her young assistants detected the flaws that existed in the programme laid down for them by Madame de Maintenon herself, a programme where there is a curious mixture of high aspirations and want of common sense. The foundress wished her adopted daughters to be trained to solid piety, and at the same time she desired them to become brilliant women of the world, learned and eloquent, professing a "great contempt for the practices of other houses."

At first, the results of her programme were somewhat unsatisfactory. She impressed upon the pupils of St. Cyr that beauty, being a gift of God, must be cultivated; in consequence the girls added pearls and ribbons to their plain uniform, and some of them, the "Dames" piteously remark, ended by being covered with ribbons from head to foot. Another of Madame de Maintenon's desires was that her children should excel in

the art of conversation, and, in remembrance of the "salons" of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where she had brilliantly held her place, she encouraged them to discuss literary subjects. Considering that at the same time she waged war against the "narrow piety" of convents, it is hardly surprising to find the "demoiselles" declining to sing in the chapel, because the use of Latin might injure their pronunciation of French! Moreover, she told them so often that they were the King's charges, his adopted daughters, the "children of the State," that they very soon considered themselves "princesses of royal blood," and their haughtiness became unsufferable. A further impulse was given to this worldly spirit when the poet Racine, having written his tragedy of "Esther" at Madame de Maintenon's request, the play was acted at St. Cyr on January 26, 1689, amid circumstances well calculated to dazzle the young performers. Racine himself superintended the rehearsals, the King, the Dauphin, and the Prince of Condé were among the audience, and Madame de Maintenon provided the splendid Eastern dresses that her daughters wore for the occasion. A second representation was given three days later, and again the King was present. It became almost impossible henceforth to exclude the members of the Court, who, anxious to flatter their royal master's latest fancy, intrigued for invitations, and the plays at St. Cyr became the reigning fashion. The fourth representation, on February 5 of the same year, was attended by three crowned heads, Louis XIV. having invited the exiled Majesties of England, James II. and Mary of Este, who were then living at St. Germain. Another performance on February 19 is recorded by that inimitable letter-writer, Madame de Sévigné, who was among the audience. Her letter to her daughter, written three days afterwards, overflows with an enthusiasm excited by the talent of the young actresses, which she declares to be admirable, and also by the graciousness of the King. He addressed a dozen words to the Marquise, whose tactful marks of applause he had noticed, and thus, she assures us, rendered her an "object of envy" to her neighbours.

During the following year (1690) "Esther" was performed seven times with the same success; the courtiers and the great ladies were as eager as ever to be present, and among the

reverend personages invited by the King we notice the famous Jesuit orator Bourdaloue.

It may be readily understood that the result of this brilliant series of theatricals was not altogether beneficial to the inmates of St. Cyr; the presence of the King, the pomp that attended the performances, the applause lavished upon them, and which seems in most cases to have been deserved, completely turned their heads. Even the Superioress, Madame de Brinon, caught the infection, and gave herself the airs of a princess; her pupils, as Madame de Maintenon regretfully confesses, became "presumptuous and bold," and imagined that "the whole world had its eyes fixed upon them."

A thorough reform became necessary, and, as a first step, Madame de Brinon was dispossessed of her post as Superioress, and, by the King's orders, removed to the Abbey of Maubuission; but this was not enough. Madame de Maintenon's anxiety had now been thoroughly aroused; the prudent criticisms of several ecclesiastics, especially of the Abbé Desmaret, an austere Sulpician, no less than the satirical remarks of the Jansenist pamphleteers, had opened her eyes to the defects in her present system. The public performances of "Esther" were suppressed; only now and then, in deference to the King's desire, some of the pupils were allowed to act at Versailles, in the King's apartment, and in the strictest privacy. The gorgeous Eastern costumes were put aside, and even Queen Esther appeared garbed in the plain uniform dress of St. Cyr. With an impetuosity somewhat at variance with her usually well-balanced character, Madame de Maintenon began to enforce lessons directly opposite to those she had hitherto impressed on the teachers and pupils. "Do not make rhetoricians of our daughters," she wrote; "do not give them a taste for conversation, . . . do not read verses to them; teach them to prefer needlework to reading."

With their usual deference for their foundress's decisions, the "Dames de St. Louis" carried out her instructions to the letter, and with so much success that one day, when Madame de Maintenon was bewailing her past mistakes, one of them laughingly observed, "You may be quite comforted, madame, for now our daughters have not even any common sense left." Simplicity bordering on silliness had become the order

of the day, and in time Madame de Maintenon recognised that the right note had not yet been struck between the two extremes.

To be lasting and solid, a reform should begin with the teachers and not with the pupils, and, at the suggestion of her Sulpician adviser, Desmaret, who had become Bishop of Chartres, Madame de Maintenon resolved to erect St. Cyr into a regular monastery, under the rule of St. Augustin. An arrangement to that effect was made between the King and the Pope, and the "Dames de St. Louis" were given their choice between returning to the world or becoming regular nuns. Twenty among them professed their willingness to accept the new state of things, three retired into other religious houses, one returned to her family and married.

In order to train the ladies of St. Cyr to their new state of life, three visitation nuns from the monastery of Chaillot, near Paris, came to live among them for several years, and were, as they themselves acknowledge, agreeably surprised at the hearty goodwill and simplicity with which their influence was accepted. The King, who at first had opposed the change, was now its warmest promoter, and it is curious to find him exhorting the "Dames," in words that a preacher might have used, to become "perfect religious at heart and not merely in speech."

In consequence of these transformations, the original constitutions of St. Cyr were somewhat modified. It was settled that the "Dames de St. Louis," who were recruited only among the pupils of the house, could not become novices till they were turned eighteen, and professed nuns till they were twenty. They were never allowed to leave St. Cyr, the portion of the house where they lived was strictly enclosed, they received few visitors and letters, and their primitive dress was exchanged for a regular religious habit. The Superior was elected for a space of three years. In addition to the "Dames," who were employed in teaching the 250 pupils of the institute, a large number of lay sisters, about 40 altogether, did the rough work of the house.

The temporal affairs of the community were directed by a council, whose members were laymen, sometimes Ministers of State, and almost always "grands seigneurs" of the Court.

The candidates for admission at St. Cyr were required to prove the nobility of their descent and also the poverty of their families, the King in person decided the question whether they should be accepted or not. Louis XIV., in the latter part of his reign especially, extended his protection almost solely to girls whose fathers had been killed or wounded in their country's service. The pupils of St. Cyr entered the institute between the ages of seven and twelve, and remained till they were twenty. They were divided into four classes, according to their ages, and these classes were distinguished by the colour of the ribbons worn by the children. The youngest wore red, then came green, yellow, and blue. The "blue" girls were turned seventeen, and, in order to fit them for their future life at home, they were employed in training their younger companions.

Music was the only accomplishment to which much time was given, a circumstance that originated in the King's passionate devotion to music, a passion very moderately shared by Madame de Maintenon. Useful rather than ornamental needlework was encouraged, and the girls were taught to make their own clothes. In fact, the education given at St. Cyr, when the institute had taken its definite shape, seems to have been sound and solid, according to the ideas and needs of the day; a certain courtly dignity and refinement pervaded the atmosphere, but the worldliness of other days had completely vanished.

Madame de Maintenon, in whom even her admirers cannot recognise much sympathetic charm, became cheerful and indulgent when pacing the stately alleys of St. Cyr, now, alas! swept away, surrounded by her adopted daughters. She enjoyed their liveliness and noise. "I do not dislike what are called troublesome children," she writes, "that is to say, those who are impetuous, slightly self-willed, and even obstinate, for these faults may be corrected by reason and piety." Even the Louis XIV. of St. Cyr seems less formal and pompous than the "Roi Soleil" of Versailles, and the memoirs written by the "Dames de St. Louis" describe many scenes like the following. On the evening of May 25, 1704, the King, almost alone, walked for a long time about the gardens, where the young girls, with natural flowers in their hair, were dancing

and singing under the trees. The weather was soft and still ; the King moved to and fro among the merry groups, and at last he stopped near a large piece of water, whence the view extended over the neighbouring hills and woods. Here the "Dames de St. Louis" and their pupils gathered round their royal patron, and began to sing a hymn imploring God's blessings on his throne. We seem to hear the fresh young voices echoing through the still atmosphere ; we see the children's eager faces, the great King's benevolent smile, the fair and peaceful surroundings, brightened by the halo of the setting sun as it slowly descended behind the distant hills. In that sunset Louis XIV. might have read the image of his declining glory ; our readers know how his long and brilliant reign closed in anxiety and defeat, how his hitherto victorious armies were conquered, his children and grandchildren cut down by death's unsparing hand, and his people reduced to misery by long years of unceasing warfare.

The inmates of St. Cyr followed with passionate sympathy the different phases of their country's destinies, and the ardent patriotism of these eighteenth-century young girls seems to create a link between them and the boys who now fill their places, and who, living within the same walls, amid very different circumstances, are trained to love their country with the same devotion. This patriotism is the golden cord, the secret link that, in spite of the changes wrought by time, binds those "soldiers' daughters," as they proudly call themselves, to the future officers of the France of to-day.

At first, during the brilliant period of the reign, frequent Te Deums of thanksgiving were sung in the chapel of St. Cyr. "What pleases me," Louis XIV. used to say, "is that the 'Dames de St. Louis' still love their country though they have left the world."

All the nuns and pupils had fathers or brothers in the army, hence the sobs and tears that occasionally mingled with the triumphant echoes of the Te Deum. Madame de Maintenon, after writing to announce a victory, often adds words like the following : "Our losses are severe ; on the long list of killed and wounded officers I have seen names borne by our daughters."

However, during these prosperous years the note of private

sorrow was lost in the general rejoicing ; later on, the personal losses suffered by the nuns and pupils were embittered by their knowledge of their country's reverses and perils. When news of the battle of Ramillies, where the French troops were defeated by Marlborough, reached St. Cyr, groups of weeping women flocked to the Chapel and remained prostrated in anxious supplication. During these years of distress the King came frequently to visit his foundation, but he was humbler, graver, and sadder than of yore. He would often send for the daughters of his dead soldiers and, unbending from his usual stiffness, speak to them kindly and promise to assist their families.

In 1708 the King's eldest grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, took the command of the French army in Flanders, and during his absence his young wife used to spend hours on her knees in the Chapel of St. Cyr. Close ties of affection bound her to the institute. When she was first brought to France, a mere child of eleven, Adelaide of Savoy was a frequent visitor at the "Maison St. Louis," where she used to study and play with the girls of her age. "Not beautiful," says St. Simon, but simply irresistible, bright, lively, kind-hearted, she was the sunshine of Versailles and the idol of St. Cyr, where the events of her short life, her wedding in 1697, and the births of her children were celebrated with affectionate interest.

In 1711 the Duke of Burgundy died in the flower of youth, followed closely by his wife and eldest son, and with her, whom Madame de Maintenon calls "The glory of our house and the delight of France," vanished the last ray of brightness from the long reign of Louis XIV. Some months later, the aged King and Madame de Maintenon returned to the house where their darling had spent many happy hours, and it is said that their tears fell fast as they saw the place that her presence once filled with sunshine.

A few days later, the little Dauphin, now the only survivor of a long line of princes, was brought to visit his young mother's friends at St. Cyr ; he was caressed and wept over by the "Dames," and one of his baby dresses, embroidered by his mother, was long kept among the cherished treasures of the house.

After years of anxiety and humiliation, the victory of Marshal de Villars at Denain, followed by the Peace of Utrecht, brought comfort to many anxious hearts, but soon afterwards, in 1715 Louis XIV. passed away. In the searching light that often heralds the approach of death, he seems to have realised the evils that lay under the brilliant appearances of his long reign, evils that, less than a century later, were to be visited on his hapless descendant.

The glory of St. Cyr pales considerably after the death of Louis XIV., its founder and patron. It is true that Madame de Maintenon spent the remaining years of her life within its walls, but her political influence was at an end and she lived in the strictest retirement. The nuns and children could visit her freely, and were always made welcome by the world-weary woman. Now and then, but very rarely, some illustrious visitor remembered the uncrowned Queen of France. Among them we notice Mary Beatrice, the exiled English Queen, who had known both St. Cyr and Madame de Maintenon in their brilliant days, and the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, who, as Madame de Maintenon smilingly related, looked at her curiously, but seemed much at a loss what to say to her!

The foundress of St. Cyr died on August 15, 1719; she was buried in the chapel, and until 1793 the pupils were accustomed, just before leaving their childhood's home, to kneel for a few moments on the plain black marble slab.

The memory of the woman to whom they owed their existence was cherished by the "Dames de St. Louis," and their letters and memoirs are loud in her praise. To the student of history her character is in some respects an enigma, and it is hard to determine how far ambition, even more than principle, guided many of her acts. Be this as it may, it is certain that, in her dealings with St. Cyr, Madame de Maintenon shows the best and highest side of her somewhat inscrutable character.

After her death the history of her foundation is uneventful enough. The noble women who devoted their lives to continue her work and the young girls who grew up under their wing have made no mark in history, and we are left to imagine the amount of influence exercised by the latter in the remote

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"chateaux," peaceful convents, or quiet provincial towns where their lives were spent. We have before us the long list of their names, with the dates of their entrance and that of their departure from St. Cyr; the proportion of those who married seems about equal to those who became religious either at St. Cyr or in the different Orders or Chapters. Among these names we recognise many now borne by boys lately admitted into the Military school that has replaced Madame de Maintenon's foundation, where they fill the places occupied one hundred and fifty years ago by their great-grandmothers or great-aunts.

Under Louis XV., the "Maison St. Louis," although no longer a fashionable resort as in the days of "Esther," received several royal visits. Catherine Opalinska, the exiled Queen of Poland, mother of the Queen of France, lived there for three years while her husband, King Stanislas, made a vain attempt to recover his throne. Her daughter, the neglected consort of Louis XV., was a frequent visitor. In the midst of the splendours of Versailles, Marie Leckzinska was without influence and well-nigh friendless; no wonder, then, that her happiest hours were those she spent in the little wood of St. Cyr. Her favourite retreat was a rustic shrine, situated close to a streamlet, under the overhanging trees; here she found not only peace and silence, but also the sympathy of one who, having passed through the fire of suffering, was all the more able to bring comfort to the royal lady's weary spirit.

The Superioress of St. Cyr of that day was Marie Madeleine de Glapion, and her striking individuality stands out in strong relief on the somewhat monotonous background of conventional life. She was one of the first pupils admitted by Madame de Maintenon, and one of the best actresses in the famous theatricals that excited so much applause, followed by such keen criticism. Her elegant figure, large blue eyes, sympathetic voice, and extraordinary charm and talent had, even on these occasions, excited the admiration of one of the pages of "*la grande Mademoiselle*." This openly expressed enthusiasm for the lovely girl caused a certain stir in Court circles, but Marie Madeleine de Glapion herself seems to have been completely indifferent to these imprudent demonstrations; her one desire was to remain at St. Cyr as a "Dame de St. Louis," and she

eventually made her profession in 1695, at the age of twenty-one.

Madame de Maintenon had from the first singled her out as her probable successor in the government of the institute, and looked upon her, to use her own words, as "a treasure." Madeleine de Glapion responded to this preference by a deep and faithful affection, and there is reason to think that her decision, when she elected to take the veil, was unconsciously prompted by her love for Madame de Maintenon rather than by any real vocation for the life of a recluse. It is also probable that this daughter of a noble but impoverished house, with her intellectual aspirations and refined tastes, preferred the secure and honoured position of a "Dame de St. Louis" to the difficulties that awaited her if she returned home.

Be this as it may, it is certain that, although she made her profession as a nun with sincere happiness, Madame de Glapion became almost immediately afterwards a prey to acute mental suffering. She was melancholy, restless, and pursued by harassing doubts and difficulties on religious subjects. She sought comfort in study: first geography then music became her passion, then again she gave herself up to the care of the sick with such an utter contempt for danger that, during an epidemic of small-pox, she seemed to seek for death. All through this trying time, during which her health broke down under the strain, she was so sweet, so loveable, even in her saddest moments, that her companions and pupils idolised her, and the sick thought themselves relieved if they only touched her hand.

When, after the King's death, Madame de Maintenon retired to St. Cyr, Madame de Glapion became her constant companion, and to her the woman, whose extraordinary rise had excited so much envy, confided the secret thorns that lay hidden under her apparent grandeur. These conversations were carefully written down by Madame de Glapion; they give a curious picture of the gilded slavery that was Madame de Maintenon's lot at Versailles.

In 1716, Madeleine de Glapion became Superioress of St. Cyr; she was then over forty; her youth had fled, and with it the restlessness, the aspirations, regrets and fears that had

preyed for so long on her tender spirit. She was now a noble woman, who, although she at last "possessed her soul in peace," had lost none of her charm of manner and brilliant conversational powers. Her past difficulties had widened her sympathy, and out of her experience she was able to help others. Madame de Maintenon, on her death-bed, said that Madame de Glapion's love was the only human love that had never disappointed her; and some years later, Marie Leckzinska, in her loneliness and humiliation, learnt to rest on the same compassionate heart.

Madame de Glapion died in 1729; her successors were women of blameless lives, but devoid of her gifts and charm. Had she lived longer, she might perhaps have struggled successfully against the spirit of routine that took possession of St. Cyr towards the middle of the century and evidently paralysed its influence. From a feeling of misplaced respect for their founders, the "Dames de St. Louis" carefully avoided anything that resembled a change in their programme of studies, and paid no heed to the needs and tastes of the day. Although Rameau and Glück were the musicians then in vogue, their pupils kept to the music used in the time of Louis XIV., and the same narrow spirit of conservatism reigned in all things, great and small. St. Cyr remained, as it were, crystallised in its traditions and supremely indifferent to the advance of ideas. The young girls received a sound and practical, although a somewhat exclusive, training and it may be safely asserted that in a certain measure they contributed to keep alive among the provincial nobility the traditions of virtue, piety, high principle, refinement of mind and manners in which they had been reared. Compared however to the majority of their countrywomen, they formed a small group, and could scarcely aspire to carry out Madame de Maintenon's ambitious dream that the influence of St. Cyr would transform French society!

Thus, living in the dead past more than in the present, the "Dames de St. Louis" remained unconscious of the alarming transformations that were hastening on the downfall of the ancient monarchy, which they looked upon as sacred and unchangeable.

The first acts of the Revolution did not disturb the even

tenor of their lives, but in 1790 the Government issued a decree that directly concerned them ; it decided that St. Cyr should no longer be reserved for nobly born young girls, but that it should be opened to daughters of officers plebeian as well as noble. The astonishment of the "Dames" equalled their horror, but their delusions had now been roughly destroyed, and other vexations and changes speedily followed. Their accounts were examined, an inventory was made of their possessions, and their chaplains were violently expelled because they refused to take the constitutional oath required of all members of the clergy and which they regarded as schismatical. The Superioress, Madame d'Ormenans, submitted to the inevitable, but her dignity and courage seem to have awed the commissioners sent to enforce the new regulations.

On October 25, 1790, for the last time, a descendant of Louis XIV. crossed the threshold of St. Cyr. Madame Elisabeth, the King's sister, one of the bravest and sweetest victims of the Revolution, visited the nuns and their pupils. "The poor children," she writes, "shed tears, yet seemed glad to see me." Less than four years later the princess had perished on the scaffold and St. Cyr had ceased to exist.

On August 8, 1792, Louis XVI. made use of his royal prerogative and signed the "brevet d'admission" of the last pupil received at the "Maison St. Louis." This child, named de Montespin, the last of the 3161 young girls educated at St. Cyr, arrived to take her place on the 9th ; the next day, August 10, royalty was abolished in France, and the King was a prisoner. About this time the pupils' families became alarmed, many children left, but the "Dames" remained steadfast. They remembered Madame de Maintenon's words, that they were "the daughters of soldiers," and silently, sadly, but resolutely, they remained at the post to which their sovereign had appointed them.

On November 16, 1792, died Catherine de Cockborne de Villeneuve, the last religious who was laid to rest in the burial-ground of the institute. She was seventy-one, and in her delirium she sang the hymns of "Esther," thus reminding her weeping companions of the past glorious days of their house. They buried her with a sorrow mingled with feelings of envy. "We all longed to be with our dead sister," writes one of the

survivors. Only two months later, on January 21, 1793, in the afternoon, the community was assembled in the chapel for vespers, when a breathless messenger entered and spoke in a whisper to the Superiress, Madame Emmanuelle d'Ormenans. She went on with the vespers, but when they were finished she began the mournful chant of the *De Profundis*. Her companions understood its meaning, and took up the strain with voices broken by sobs. Probably the first *De Profundis* chanted for the murdered King of France, Louis XVI., throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, was that sung in the chapel of St. Cyr a few hours only after the tragedy of his death!

At last the end came. On April 18, 1793, the "Dames de St. Louis" received notice to leave their house. They had no choice but to obey. They did so, however, without any show of alarm or unseemly haste, preserving to the last the dignified attitude that Louis XIV. would have commended. One hundred and ten pupils still remained; these were sent back to their families; then the pictures, papers, and relics were packed and removed, and at last, on May 1, the Superiress, Madame d'Ormenans, and the next in command, Madame de Ligondès, remained alone in the empty house. They paid a last visit to the dismantled chapel, knelt down on their foundress's tomb, and then, with broken hearts, walked out from the home where they had spent a lifetime! Both of them died less than two years afterwards, and the "Dames de St. Louis," many of whom had retired to Versailles, elected one of their number, Madame d'Elpeyrou, to take the place of Madame d'Ormenans. Until her death, in 1822, Madame d'Elpeyrou was recognised as their head by the survivors of the scattered community.

Thus was swept away, with the monarchy to which it owed its existence, the foundation that had grown up and prospered under the shadow of the fleurs-de-lys. An attempt was made, after the return of Louis XVIII., to revive the institute. Madame d'Elpeyrou and fourteen "Dames de St. Louis," who still survived, presented an address to the Duchess of Angoulême begging her to intercede with the King in their favour. They reminded her of the affection which her martyred aunt, Madame Elisabeth, had shown for St. Cyr, and expressed their

desire to return to their old home and to resume their former duties.

Their petition remained unanswered ; even the Duchess of Angoulême could do nothing towards restoring the dead past. The "Dames de St. Louis," whose hopes had revived with the return of the Bourbons, had to relinquish them anew, and henceforth the St. Cyr of the old *régime* became a pathetic memory of vanished grandeur.

BARBARA CTESSE. DE COURSON.

ART. III.—“THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.
TWELVE YEARS’ CONVERTS.”

Converts to Rome. By W. GORDON GORMAN. Fourth edition.
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1899.

THE fact that a work like Mr. Gordon Gorman’s “Converts to Rome” has reached a fourth edition is, in its way, an indication of the interest, sympathetic or otherwise, widely felt in the progress of Catholicism in this Protestant England of ours. It is our purpose to give some anecdotal account of one stage of this progress, but first we may make one or two remarks on the volume just mentioned, which we regard as a very valuable book of reference. It is because Mr. Gorman’s book is sure of what we may almost describe as “conditional immortality” that we point out at random one or two errors which should not have been permitted to appear in a “fourth edition, revised and enlarged.” Henry Formby was Rector of Ruardean, Gloucestershire, not of Riversdean, Wales; Mr. Gatty is the brother of Alfred Scott Gatty, but his own name is Charles T., not Charles Scott; Renouf’s name was, of course, not Philip, but Peter; Mr. Lincoln Reed is a nephew of Sir Edward, instead of Sir Charles, Reed; “Dependence,” not “Independence,” is the title of the late Dr. Luke Rivington’s well-known work; Father Bertrand Wilberforce is a son of Henry W. Wilberforce, not of William the younger; and worse than all is the entry, which we give without note (except of exclamation) or comment, “Knowles, Richard B., son of Sheridan Knowles, late editor of the *Nineteenth Century*”!

The alphabetical arrangement adopted by Mr. Gorman has obvious advantages for reference. Alphabetical lists of names, however, are not exactly exhilarating reading, even though the interesting information is thrown in that A. is the wife of a physician, and B. second cousin to a peer. A history of the conversions of our time—especially those of the Tractarian period—in narrative or annalistic form, is, we venture to suggest, a desideratum.

In the meanwhile, with no idea of adequately supplying the want, or even of providing *mémoires pour servir*, but in the hope of interesting some few readers, we essay to re-tell in brief what is indeed an old but hardly to Catholics a trite, story, how, fifty-odd years ago, Anglican clergymen of light and leading, one by one, and often in bands, at the call of God rose and left all and went forth like Abram into a land strange to them although their own—a land whereof almost all spoke ill to them—to find it good and spacious beyond their dreams, and flowing with milk and honey, and stored with such gifts, and protected by such a Presence, as nowhere else can seekers find.

We commence with 1842. The preceding year had been marked by ominous events—*e.g.*, the Tract XC. warning and the Jerusalem bishopric affair, and many were saying, "We see not our tokens," and plodding grimly on amidst "encircling gloom." In February 1842 Newman retired to Littlemore, with Horace's words in his ears, to come truer ere long, *Tempus abire tibi est*. And now already, while the world gaped with wonder, men began to give up fat livings and pleasant prospects, and, hardest of all, deep-rooted prejudices, to "join the Catholics."

Bernard Smith, now Canon Smith of Great Marlow, surely the *doyen* of the "Oxford Converts," gave up his living of Leadenham; A. D. Wackerbarth ("Lyra Ecclesiastica") left his Essex curacy. Peter Le Page Renouf, who died a K.C.B. in 1897, having for years been more renowned for Oriental learning of the Hibbert Lectures type than for Catholic orthodoxy; Edward Douglas, of the Queensberry family, afterwards C.S.S.R., and author of "The Divine Redeemer and His Church"; and John Biden, who joined the Society of Jesus, were converts in 1842; and, amongst devout women, Miss Lucy Gladstone, sister of the statesman, and Mrs. Pittar, who wrote "A Protestant Converted by her Bible and Prayer-book."

The next year (1843), the year of Dr. Pusey's suspension, brought the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, who became Chamberlain to Pius IX., Daniel Parsons, William Simpson, a descendant of Cranmer, William Lockhart, and Charles Seager. It needs not to repeat here how Lockhart, a very young man,

under bond of "good behaviour," suddenly decamped from Littlemore to Dr. Gentili at Loughborough, or to extol his work as a Father of Charity. Charles Seager was one of the type, growing extinct, of quaint, old-world scholars, full of out-of-the-way learning; he had assisted Pusey as Professor of Hebrew, and a chair was found for him in what some love to call the "abortive" Catholic University at Kensington. Thomas Mozley, so delightful a *raconteur*, so dreary when he lapses into what he accounts theology, tells us that Seager's occasional sermons at St. Mary's were so lugubrious, so painfully picturesque on the horrors of hell, that the Principal of Brasenose threatened to remove his lady and children. Perhaps George Tickell, S.J., was the most widely known in after years of the converts in 1844.

The year 1845 will ever be a red letter in English Catholic history as the year in which the prayers of thousands abroad were answered in the coming home to "the One Fold of the Redeemer" of the great seeker after truth who in 1833, in the orange-boat becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, wrote his prayer for the leading of the "kindly light." "At the time of the conversion of Cardinal Newman," as the Archbishop of Westminster reminded Cardinal Perraud a few weeks ago, "the whole French Church was praying for England. . . . It is well known that Dr. Pusey himself attributed Newman's conversion to the prayers of Catholic France." But even apart from that "crowning mercy," 1845 was a wonderful year in the number and note of the converts. The condemnation of Ward's book, the "Stone Altar Case," and the suspension of Oakeley, opened the eyes of many to the Protestant-Erastianism of what they had so long dreamed to be a Catholic Church.

First, we must speak of the "Newman Group," to whom Father Dominic gave Holy Communion at Littlemore on October 9—Ambrose St. John, Richard Stanton, J.D. Dalgairens, and F. S. Bowles. All these became priests, the first three, Oratorians. The American Protestant Bishop, Cleveland Coxe, himself relates a visit to the Birmingham Oratory, when, with transatlantic pertinacity, he demanded where Father Newman was. He was answered by a grave priest, "Father Newman is in the confessional, where he will be glad to see you." However, the clerical tourist both saw and heard Newman,

who preached on Easter Day, and he reverently records the two things that impressed him most, the preacher's "almost maniacal visage," and his comical lapses into the language of the Protestant Bible ! The priest who so obligingly replied to the clergyman's inquiries was Ambrose St. John, the "Dear Ambrose St. John" of the close of the "Apologia,"—"whom God gave me when he took every one else away." Always Newman's right hand till the parting in 1875, now they lie in one grave at quiet Rednal. Stanton's "Menology of England and Wales" is a store of hagiological memorial ; John Dobree Dalgairns, hereafter to earn a high place amongst thinkers and preachers, had already caused a sensation in Oxford by his remarkable letter to the *Univers* in 1841.

J. M. Capes left unfinished his new church at Eastover, on which he had spent several thousands of pounds, and became a Catholic. William George Ward, while academic Oxford was still repeating "solvuntur risu tabulae," submitted to his "Ideal of a Christian Church ;" his brother-in-law, W. F. Wingfield, did the same, the "Stone Altar Case" shattering his trust in Anglicanism. Fervid Frederick Faber brought his sheaves with him, a group of his parishioners from Elton, and with Thomas Francis Knox, afterwards a brother at the Oratory, was received by Bishop Wareing. Frederick Oakeley, suspended by Sir Herbert Jenner Fust "until he should retract his errors," retracted them by submitting to Rome. T. W. Marshall, Rector of Swallowcliffe, more fortunate than some fellow-converts, obtained an Inspectorship of Schools, and wrote a remarkable and eye-opening work on "Christian Missions, their Agents and Results." Robert Aston Coffin, F. R. Neve, Michael Watts Russell, all gave up their benefices ; the first, a Redemptorist, translator of St. Alphonsus, and for three years third Bishop of Southwark ; Neve, long the energetic Provost of Clifton ; Watts Russell, father of Julian Watts Russell, Papal Zouave, slain at Mentana. J. Melville Glenie, Edgar E. Estcourt, J. Walker (Watts Russell's curate), all became canons ; Estcourt, too, an able antagonist of the Anglican claims ("The Question of Anglican Orders Discussed"), ere "Roma locuta est ; causa finita est." H. J. Marshall, curate at Burton Agnes, where, as yet, Robert Wilberforce was undisturbed by serious misgiving, came home ; and Edward

George Kirwan Browne, curate at Bawdsey, Suffolk, who ascribed his conversion to good old Bishop Milner's book.

Kirwan Browne was not, perhaps, one of the most discreet and learned of converts, but none was ever more fervid, and it was his fate to earn some newspaper notoriety. In 1847 a returned tourist wrote to the papers an account of what would now be called an "interview," on a *diligence* in Normandy, with a boyish-looking stranger who introduced himself as an ex-clergyman, and was frankly communicative on his history and opinions. It was, in fact, Kirwan Browne, and he declared that Pusey had said to him, "Mr. Browne, you had better go to Rome, and God go with you." The speech has a Puseyan sound, and similar sorrowful benedictions have, to our knowledge, been since given under similar circumstances, when argument and entreaty have failed. Dr. Pusey, however, disclaimed all recollection of the words, and appealed to those familiar with him as to whether they were likely from his lips. The *Morning Herald* took leave to accept the plain statement of Kirwan Browne, in preference to the vague contradiction of Pusey, whereupon the *English Churchman* (then a High Church organ), by an old device still not disdained by some controversialists, sought to discredit Browne by the assertion that he had only fled to "Rome" as the safest Alsatia.

Kirwan Browne's purpose was to become a Jesuit, but he subsided into a Professor of Classics. Mr. Gorman, it is interesting to learn from the preface to "Converts to Rome," was his pupil, and imbibed his enthusiasm :

I can still picture the dear old man with his snow-white locks and gentle voice, and better still can I remember how he often discoursed to us—in a style peculiarly his own—on the stirring episodes of that period when the Church of England as by law established had that shock which a great statesman has so graphically depicted.

The "dear old man" was not specially "gentle" with his pen ; indeed, his "Annals of the Tractarian Movement" is written in a spirit very different from that which is shown in the convert literature of 1899. The work is quite unreliable, and yet a valuable mine of information to the discriminating digger ; it is growing scarce now: *verbum sat sapienti*. We have lingered longer on the name of Kirwan Browne than on more

important names; the truth is that we have spent so many pleasant hours over his "Annals," that not even the *English Churchman's* dark hints about "sundry honest tradesmen" and wild rush for "Alsatia" deter us from sharing Mr. Gorman's enthusiasm for the "dear old man," who tells us he "lived for, thought of, nothing else" but the conversion of England.

But after this not, we hope, "ungodly" digression, we must return to our text. A goodly group of as yet unordained graduates included Thomas Meyrick and Albany Christie, who both became well-known Jesuits; W. A. Hutchison, afterwards Father Antony of the Brompton Oratory; and Scott Nasmyth Stokes, the energetic secretary of the Camden Society. We cannot give due *place aux dames*, but Maria Rosina Giberne demands a few words. The sister-in-law of the Rev. Walter Mayer, the worthy Calvinist clergyman to whom Newman attributed his boyish "conversion" in 1816, she is described by Thomas Mozley as tall and imposing, with aquiline nose, dark penetrating eyes, and luxuriant, glossy black hair. Like Newman and Faber, she was of Huguenot extraction. She drew portraits in chalk, and executed a group of the Newmans, which J. H. N. depreciated as a mere caricature; she was on a visit to the family, as she recalled in a letter fifty years after, when the youngest sister, Mary, died. Miss Giberne, as a Catholic, lived in a room in the Palazzo Borghese, and Mozley there met Laprimandaye, lately left a widower, and hoping to become a priest, but *Deo aliter visum*. At Newman's trial for libel, Miss Giberne was in attendance with a flock of female witnesses to the "character" of the worthy Achilli. She died at the convent of the Order of Visitation at Autun, in 1885.

In 1846 came James Spencer Northcote, brother of Sir Stafford, and still living and loved as Provost Northcote. John Brande Morris—called at Oxford "Symeon Stylites," because his rooms were at the top of the tower over Exeter College gateway—Oratorian and author of "Jesus the Son of Mary"; Henry Formby, a pioneer of popular Catholic literature; G. Burder, his curate at Ruardean, afterwards a Cistercian prior; Edward Healy Thompson, most indefatigable of writers; George Dudley Ryder, son of the Evangelical bishop, father of the

present Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, and brother-in-law of Manning; David Lewis, biographer of saints; and Francis H. Laing, a learned author, and long priest of Hanwell, whose brother, the Rev. Wm. Laing, was reconciled just before his death in 1889. Henry Foley, lawyer, is remembered as the zealous Jesuit lay-brother, compiler of the "Records of the English Province." Cambridge was much excited by the secession of a promising undergraduate of Trinity—the late learned and strangely beloved John Morris, S.J.; and a distinguished Fellow of St. John's—Frederick Apthorpe Paley, an enthusiastic Camdenian, and one of the great English classical editors of our century, a grandson of the Paley who wrote on "Evidences" and joked about "the divine right of constables." James Toovey, the publisher, followed most of his authors, and two lady-writers of note were Miss Harris, author of "From Oxford to Rome" and "Rest in the Church"; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the novelist, sister of the statesman, Earl Granville.

The year 1847 was that of Dr. Hampden's appointment to the Bishopric of Hereford, and of Mr. Gorham's presentation to the living of Brampford Speke. One of the first converts was R. G. M'Mullen, who had, when about to take his B.D. degree, been ordered by Hampden, then Regius Professor of Divinity, to defend two theses which only a Zwinglian could defend. M'Mullen, afterwards Canon of Westminster, up to the time of his conversion was working with Richard Ward at Pusey's unfortunate Church of St. Saviour's, at Leeds. With him came the first of several pilgrim bands from that historic church, including T. W. Wilkinson, a young graduate of Durham, now Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle; and Daniel Henry Haigh, munificent founder and faithful priest of St. Thomas's, Erdington. In 1847 the gentle poet, Edward Caswall, after contradicting several premature announcements, at length submitted to Holy Church. George R. Kingdon, afterwards S.J., with Nicholas Darnell, a barrister, who became a well-known priest in the north country, and James Burns, the publisher, whose departure was mentioned by the *English Churchman*, with a generous acknowledgment of past service and a frank regret at his loss, such as one would not expect to see in the present Ritualistic organ, were also converts in

1847, and one formerly well known to the readers of this REVIEW—Robert Ornsby, sometime Professor of Classics at the Catholic University, Dublin. Ornsby (whose wife was a sister of Dalgairns) was a scholarly man, and a noticeably readable writer, even on deep subjects, and his article on "Origen against Celsus," in the DUBLIN for July 1879, may be referred to as a sample of his learned and interesting work. Here we are tempted to dwell a little while on the contributions of the "Oxford Converts" to the DUBLIN REVIEW. Some of them had already gained a name as writers, but the courtesy and encouragement of Cardinal Wiseman and his staff were the means, not only of providing innocent occupation for a number of fidgety "unemployed," but also of developing in many literary talents which otherwise might have lain dormant. Newman seems only to have written a single article on Keble's "Lyra Innocentium" (June 1846), but Oakeley was a frequent contributor, and it was in the REVIEW his "Historical Notes of the Tractarian Movement" appeared in 1863-64. Le Page Renouf, not yet turned aside to follow Lepsius and specialise in Egyptology, wrote a good deal after becoming a Catholic, and in March 1846 appeared an article on "Symbolical Religion," by one whose name now naturally links itself with the DUBLIN, William George Ward. Albany Christie wrote on subjects such as Dr. J. R. Gasquet now is wont to treat, Henry Formby on "The Rosary" and kindred topics; in June 1850 John Morris, still a young man, finds "The Government Criminal Returns" an inspiring theme, and in December of the same year the new convert, Mr. Allies, is introduced. Edward Walford, always interesting, whether on "The Mormons" or the "Life and Writings of St. Paul," was allowed to send in "copy" very regularly, and in December 1854 Dr. Manning makes a characteristic first appearance with an article on "St. Alphonsus and the Christian Remembrancer." In September 1857 one of the earliest converts, A. D. Wackerbarth, writes on "Swedish Poetry," and in June 1858 Dodsworth couples "Geology and Protestantism." The late E. S. Ffoulkes was contributor of several articles ere he returned to the "Crown's Creed"; the veteran Canon Bernard Smith discoursed so long ago as February 1861 on Rawlinson's "Herodotus"; and the names of J. Brande Morris, F. H. Laing, T. W. Marshall,

J. M. Capes, and many other converts are inscribed on the long list of contributors to the REVIEW. But now we must hurry on to our story's end.

The tide of conversion flowed somewhat less strongly from 1847 until the storm of 1850 again swelled it to a "mighty flood." In 1848 we may mention John Edward Bowden, son of Newman's friend, and himself the biographer of Faber, and in 1849 Henry Bittleston, who had come under the displeasure of Bishop Pepys, and was for years at the Birmingham Oratory; the late well-known Richard Simpson, who sought to convince an unbelieving generation that its "Wally Shakespeare" was a Catholic; the son of Sheridan Knowles, over whom Mr. Gordon Gorman has been found tripping; and W. Rees Gawthorn, sometime secretary to Cardinal Wiseman, and the successful hoaxter of poor Archbishop Sumner in 1851.

On March 8, 1850, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided in favour of Mr. Gorham, and thus it was laid down that baptismal regeneration is not of faith in the Established Church. We must not here refer to the sanguine hopes and counsels of despair, the excited meetings and tons of ephemeral literature, which were occasioned by this great event; our purpose restricts us to the mention of some who saw in it a call to "doe the nexte thyng."

Amongst such were William Maskell, "Henry of Exeter's" learned chaplain, Thomas William Allies, now looking back on all but fifty years' devoted toil for the See of Peter, W. H. Anderdon, a wonderful Jesuit preacher, Henry William Wilberforce, younger than Robert, but first to find the Fold—father of the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.—Manning's worthy curate, Laprimaudaye, and W. Dodsworth, of Christ Church, Albany Street, a leading Tractarian preacher, who at last followed quite a little company of his curates. James Laird Patterson, Stuart E. Bathurst, and W. H. Bodley are still spared to tell of the stirring year 1850, the first Bishop of Emmaus, the second Canon of Birmingham, Fr. Bodley at Our Lady and St. Margaret, Oxburgh. J. H. Wynne joined the Society of Jesus, C. B. Garside became a priest and wrote some devotional works. A. J. Dayman, like Mr. Bittleston, had suffered many things from that uncompromising Protestant Bishop, Dr. Pepys.

Viscount Feilding, eldest son of the Earl of Denbigh, was President of the Church Union, and had lately made a speech at a great meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern; his "secession" was received with surprise and some asperity. Like Mr. Capes he was building a church, but he declined, in spite of the dignified urgency of Bishop Vowler Short, to leave it as a parting present to the Anglican Communion, and the Franciscans appeared at Pantasaph, to the wonder of the rustics. George F. Ballard, then a barrister, now Canon of Portsmouth; T. E. Bridgett, a young Cambridge student, whose death this year at threescore and ten removed from our midst a historical writer bold for truth and never afraid to call a spade a spade, and withal a man greatly beloved; William Monsell (Lord Emly); George (Sir George) Bowyer, M.P.; and the cultured Serjeant Bellasis, contributor of the descriptions of continental Catholicism to Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church," one of the most painstaking inquirers into the very important question, *Was Barlow a Bishop?* and honoured by the dedication of Newman's "Grammar of Assent," "in memory of a long, equable, sunny friendship," were all received in 1850. Matthew Bridges, whose hymn, "Crown Him with many Crowns," is sung lustily and with a good courage by many who little think the writer was a Papist, was another convert—a brother of the Rev. Charles Bridges, a well-known Anglican expositor—and two brothers Purbrick, Edward and James, gave up the lawyer's gown for the black robe.

The year 1851 is another *annus mirabilis*, for on Passion Sunday Father Brownbill received Henry Edward Manning, ex-Archdeacon, future Cardinal. James R. Hope-Scott, Q.C., was received by the same priest on the same day. Versatile Edward Walford, who for a while went back to the Establishment, but came home again, was a convert of 1851; others were E. A. Coffin, the Redemptorist Bishop's brother, T. L. Coghlan, still living, T. Dykes, a brother of the composer, and long a Jesuit at Mount St. Mary's, H. James, who also joined the Society of Jesus, and J. R. Shortland, afterwards Canon of Plymouth. Thomas N. Harper (S.J.) wrote "The Metaphysics of the Schools," and J. C. Earle the "Lives of the Popes." Frederick Settle Barff, Dykes's fellow-curate at Hull, became a well-known Professor of Chemistry. The Hon. and

Rev. W. Towry Law, a son of the first Lord Ellenborough, had been both a Grenadier Guardsman and Chancellor of Bath and Wells, and his son, Augustus Henry, was "sailor and Jesuit." 1851 brought another goodly company from St. Saviour's, Leeds—T. Harvey Minster, Vicar; Richard Ward, ex-Vicar, and three curates. Lord Campden, hitherto a disciple of Pusey, henceforth of Manning, and Sir John Simeon, M.P. for the Isle of Wight, were notable lay converts.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-two brought a bishop—Dr. Ives, American "Protestant Episcopal" Bishop of North Carolina—who submitted to the See of Rome in the City of Rome. Henry James Coleridge, brother of the Lord Chief Justice and brother-in-law of Bishop Mackarness, and so well known as a devout writer on the Life of our Redeemer; Lord Henry Kerr, Vicar of Dittisham, father of "Mother Henrietta," whose biography Fr. Morris, S.J., wrote in his own inimitable way; Lord Charles Thynne, ordained a priest by Cardinal Manning at the age of seventy-three in 1886; J. Hungerford Pollen, afterwards Professor of the Fine Arts at the Dublin Catholic University; R. Belaney, Vicar of Arlington, afterwards a priest, were convert clergymen. Edward Badeley, Q.C., counsel to the Bishop of Exeter in the Gorham trials, and the friend of Newman, who dedicated to him the volume "Verses on Various Occasions"; F. R. Wegg-Prosser, M.P.; and in Scotland, Robert Campbell, a skilled translator of Latin hymns, were others received. In 1853 came James Boone Rowe, afterwards of the Oratory, and William Pope, Archbishop Whately's nephew, now Canon Pope, of Harrogate.

Here we shall break off, though the temptation is strong to continue the chronicle. But the patient reader must have had enough, and we have told "The Oxford Movement—Twelve Years' Converts." We fear our narrative will have been wearisome, for it is not easy to weave many names and few brief details into graphic prose. We are aware that some converts have been omitted, for to give a complete list during the period selected would have been to trespass too selfishly on the courtesy of Editor and readers alike; and we fear that some inaccuracies may be discovered by critics, and those who remember what we only gather from books. Still, we fancy our narrative, with all its inadequacies, will interest old

Catholics, and we hope it will suggest thoughts of gratitude for God's wonderful ways, and honour for those who left all for Him.

We propose to point no moral, but to leave this unadorned tale to do so. Only, to those who, while revering many of those here mentioned, persist in regarding them as mistaken and disappointed men, who, meeting converts of later date and lesser worth, talk of seeing them back again whence they came forth—seeing them disillusioned, and wiser if sadder men for a brief experience of Roman bondage—we would say in the words of him they call “the noblest Roman of them all,”

“Is it possible that there is a resurrection even upon earth . . . that the severed shall unite? . . . We died, you thought us dead—we live; we cannot return to you, you must come to us . . . *and you are coming.*”

EDMUND JACKSON.

ART. IV.—THE RENASCENCE OF CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE, 1796–1861.

WHEN, at the disintegration of Christianity which signalled the sixteenth century, peoples, either through indifference, surprise or force, fell away from Catholic unity, France remained true to the old faith. That this was not an accident either of position or circumstance is proved by the Christian spirit retained in its philosophy and literature throughout the seventeenth century. Its Christian eloquence—of morals rather than dogma, Bourdaloue has only two sermons purely dogmatic—was unique: Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Flechier. In ethics, St. Francis of Sales, *La Bruyère*, *Rochefoucauld*; in philosophy, Pascal, Descartes, Malebranche; in rhetoric, Balzac; in literature, Corneille, Racine, Sévigné; impregnated its atmosphere with a more or less genuine Christianity. Nor was this merely a theoretical Christianity; it is a distinguishing feature of the seventeenth-century France that it made a loyal attempt to lead the souls of men by its Christianity.* The religious life permeated the national life, so much so that M. René Doumic does not hesitate to affirm that during the whole century perhaps not a single atheist is to be found. Yet, though this note was the dominant one, the echo of Rabelais had not died away. In Molière and *La Fontaine* it was sufficiently held to be able to accentuate itself in the succeeding century. Though Massillon still preached, luxury began to infect social life, carried to a depth of turpitude under the Regency of Orleans and deepening under Louis XV. In the bedchamber of St. Louis Sardanapalus couched; Stamboul had come to Versailles. Finance becoming disordered, debt and exhaustion paralysed political life. The principle of authority, which the Jansenists had so disastrously weakened, was lost to thought and reverence to literature. When the spirit of independence touched the impiety which prevailed, an aggressive insubordination resulted; licence of life followed licence of thought;

* Education was in the hands of Jansenists, Oratorians and Jesuits.

this reacted on the old beliefs. From being smiled at, they became ridiculed, their basis questioned, then denied. Hence Christianity being doubted, was sneered at, rejected and finally hated. Philosophy fell, through the pantheism of Spinoza, the scepticism of Hume, and the materialism of Hobbs, to the level of the sensualism of Condillac, the atheism of D'Holbach and Diderot, and the materialism of Helvétius. In Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau, political thought, religious life and social being were attacked, and their old foundations undermined. Literature fell to the level of Crebillon and Diderot. Philosophy, instead of being constructive became destructive ; having swept away the rights of God it had nothing to replace them with but the rights of man. And so the Church which, in the words of the Abbé Sicard, was, before the Revolution, in active co-operation with the life of the people, suddenly lost its power, its place, its being. The darkness of Calvary overshadowed it. Christianity was outlawed, hated by the lettered world, laughed at by the busy, trampled on by the vicious, banished from the intellectual and social life of France. The dissolvent of ridicule applied to the religious sense by the Philosophes, and the proscription of religious fact by the Revolution, disintegrated the religious idea. The monastic life, on the surface so contrary to the "nature" for which Rousseau pleaded with all his genius, was eradicated. With the Church, which was unpatriotic, went the religious orders which were incomprehensible. The one was inimical to the free life of man ; the other no longer of use to it.

I.

The honour of re-awakening the spirit of Catholicism in France belongs to the loyal and chivalrous Count Joseph de Maistre, the eloquent apostle of a Divine Providence to an age which hated Him. Philosopher, Polemist, Catholic, his brilliant intellect and incisive pen were given, during years of studious meditation, to the defence of society and of the Church, recalling men to realising the philosophic necessity for, and the demonstrable fact of, a ruling, guiding, shaping Providence. Detecting the satanic spirit of the Revolution, he pursued it with mordant and piercing invective. Like Roland at Roncevalles, he blew the bugle call to monarchies to crush it.

When at length it fell, he turned to the leader of Christendom, and clearing the mists with which even Catholic France had enveloped his headship, he raised the Papacy with his layman hand, but theologian erudition, sheer above the dust of controversy, boldly demanding for recognition in the Pope those gifts of infallibility which the Vatican Council afterwards defined. He strove to reconstitute society on the basis of the Christian idea with the philosophical insight ennobled by his practical Catholicism. A Christian Voltaire, a master of raillery but the soul of reverence, of fine irony yet tender, offensive as willingly as defensive, a ruthless destroyer but a thoughtful reconstructor, he was proud of monarchy and of Catholicism with a fierce and irresistible pride: an adversary whom Mr. John Morley has characterised as easier to smile at than to controvert.

It was in 1796 that De Maistre published his "Considérations sur la France," a demonstration that man plans but God overrules, proved by historical arguments. Nothing happens by chance; everything is ruled and governed by a power beyond ourselves. This applies as justly to the political as to the physical world. But France had lost this idea of a providence; its guidance was unknown, its omnipresence unrecognised. Between the wild enthusiasm of the many and the profound horror of others, he saw, in the French Revolution, God's finger tracing for France these truths. Overshadowing the free will of man is the power of the Omniscient. "We are allied to the throne of God by an elastic chain which holds without binding us." But man will seldom scrutinise the essential motives in the vast spectacle of life. When the hand of God is working man will not examine. In addition, the Revolution was the act of God punishing France for the anti-religious and anti-social insurrection which was caused by regicide. Hence there is but one way of checking this scourge, to curb the disorders which gave cause to this terrible purification.

And as each individual has his vocation, so has each nation. That of France is to be at the head of the religious world; its king is advisedly called the Most Christian.* But having

* This was one of the cardinal ideas of the Renascence. Forty-three years

denied its vocation and demoralised Europe, it must be recalled by exemplary means, and General Buonaparte was "the grand and terrible instrument in the hands of God" for effecting that purgation. The means is the Revolution; hence is it, so far, the work of God; and for the completion of this work France must again be at the head of Christianity. He thus met the Revolution with a counter Revolution. "It appears to me," he writes, "that all true philosophy must choose between two hypotheses: that a new religion is about to be formed, or that Christianity is about to renew its youth in some extraordinary way." There De Maistre, the thinker, bold and original, marked the Renascence of Catholicism, which would be, he hoped, a return to the time when the Church touched the height of its power, when an Innocent III. would realise the dreams of Gregory VII. Its philosophy was the philosophy of Bossuet, or rather of St. Augustine. With the eloquence of Rousseau and the wit of Voltaire, but an elevation of mind superior to both, he laid bare the results of the hatred of the religious idea, and displayed their corrective—the return to a Divine Providence, guiding, directing, ruling, in all things, everywhere, always.

II.

There appeared at Constance, in the same year as De Maistre's book at Neuchâtel, a "Theory of the Civil and Religious Power in Civil Society," by an *émigré* born in the same year as De Maistre. The antithesis, he is also the completement, of De Maistre. To the winged spirit of the latter, which animated all he touched, and dazzled where he could not convince, De Bonald showed the cold, patient, judicial mind, which compels rather than captivates attention, and engraves itself on the memory instead of illuminating it. But as his conviction was that the Revolution, which had commenced by declaring the rights of man would end by proclaiming the rights of God, he excited the admiration of De Maistre, and they became fellow-workers, De Maistre more particularly addressing himself to the thoughtful among statesmen and men

later, Lacordaire, writing on the re-establishment of the Order of Preachers, "By this means France sooner or later will reach that rendezvous where Providence awaits her."

of affairs, De Bonald to philosophers and students. Keen, lucid, and highly accomplished, the merits and precision of his style, with his unquestionable genius and honour, secured him attention. Human reason is not the source of truth, but its organ, and sometimes a vitiated one. Hence the necessity of recognising the part tradition and authority bear in truths essential to man. He opposed the Voltarian hatred of religious authority by a system of pure and absolute theocracy. Not only is a divine co-operator in the life of man demonstrated, but He is assigned a, so to speak, tangible and necessary part in the economy of political and social existence.

They both confronted the denial of God, by proving, not only the necessity of His existence, but His evident interaction with the affairs of man. Their reconstruction of society on the basis of this God-ruling economy was the necessary foundation of the work the two men had in view: the activity of a Divine Providence and His over-shadowing and intellectual moral life. De Maistre's work was more lasting, because more concrete. A man of affairs himself, he took men on the ground of their experience, giving an actuality to and bringing home facts they could not resist. De Bonald, more essentially philosophical, appealed to men's reason by theories which, though they should have guided, had not hitherto entered into their daily life. Thought out with subtlety and presented with power, they appeal less to the practical side of life than De Maistre, and thus fell below him in general influence. Yet as an antidote to Rousseau he was invaluable. They stood alone amid the ruin and desolation of thrones and religion, boldly proclaiming the blindness of the day and the retribution inevitable, prescinding it so exactly as to appear prophetic.

Three editions of De Maistre's book were published in one year, and when Buonaparte entered Milan it is known he read the fifth edition. It is not exaggerating the weight of minor evidence to see that much which the young commander-in-chief there read had its natural issue in the step he took for the official re-establishment of religion in 1801. Having conquered anarchy he stood amid the ruins of social order. For its reconstruction he felt the soundest basis to be religion. It was the only possible reply to the Vendean cry of "Give us

back our God." He appreciated its civil value in the family and in society as the greatest of social forces. He saw in it the strongest support of morality, that in making men better it prepared them to fulfil their duties as citizens, that in teaching them to support the difficulties and inequalities of life it completed the work of law. "In no case," writes Thiers, "was there so much reparation demanded as in the case of religion," and "he who had as much mind as Voltaire, while he excelled Frederic in glory," gave his genius to the work. The religion upon whose foundations he would rebuild France, he elected should be—to again quote the non-Catholic historian—"that unvarying doctrine often attacked and ever triumphant Catholicism, at the foot of which the finest men of genius have prostrated themselves." This ideal he, with an equally young and equally profound statesman, Consalvi, embodied in the Concordat. As Francis I. and Leo X. in 1515, so Buonaparte and Pius VII., after profound negotiation, united their statesmanship to minimise the evils of their times by reorganising religion in France. This rebuilding of the altars was Buonaparte's gage to Europe that the Revolution was at an end.

With Pius VII. it was of course only the means to an end : the re-establishment of religion in France ; with Buonaparte it was an end : the re-creation of an admitted necessity, religion, but in the power and under the control of the State ; as one of its departments, in fact, and so paid for by it.

Still we can never forget that it was Catholicism which the French Consul renewed as the national religion of France.

III.

Yet treaties cannot re-create faith. But the month in which the Concordat was proclaimed a book was published in which faith found the renewal of its youth.

In Moore's "Lallah Rookh," the Peri, searching the world for the gift most dear to Paradise, offered the heart-blood of a hero shed for liberty, the last sigh of pure self-sacrificing love, and a tear of penitence. It was only the last that gained acceptance. So it was with Chateaubriand : "I wept and I believed." As too, Madame Swetchine wept at the

death-bed of her father—and believed; as Lacordaire wept in reading the Gospel of St. Matthew—and believed. There we have the essence of his system. Sentiment, emotion, were the factors he used, and effectively, to prove that Christianity must be true because it is so beautiful. To the “Christianity is ridiculous” of Voltaire, he declared that “Christianity is sublime.”

Of all the religions that ever existed the Christian is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favourable to freedom, arts, letters. To it the modern world owes everything, from agriculture to the abstract sciences, from hospitals for the wretched to the temples built by Michael Angelo and decorated by Raphael. Nothing can be more divine than its morality, nobler than its dogma, more imposing than its worship. It inspires genius, refines taste, develops the finer passions, gives depth to thought, profound conceptions to the writer, and perfect ideals to the artist.

“The Genius of Christianity” is the witness to this. It was the apotheosis of acclaim confronting the apotheosis of denial. In policy “The Genius of Christianity” was an illuminating commentary on the Concordat, an act of supreme diplomacy, and as such Buonaparte recognised it. It made Catholicism possible as an intellectual life, as a moral force. It could no longer be laughed aside as a fiction, avoided as brutal, or shunned as ridiculous. It was not the method of Bossuet or Pascal, De Maistre or De Bonald. But Chateaubriand was as one crying in the wilderness, and many came out to hear him. It is he who made straight the path of those who were to follow. He made it possible for his generation, which had denied that Christianity was good because it came from God, to admit it might have come from God because it was so beautiful. A poet in temperament and imagination he presented the charm and the nobility of the religious idea with all the delicacy and refinement of the highest literary tradition. Literary genius, grace, beauty, he showed them all existing in Catholicism. His object was to raise the heart by the imagination, both of which had been corrupted; and within such limit he is one of the masters of Christian emotion, a demonstrator of the truth of religion by its beauty and its civilising genius.

IV.

The Napoleonic scheme of a State Church, whose priests were the salaried officials of the Crown, was continued under the Restoration, a policy to which support was given by Grégoire, Bishop of Blois, in his "Essai Historique sur la Liberté de l'Eglise Gallicane." The disturbing influence of this work was immediately lost in the overwhelming effect of two Ultramontane masterpieces: the first volume of the "Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion," by which a new writer, Félicité de Lamennais, leapt at a bound to the front rank of French writers; the other showing the deep philosophic insight of a writer already there, the "Du Pape" of De Maistre.

The idea of "Le Génie du Christianisme" came to Chateaubriand when he was in Rome, the idea of "Du Pape" came to De Maistre when in Rome. In no uncertain words or hesitancy of intention this defender of supremacy and infallibility of the Pope delivers his attack on the Gallican idea. For him infallibility in the spiritual and sovereignty in the temporal orders are synonymous terms. Both express that high power which dominates all, whence other powers derive, which governs and is not governed, which judges and is not judged. From the Churches of the East and the West, from Gallicanism itself, even from Jansenism, he brings witnesses to make good his ground. To the insensate cry of the sovereignty of the people, he opposes the cry of the sovereignty of God's vicar. With an elevation of thought, and the wide reading of erudition, with the hardihood of a Crusader, he drove his points logically and pitilessly against Gallicanism, and with the ardour and pride of a son he emphasised and upheld the prerogatives of our common Father.

Meanwhile, Lamennais in his volume—"a book which would waken the dead!" wrote Frayssinous, a Gallican—defining indifference as "the extinction of all feeling of love or hatred in the heart, through the absence of any judgment or belief in the mind," examined its essence, laid bare in all their nakedness its effects, exposing to a merciless ridicule its manifestations and expressions.

He showed the importance of religion for the individual and for society, deriding the folly of those who, unbelievers

themselves, consign religion to the poor. He combated the rejection of revealed religion in favour of natural religion, finally demanding that all dissident Churches should renounce even the names of Christians and recognise themselves as merely Deists. With burning eloquence and a luxury of images, he enforced his contention with such persuasion and vigour that Victor Hugo declared "the frivolity of men of the world and the preoccupation of men of the State disappeared at once before a scholastic and religious *début*." "I know not if Bossuet or Massillon have ever done anything finer," exclaimed Montalembert.

It was an era of intellectual movement in France of singular brilliancy. Lamartine was writing the first *Meditations*, Hugo the first *Odes*, Guizot the *History of the English Revolution of 1688*, Thiers of the French, Augustine Thierry that of the Norman Conquest. Berryer had the ear of France in *Oratory*, Cousin in *Philosophy*.

Since Massillon no Catholic priest had risen to fame in France either as a writer or thinker. So long had Truth waited her deliverer that when Lamennais sprang with her into the breach it was said nothing finer in her behalf had been done since Origen and St. Augustine. All his hatred of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution breathed new life into the old but lasting reasons for the necessity of faith as a social factor. He brought Catholics into line of battle and armed them, being there. In this way he *fixed* the religious regeneration of France. Denial of the principle of authority he declared to be the root of the social disorder, for it meant denial of the divine authority of the Church in the supernatural order—denial of the authority of revelation in the order of philosophy and science, denial of the divine law interpreted by the Church in the political order, denial of the law of charity in the social order. To these denials he opposed four restorations: the supernatural principle of submission, the principle of authority of the Church as director and preserver of human reason, the principal of authority of the Church as interpreter of the law of conscience and politics, the principle of authority of the Church in the social order. The enthusiasm with which the book was received was immense. As apologist Lamennais was proclaimed to be the latest of the

Fathers of the Church. But as St. Justin said in his *Dialogue with Tryphon*, if we let fall one syllable which displeased among ten thousand which have no fault, the world will extract from it something false or impious. In members of the episcopacy, among some of the priesthood, a few of the laity found echoes of the sentiments they harboured against Lamennais. His next step increased their hostility by widening its bounds. As Lacordaire pointed out, the necessity of faith has been proved; but where was the faith—how distinguish it— which was the regulating authority of human reason? Between 1820 and 1823 the remaining volumes of the book endeavoured to answer those questions. Unfortunately, their philosophy was based on a fundamental error. “Taken individually, man can know nothing with certitude; but collectively he can with certainty know some things.” This is the doctrine of universal consent, which is the criterion of certitude in Lamennais’s system, not *one* of the means, but the *only* means of arriving at truth. A criterion of certitude which is neither a first, a universal, an invariable, nor an infallible principle. Hence, this philosophy met with strong oppositions, the Sulpicians and Jesuits being specially active. But with Lamennais an opinion became a conviction under opposition—the higher the clamour against him rose the firmer he knit his nerve. “Some day he will find himself alone in the world,” said Lacordaire, who knew every impulse of the soul; “but that will be proof to him that he is right.” He now exchanged “Dieu et le Roi” for “Dieu et la Liberté,” two words the fascination of which Lamennais lived to forget, but which Lacordaire never surrendered. From an apologist he became a polemic. Throwing aside any aid Catholicism derived from the Monarchy, he demanded “for the Catholic Church the liberty promised by the charter to all religions . . . liberty of conscience, of the Press, of education” . . . “On tremble devant le libéralisme,” he wrote, “Catholicisez-le et la Société renaitra.” So the future in the new ideas of Lamennais belonged to the democracy. From a fanaticism for the principle of authority he passed to a fanaticism for the principle of liberty.

And yet he had made possible Lacordaire’s Conferences at Notre Dame, Ozanam’s Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul,

the law in favour of teaching, which Montalembert and Falloux were to secure. He had awakened the spirit and renewed the extension of Catholicism, secured the return of the Church in France to Ultramontane principles, and achieved for the children of the Church protection against "les arbitraires" from any quarter. Renan is a witness to this. "L'état de l'Eglise de France est bien maintenant ce que le voulait Lamennais, et l'état général de l'Eglise tend de plus en plus vers le même idéal."

When a prisoner at St. Pelagie, a worn-out man, his head sank on the wooden table and he dreamed of his home by the sea. He wrote the dream.—People making holiday on the sands.—At evening they returned to their homes, all save a young girl, forgotten on a distant rock, lost in reverie. And then follows these words: "When she awoke from her reverie, the sea had clasped the rock in its stealthy coils, and it rose and rose. No one on the shore; no possible help. What passed then in the soul of the maiden? None know! It is a secret between her and God." But Pascal wrote: "Qui-conque se sépare du Pape n'appartient plus à Jésus-Christ." As David replaced Saul so Lacordaire Lamennais.

V.

To re-organise the Catholic nationalities, to re-establish by a freedom of the Press—perhaps too unlimited—the Republics of the Middle Ages, without the Emperor, but with the Pope at their head, a free sovereign among free people, a peaceful dictator arranging the quarrels between nation and nation, and between peoples and their rulers, such were the dreams of Montalembert at twenty. To lift the people from their degradation, to raise them towards that Saviour who was the one Redeemer, the one Apostle, the one Founder of religions and civil freedom, to secure for them, on a solid basis, that religion and civil freedom, was the aim of Montalembert's life. But this religious and civil freedom must be real. To inscribe it in the porches of our churches, then to wish to close them against us is the depth of imbecility. If the people would be free, they must enter into and mould the movements of the day. The sleep of Catholics must be broken, they must use

their electoral rights, and return representatives who understand the true union of order and freedom. With this view the Catholic cause must be disengaged from all temporal preconceived responsibilities, from all political alliance. In this we see the wisdom which Leo XIII. recently matured. But the education of the people must commence with that of its children. Montalembert and Lacordaire, therefore, became simple school-masters, and as teachers of the young gave battle for freedom of teaching.

Freedom of religious teaching had been promised after the Revolution in July, under the charter, but suspicion of the clergy delayed its fulfilment. In vain had the *Avenir* argued, in vain had Montalembert and Lacordaire opened schools which the government closed. Still freedom of teaching religion and freedom of the Church became the question of the hour. Some approach to the former in primary education was secured through Guizot, but freedom of secondary teaching was vainly demanded; through each year the intrepid, tireless, eloquent advocacy of Montalembert brought it nearer. Organising the Catholics he taught them to rely upon themselves, to demand their share of the freedom which had become the spirit of the time, and which was their constitutional right. Freedom to practise religion, not liberty to reject it. Freedom to teach on the basis of religion, not liberty to teach without it. Freedom in political life, the intellectual life of examination, discussion, and consequent action upon and within constitutional lines. Freedom in social life, freedom of association whether for religious, educational, or social objects. This was the freedom for which Montalembert and Lacordaire fought, and which has been so misunderstood. In the Press, on the platform, among the peers, he created the enthusiasm of hope, making possible its realisation. The clergy, at first timid, were gradually won. The bishops followed in part, the eloquent Bishop of Langres, Mgr. Parisis warmly so, and, more cautiously, the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Affre. The fire of Montalembert inflamed Dupanloup, the genius of Lacordaire drew Ravignan. The young peer had illuminated the humble priest, the sweet Dominican the saintly Jesuit.

Catholics gradually uniting became a power, had a future.

The work Montalembert thus achieved was enormous. Not only had he to disarm the distrust of the religious idea, more especially as made tangible in the priesthood, but he had to move the lamentable inertia of both bishops and priests, of which Foisset writes so graphically in his "Study of Lacordaire," an inertia which determined Lacordaire not to remain a Secular. As Montalembert fought for the freedom of religious education with the triple energy of his conscience, his faith, his patriotism, so did he fight for the religious congregations with a grandeur of soul and absolute disinterestedness. After ten years of superb fortitude, of magnificent perseverance, the question of freedom of education was ripe.

Guizot in principle was favourable, Thiers and Cousin were being impressed. In 1850 victory was carried. The monopoly of education which, under the Restoration had made Liberals and Revolutionaries, under the *régime* of July Republicans, and under the Republic Socialists, was at last broken through. Falloux, persuaded by Dupanloup, accepted the portfolio of public instruction and worship on condition that a Bill for educational liberty should be prepared by him and supported by Thiers. The teaching of a Catholic intellectual life now became possible. "The edict of Nantes of the nineteenth century" was passed.

Montalembert thus substituted an open militant Catholicism for a vague lukewarm sentiment. He introduced into political eloquence, into the press, into archaeology, subjects, eulogies of the past, fearless criticism of the present, unprecedented in his day. Never were errors and prejudices more firmly grasped, never was a century more intrepidly and energetically called to reflect upon itself, to historical repentance, to public reparations, than was the nineteenth during the thirty years of Montalembert's activity. Incessant in labour, unsparing of strength, tireless in devotion, his aim was to translate his ardent faith and burning words into daily action. He undertook the defence of religious interests by using the liberties existing or implied in the constitution, and thus, raising the Catholic idea to a position of honour, he gave it a place in the councils of the nation.

I can only mention the book with which he so nobly aided Lacordaire in bringing back the religious orders to France.

Originally intending to confine himself to so far assisting the rehabilitation of the monastic orders as a life of St. Bernard would effect, he, in 1846, sent the first copy to Dupanloup. Seized with the possibilities of the book, the abbé begged Montalembert to suppress the whole edition and enlarge his subject, and treat it in its entirety on an adequate scale.* When Racine was young, having written what seemed to him the finest page he had ever produced, he hastened with it to his guide and friend, Boileau. Taking pen the legislator of Parnassus erased and erased, until his hand becoming wet, he raised his head to find the tears streaming from Racine's eyes. But Racine was fine souled enough to accept the discipline. So, too, the splendid heart of Montalembert, during fourteen years of ceaseless study, carried the discipline of Dupanloup to the perfection attained in "The Monks of the West," in which as historian he confronts the century with its huge indebtedness to them, when demonstrating their imperishable title to glory in that sublimest of all educations—the education of the soul. "The Monks of the West" is the apotheosis of "The Genius of Christianity."

VI.

Vauvenarques said: "Tôt ou tard on ne jouit que des âmes," and it was for the souls of men that Lacordaire ever laboured. Montalembert affirmed that "friendship is the only movement of the soul in which excess is permissible." Lacordaire's love for the souls of men was a friendship only exhausted by excess. To Falloux's mind the French clergy "busied themselves too much over scholastic disputes, and not enough about the sufferings of doubt and misery." After the labour of the great heart of Lacordaire, this charge is no longer possible. In his earlier years he drew the classes from their doubting to the pulpit and thence to the altar. In his maturer age he led the masses from their misery to the Church, thence to the feet of Him who was born an outcast, who lived in poverty and who died in derision. In his heroic holiness,

* We thus owe, in the form we have it, "The Monks of the West" to Dupanloup, as we owe to him also Ravignan's "Existence and Institutes of the Jesuits."

his touching humility, his penances, his love of sufferings and of the Cross, Lacordaire will ever remain an ideal of Christian greatness. As champion of the crushed faith in France, as the destroyer of the fear of the world, the restorer of monasticism to his country, with his greatness of soul, his scrupulous sense of honour, his nobility of will and yet a shrinking sensibility, and the power, the genius, he lavished in his endeavour to bring the Church to the heart of the people, he is one of the noblest figures among the sons of France. One who was to complete the reconciliation of his country to Catholicism; whose first lesson had been to teach Catholics their manhood, as his last sermon in Paris was to recapitulate it, by his last *ext* "Esto vir." As a Catholic to stand erect and be a man, that was Lacordaire.

Frederic the Great said the way to finish with the Church is to compel it to become a mope-owl. The force of this Lacordaire saw, and determined to bring it everywhere into the light of day. He bore, not only the priestly garb, once forbidden, but the Dominican robe along the streets of France, into the pulpit of *Notre Dame*, into the Parliamentary Assembly, into the French Academy, where, in that dress, a Protestant, Guizot, received him as a successor of De Tocqueville, an honour Cousin himself helped to obtain.

Always less a writer than an orator, the inspiration, the sublimity of soul, the profusion of his unsparing striving, the full flower of his manhood and self-sacrifice, the *work* of Lacordaire was in his preaching, an office which engrosses to the utmost the human faculties, for it demands in one man the union of an apostle and an artist, both working for God. Words? yes; but "words are a mirror," said a father of the Church, "and through words we see souls;" and "tôt ou tard on ne jouit que des âmes." And in his own words his one aim was to prepare souls for the faith.

The life-work of this monarchist, strangely mistaken for a democrat,* was to find a link strong enough to hold the throne to the altar and the people to both. The problem he determined to solve was the duties of a priest with regard

* "Père Lacordaire was monarchical by reason and taste," was Falloux's deliberate opinion.

to the relations between religion and the social order. The relation of the spiritual with the material order was capable of three solutions: "Either the superiority of the one over the other, or the absolute independence of the one from the other, or the interaction of one with the other by mutual concessions."

In theory, the first was, for Lacordaire, the true solution. But taking France as he found it, he realised the impossibility of bringing it back to the ideals of the age of Charlemagne. As to the last, with its probability of subordinating the Church to the State, and eventually the creating a national Church, Lacordaire held it in horror. Therefore, he determined on absolute independence. His inflexible will once determined, no human motive could weaken, no human power destroy, the ardour he put into his resolution: "To release the Church from a condition of interaction and place it in a state of absolute independence—in a word, to free it, that is what has to be done, the rest is a mere huge detail."

He had already shown men the political utility of religion, that religion was a principle eminently social, the natural ally, the necessary support, of all regular government, and the first moral force of a country. Society is a necessity, therefore the Christian idea is divine, for it is the only means of guiding society to perfection, taking man with all his weaknesses and the social life with all its conditions.

He was now to prove it so effectively that the thoughtful began, in the words of Michelet, to ask: "Where is God?" In that splendid work Ozanam joined, and through him Lacordaire was offered the pulpit of *Nôtre Dame*. There for two years he laboured to reconcile the century to God through the Church, what it had done in the world, for the world, and with the world. From curiosity to interest, from interest to thought, from thought to study, and from it to conviction, he achieved "le commerce des âmes qui est la véritable félicité du prêtre."

But *Nôtre Dame* was only Paris. The soul of Lacordaire yearned for France. For it he descended his pulpit, the throne where he was royal, and disrobing himself of his renown, entered a novitiate, the better to reach the heart of his country. The restoration of the monastic life to France

was now the one object of his work. He prepared the way for this step by a memoir on the re-establishment of the friars preachers in France, which first evoked the smile, then the interest, of the rationalists of the day. Defending the right of conscience, under the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, he gave a living picture of the rules and history of the Order of St. Dominic. This he followed with a life of the saint, which Madame Swetchine declared was "not only a masterpiece but a miracle, because it would perform one." As literature, as Christian philosophy, and in its political and social insight, it completed the revolution in hagiography commenced by Montalembert's "St. Elizabeth."

First as a scullion, then a brother of St. Dominic, for seven years he strove for his ideal, and its fruits are that the monastic orders are intermingled with the religious life, the education and the social being of the nation.

That work accomplished, he returned, a Dominican, for eight years to Nôtre Dame. The philosophy of the day, cured of its former railery, and not having reached the scientific dogmatism of our times, had become deistic or rationalist. From the Sorbonne and the University it had permeated the theatre, literature, politics. The thought of the age recognised the service the Church had done humanity; but now humanity, rich in the endowments of its reason, would frame a belief and duties of its own. This new society required a new religion. Catholicism, however elevating in itself, was incompatible with the liberty of peoples; they, therefore, sought it in a mingling of vague Christianity and a subdued deism. Lacordaire met this attitude by presenting the Church as a great historic fact, of which it became men to discover the explanation. From its enduring, from its moral and social action, he drew the proof of its legitimacy.

He gave the first three years of his course to examining the effects of Catholicism on the intellect, the soul and society, his conclusion being that the Church is the depository and organ for effecting a work over the three, for which she is endowed with an incomparable and superhuman power. This was an application of the experimental method to the research of truth, with the Church as his point of departure, a living witness. Having proved its necessity, he proceeded to define

the nature of its doctrine in its double aspect of exact and mystical—the form of science and the form of faith. Continuing to require the proofs of Catholic doctrine from experience, he proceeded to show its effects on man, and thence on society; a check to despotism, the sustainer of authority, the protector of liberty. Here he reached his object, the reconciliation of society with the Church. It was a history of the Church and humanity, written, so to speak, in the handwriting of the one founder of both, our Saviour.

Momentarily interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, he resumed by devoting a whole series to the Man God—a series so deepened, so empurpled with the profoundness of his passionate love of God as to make it imperishable among sacred eloquence. Thence, passing from the Son to the Father, he defined the nature of His being, the hidden life of God, the mystery of the Trinity, of creation of matter and spirit, of truth, of goodness, of free-will, the intercourse between man and the Divinity, the fall, the redemption and the economy of divine government. He had begun by showing the social necessity of the Church; in thus exhibiting the influence of the religious idea on the interior life of man, he ended by proving the Church a moral necessity. Thus the crowning of his dogmatic teaching demonstrated the beauty, the wisdom, the laws of a supernatural government, by a divine providence, *the exact idea which had been advanced at the very foundation of the Renascence by De Maistre.*

That such a man was misunderstood, begot jealousies, raised enemies, was but the measure and signal of his success. They are gone, he remains. When the Arabs, passing by the Pyramids, strike them with their spears, the Pyramids are silent.

But the dream of his life was never fully realised. One by one his hopes dimmed, his illusions faded—illusions only a great soul, a generous mind could conceive. “I have misled myself with good intentions, God knows,” were his words.

Solitary, silent, in his poor cell at Soreze the great heart would not break. “Il faut se tenir debout,” he wrote to Mgr. de Salinis, “au milieu de l’abaissement, et remercier Dieu qui nous a donné une âme capable de ne pas flétrir devant les misères que le succès couronne.”

Montalembert went to bid a last adieu in a meeting of profound beauty and pathos. Of his scholars, some went bare-footed to church imploring St. Mary Magdalen to recall another Lazarus from the grave; others, kneeling, offered their young lives in exchange for his.

On a catacomb at Rome is the inscription, "Weep for the dead, because he is at rest," an epitaph which in its profoundest meaning Lacordaire would have made his own.

In Russia they have a plant which flowers in June and fruits in October. But the fruit, then, is sour. To sweeten, they place it under snow during the winter, gathering it fresh and luscious in the spring.

The plant that De Maistre and De Bonald set, the flower that Chateaubriand and Lamennais cultured, the fruit that Montalembert and Lacordaire brought out, lies in the France of to-day, beneath a winter's snow; but the work of those men is a lasting appeal before the throne of God for the early coming of a second spring.

MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

ART. V.—PHYSICAL SCIENCE *VERSUS*
MATTER AND FORM.

THE Molecular Theory, or, as it is sometimes called, the Atomic Theory, is now generally accepted by educated men all over the globe. It is presupposed not only in works on chemistry, both elementary and advanced, but also in books and articles on such diversified subjects as astronomy, geology, medicine, physiology, botany, zoology, general biology, electricity, magnetism, light, heat, photography, the Röntgen rays, and wireless telegraphy. Millions of Catholics in different countries accept it without the least suspicion that they are committing themselves to a philosophic heresy of a serious kind. Yet such is the case, if we are to take many Continental textbooks on philosophy as our guides in this particular instance. They suppose this theory to be something so superlatively absurd as to merit being brushed aside to make room for the views of Aristotle and the Arabian alchemists. Some fight for the *Matter and Form* of Aristotle with no less energy than did St. Athanasius for the most vital questions of Christianity ; but a theory of matter that has had the field to itself for more than twenty-two centuries, and has not led to a single discovery of any kind, cannot be greatly commended on the score of utility. Nor is it characterised to any remarkable degree by its simplicity, as its most enthusiastic supporters are obliged to admit.

It is true that it was adopted by St. Thomas and the Schoolmen ; but that was because it was the most satisfactory system of their times. But to call this St. Thomas's philosophy, and to credit him with it as if he were its author, is extremely misleading. One might just as well attribute Darwin's "Origin of Species" to Dr. Zahm, or credit Cardinal Bellarmine with the authorship of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, as he thought that alone tenable. St. Thomas's great merit consists, not in the fact that he taught *matter and form*, as was done by hundreds of his contemporaries both Christian and non-Christian, but in this, that he Christianised the science of his day ; and this is one of the reasons why he was so strongly

commended by Leo XIII., as was clearly pointed out in these pages, several years ago, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

It is erroneously imagined that this system is so closely interwoven with the texture of Catholic philosophy that to set it aside would be equivalent to being unfaithful to those principles of St. Thomas on which the Holy Father so strongly insists. The truth is, however, that the discussion of this theory occupies but a very minor place in our philosophy. The Jesuit Fathers in this country have brought out a course of philosophy, in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, in six no mean volumes, in the Stonyhurst series, without dealing specifically with this subject. They have served up such goodly philosophic fare that the majority of readers will not have greatly missed it. Besides, the authors of different schools so stoutly maintain that their own peculiar views on the question are precisely what ought to be held, that the mere outsider is sometimes puzzled what to think.

It ought not to be forgotten that the Holy Father has repeatedly stated that Catholic philosophers are not to place themselves in an attitude of antagonism towards modern science, but rather to welcome every new accession of knowledge as a precious gift, therein following the illustrious example of Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas, who, in spite of the prejudice of many of their contemporaries, courageously adopted the views of the Stagyrite as the best teaching within their reach.

Several defenders of the ancient theory seem to depend more on indirect and inconclusive deductions from theology than on the researches of physical science and philosophy to supply arguments with which to prop it up. They would elevate Aristotle to the dignity of an inspired prophet, whose theory of *matter and form* is to be held almost as an article of faith by the universal Church, though this theory is nowhere mentioned in the sacred Scriptures nor in the great councils of the early Church. Without it St. Patrick preached the faith in Ireland and St. Augustine in England, and things seem to have gone on very well without much reference to it until the Middle Ages. During all this time, however, it was much in vogue among Pagans, Jews, and Arabs; so that, looked upon from the historical point of view, it would appear to be as much a non-

Christian as an essentially Christian doctrine. Ecclesiastical terminology, the relation of the soul to the body, and the nature of the "Sacramental Species" are the three great arguments on which this class of writers mainly rely. It need scarcely be pointed out that the metaphorical application of scholastic terminology to the doctrine of the Church on the Sacraments in no way tells for or against *matter and form*. Were the latter shown to be altogether erroneous, we could still go on using the same terminology, and the teaching of the Church would be understood in exactly the same way as before. Very few of our preachers ever think of Aristotle and his system when explaining the Church's doctrine on the Sacraments. If we wanted to know the exact meaning of scientific phraseology, it would be absurd to seek it in the original meaning of the words. Even in ordinary language such a method would lead to absurdity. English parsons do not wear masks, nor need a priest be an old man, though, according to etymology, he ought to be. If derivation be a bad guide in ordinary language, it is worthless in science. When chemists, for instance, make use of the word *gas*, this does not imply, on their part, any credence in "*spooks*," though it is derived from an ancient word signifying ghost. If we require to know the meaning of the terms of any science, we have to inquire from the officially recognised authorities on that science. Dogmatic theology, like every other science, has a recognised terminology with a definite meaning, which is as independent of etymology as the nomenclature of most other sciences. When the Church employs the expression, "*matter and form of the Sacraments*," we have not to go to Pagan philosophers to discover what she means, but we have to seek her meaning from her recognised theologians. When the latter crystallised and enshrined the Church's teaching in the words: Aseitas, Person, Trinity, Procession, Mission, Nature, Consubstantial, Incarnation, Sacrament, Transubstantiation, Species, &c., they did not change their belief, but merely made use of convenient modes of expressing that belief. The same is equally true of *matter and form* as applied to the Sacraments. When theologians say that water is the "matter" of baptism, and the words, "I baptize thee," &c., its "form," they teach exactly what St. Augustine taught, but in other words, when he said, "Detrahe verbum et quid est aqua nisi aqua? accedit verbum

ad elementum et fit sacramentum" (See Card. Franzelin, "De Sacram." p. 36). This doctrine, it is evident, is completely independent of chemical systems.

Another favourite argument lies in the relation between body and soul. We are bound to believe, as Catholics, that the soul is the *substantial form* of the body; and from this teaching of the Council of Vienne, it is inferred, we are committed to *matter and form* all along the line. This is obviously far too large a deduction; for were we obliged to accept the doctrine in the most rigoristic Thomistic sense, there would still remain the immense difference between the nature of man and the physical constitution of inorganic matter, *to the discussion of which we strictly confine ourselves in the present article*. Catholics, however, are far from being bound down in this way. All that the teaching of the Church clearly and definitely means is that the rational soul makes the body a living body, and a human body—not necessarily a *material thing*. The Thomists, it is true, seem to hold that man is nothing but "*materia prima*," plus the rational soul; but all Catholics are not bound to follow them in this, as Cardinal Zigliara himself frankly confesses. A man may be a good Catholic and reject Aristotle's theory altogether, as was done by the distinguished Jesuits, Boscovich, Secchi, and Tongiorgi.

In reference to the argument drawn from the nature of the "Sacramental Species," we shall only say that from what we can make out from all that Cardinal Franzelin ("De Euch. Th." xvi. p. 273) and F. Christian Pesch, S.J. (vi. p. 300) say on the objective reality of the "Species," the atomic theory can be as easily reconciled with the teaching of the Church as any other theory of matter.

It appears sufficiently clear, then, that Aristotle's system of *Matter and Form* and of *Generation and Corruption* ought to be deprived of the adventitious aid of religion, and that it will have to stand or fall on its own merits without being paraded in the modern garb of theology, which it has only worn for five centuries out of the twenty-two of its existence.

If the truth of a theory is to be estimated by the fruitfulness of its results, the pretensions of this shrivel up into very microscopical dimensions when compared with the rival theory of modern chemistry, which is considerably under a century old,

and which has been treated with such unmerited contempt by the writers already alluded to. Aristotle was undoubtedly a man of surpassing genius; but the heroes of Homer were no less brave than Aristotle was intellectual; still, the Greek warriors would have as little chance in modern warfare as the wild fury of the dervishes. It is not alone in the art of killing that the sum of human knowledge has grown and developed. Modern warfare, as well as nearly every other advance in practical knowledge and discovery, would be simply impossible did scientists, during this century, rigorously exclude, in favour of *matter and form*, the chemical-atomic theory, which clearly indicated the lines on which to work, and successfully led up to the most valuable discoveries. The former, for centuries, succeeded in nothing but in sending experimenters on a wild-goose chase after the philosopher's stone. And now, after such wonderful progress has been made, not only without its aid, but in spite of its misleading influence, has it to be eternally obtruded on the attention of students as the only veritable theory of the physical constitution of material things?

To evade these and similar strictures, it is not unfrequently contended that this theory is a purely metaphysical one. But if that be the case, why is it that in many text-books of philosophy we find it so constantly and so triumphantly contrasted with the chemical theory, and supported by arguments which prove, but too frequently, that the writers are but imperfectly acquainted with the theory which they so summarily, not to say flippantly, reject? Men of science, they say, ought to confine themselves to the observation of facts and the making of experiments, and not to meddle with metaphysics; as if a scientist had not as much right to use his brains in reasoning from the facts as a man who is either altogether ignorant of these facts, or knows no more about them than an ordinary artisan. These writers do not perceive that in contending for a comparatively minor detail of scholastic philosophy they have managed to place themselves in direct opposition to the most fundamental principle of that philosophy and of all true science. The philosophy of the Schoolmen rests on this broad and immovable principle that all our natural knowledge is ultimately founded on experience—that "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*" We have

no knowledge except what we get through experience, and correct thinking and reasoning on that experience. The wider and the more exact our experience is, the more solid and sure will be our metaphysical deductions, other things being equal. Innate ideas were rejected by St. Thomas, and this truly scientific experimental principle was firmly established by him long before philosophers began to follow tardily in his footsteps in England. St. Thomas was not satisfied by any mere vulgar experience, but, as the Holy Father points out, he endeavoured to keep himself abreast of his scientific contemporaries, and his thorough grasp of all the experimental knowledge of his time is manifest on every page of his works. But he was far from thinking that the last word on these matters had been said. Commentating on Aristotle's astronomical speculations, he does not hesitate to assert that though they have the appearance of being true, future generations of men may prove them to be erroneous. We believe he was equally broad-minded in his interpretation of Aristotle's chemical guesses. These writers, therefore, who would have us start with the sole authority and theory of Aristotle, and endeavour to twist and distort the facts into agreement with it, are in open revolt against the most certain and approved of scholastic principles; and, like Plato, they erect the foundations of their metaphysics in the air, where they hang in a condition of very unstable and uncomfortable equilibrium. The old scholastics came to *matter and form* because they considered it the best interpretation of the rude experimental facts with which they were acquainted. More exact instruments and new discoveries have shown their arguments to be based on misconceptions and erroneous observations. Though their facts failed, as it was natural that they should do, and got dissipated before the blow-pipe of later research, their principle survives; and it is to that principle that every modern science is indebted for its most striking advance and for its greatest discoveries.

The scholastic philosophy, in its broad outlines and great principles, has stood the test of time, and has triumphed over the systems of Plato, Locke, Hume, Descartes, Kant, and the German philosophers. Here we have an instance of the "survival of the fittest" in philosophy, because it is founded on imperishable truth. But it does not follow from this that we

are to defend every detail, *vi et armis*, as if the stability of the whole depended upon it; especially when it is little in agreement, to use the words of the encyclical "*Aeterni Patris*," "*cum exploratis posterioris ævi doctrinis.*"

Some of the German Jesuits are fully alive to the claims of modern science, and they appear to be equally convinced of the futility of defending *matter and form*, as understood and explained by Aristotle and the Arabian alchemists. They regard it, and with justice, as susceptible of improvement and development, like most other speculations of the human mind. They have laid Catholic students under great obligations for having shown them that they may freely embrace the most advanced ideas in physics and chemistry without giving any violent wrench to their philosophy. Nay, more, they have shown that with a little judicious handling both systems may be *substantially* reconciled. As we are, in the main, in agreement with these learned Fathers, any strictures of ours do not apply to them.

Next to the German Jesuits the Dominicans themselves seem to be among the most moderate defenders of *matter and form*. Many years ago Cardinal Zigliara, in arguing against Tongiorgi, calmly and deliberately stated, with characteristic moderation and breadth of view, that he regarded *matter and form* only in the light of a probable explanation against which none of the then available facts clearly militated. Since then very many things have been brought to light, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that such a judicious and calm reasoner as the learned Cardinal, were he now alive, would see the necessity of going as far, at least, as these distinguished members of the Society of Jesus.

In order to enable the reader to judge for himself of the respective claims of the two rival theories, we shall first set before him a few historical facts, and then proceed to the examination of some of the principal phenomena and lines of argument that have led scientists to the molecular theory. Before the beginning of this century very little was really known of the chemical constitution of matter. All that was known can be easily compressed within a very few pages. The mythical Hermes Tresmegistus was reported to have succeeded in converting the baser metals into gold. A great many lovers of the precious metal endeavoured to do the same,

and rather than confess their failure several openly boasted of success, so that in the course of time it began to gain ground that one elementary substance could be changed into another. Aristotle, with a power of genius that could give to the most contemptible hypothesis a presentable and even a respectable appearance, weighing all the views of previous philosophers, worked out a regular system of matter which for centuries was regarded as the last effort of human science. The following are a few of his ideas on the subject, either as actually written by himself or explained by his disciples :

1. Terrestrial bodies are essentially different from celestial ones, such as the sun, moon, and stars, which are incorruptible.

2. Terrestrial bodies consist of four elements : fire, air, water, and earth. They increase in weight in the order here given—the heaviest being lowest. According to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," Aristotle taught that heavy bodies fell to the earth—the heavier the quicker. Thus a stone of ten pounds weight will fall ten times quicker than a stone of one pound.

3. The four elements, as experience shows, can be transformed the one into the other.*

Φαμὲν δὲ πῦρ καὶ αἴρα καὶ ὕδωρ καὶ γῆν γίγνεσθαι ἐξ ἀλλήλων, καὶ ἐκαστῷ ὑπάρχειν τούτων δυνάμει, ὥσπερ καὶ τῶν ἀλλων οἷς ἐν τι καὶ τούτον ὑπόκειται, εἰς ὃ ἀναλύονται ἔσχατον.†

4. There are four primary qualities of matter, viz. : moisture, dryness, heat, and cold. Two of these are proper to every element. Thus to earth belong dryness and cold ; to fire, dryness and heat ; to air, heat and moisture ; and to water, moisture and cold.

5. Each element consists of two fundamental and essential principles or constituents, one passive and the other active. The passive principle is called *materia prima*, and the active the *forma substantialis* or the substantial form. Neither of these has any *separate* existence, but all bodies consist of the union or combination of both. *Materia prima* has all substantial forms in *potentia* except the one with which it may be, for the time being, essentially actuated. It cannot exist with-

* See Tillman Pesch, S.J., "Institutiones Philosophiae Naturalis."

† L. 4, meteor. c. 2 ; l. 2, de gener. et corrupt. c. 4.

out being thus actively united to some substantial form, the result of such union constituting *materia secunda*, or some one of the many substances we see in nature. When one element is converted into an essentially different one the *materia prima* persists throughout the change; it is only the substantial form, which characterised the first substance and conferred upon it its distinctive nature, that is expelled and driven from a condition of actuality to one of potentiality, and succeeded by the substantial form of the new substance, which has become educed from its state of potentiality in the *materia* to its state of actuality in the newly-formed body. To render the meaning clearer let a piece of wax *represent* *materia prima*. Though it cannot exist without some shape, yet it is perfectly indifferent to be moulded or shaped into any form or outline, and there will always be the same quantity of it. It can be made to assume the appearance of Socrates, Plato, or Alexander, of a bird or quadruped. Let these shapes *represent* the substantial forms, and the reader will easily understand the meaning of the system. The wax cannot have two figures at the same time, but it possesses the power of assuming all of them in succession. One outline must be destroyed before the next can be given to it—the corruption of the one preceding the generation of the other. Of course this is only an illustration, for a piece of wax is not *materia prima*, and the different shapes into which it can be moulded are only accidental forms, but by giving the imagination something to rest upon it enables us all the more readily to grasp the meaning of the Aristotelian doctrine.

According to this system whole multitudes of phenomena are susceptible of very ready explanation. When water is changed into air, for instance, the substantial form of water struggles to maintain its hold in active union with the *materia prima*. This active struggle is shown by the fact that, when water is heated, the moment the source of heat is withdrawn the temperature begins to fall until it is restored to its original condition. It is obvious that this is brought about by the substantial form of water reasserting its rights and maintaining its position. However, when the heat is continued the form of water is driven out and succeeded by that of air. There is not much difficulty in changing water into air by means of

heat, for it will be observed that the primary properties of the element water are moisture and cold, and of air moisture and heat, so all that is required is to expel the cold by the heat to succeed in driving out the essential form of water and educating the form of air.

6. The stars are the causes which, by their properties and motions, impel the four terrestrial elements to mix and form compounds. ("De Meteor." *lib. iv.*)

7. The properties of the compounds are to be accounted for by the properties of their component elements. A bell, which is made up of a combination of earth and air, retains the solid properties of earth and the light sonorous properties of air. The human body consists of different proportions of all the four elements, and from this follows a very easy and lucid explanation of the various dispositions of different individuals. If one has excess of earth in his composition he is heavy and sluggish; if of air, he is light and airy; if of water, he is cold and tearful and affected with "black melancholie"; if of fire, he is hot tempered or fiery.

8. Nature abhors a vacuum, for experience shows that when water is drawn out of a tube by means of a suction-pump other water or air rushes in to supply its place.

9. Material substances are homogeneous or of a uniform composition throughout, without any interstices, so that they exclude all other bodies from the spaces they occupy. Their composition, therefore, by no means consists of atoms. In this way it can be proved that light is not a substance, for it travels simultaneously through air.

The great authority of Aristotle inspired hundreds of gold-seekers with the hope of finding the philosopher's stone. This was supposed to be a kind of theurgic substance capable of fermenting millions of times its own weight of fused base metals into gold. The best way to proceed, it was thought, was to make every imaginable kind of experiment with all manner of substances at all times of the day and night, so as to give the celestial bodies every fair chance of bringing their supernal influences to bear upon the mixtures. This art of mixing, or alchemy as it was called, was pursued with great ardour by the Arabs for many centuries, and no one doubted for a moment the possibility of changing one elementary sub-

stance into another. The strongest and most diverse ingredients were mixed together in the attempts to prepare this much-sought stone, which was often called the "One Thing." In some of the directions given for making it the reader sails along on easy pinion until he is suddenly brought down by the concluding item : "Add carefully a sufficiency of you know what." We read of such promising materials as snails' slime, serpents' teeth, gall-stones taken from cats, hair, white of egg, and the never-failing mercury.

Geber, in the eighth century, supplemented the theory of Aristotle by one of his own. Aristotle's elementary principles were still recognised, but they were regarded as the more remote factors in determining the properties of matter, while Geber's elements represented the proximate constituents of matter in general, and of the metals in particular. His idea was that the metals consist of sulphur and mercury in varying proportions. Gold and silver were very rich in pure and perfect kinds of mercury, but the one contained a red sulphur and the other a white.

In their vain search for the philosopher's stone the alchemists accidentally discovered the strong acids and a few other useful products; but, on the whole, their labours were not only extremely barren of results, but their speculations carried them to the most ridiculous conclusions. According to Aristotle, animals and plants were also constituted by *materia prima* and the substantial form of the living being. This form was contained in *potentia* in the matter, and ought to be evolved from it by spontaneous generation under favourable conditions. This is what Father Thein says on the subject in his valuable book on "Christian Anthropology" (Benziger), page 32 :

The fathers of the Church and the scholastics believed in the spontaneous generation of a number of animals, and this belief was general up to a comparatively recent period. The fathers and scholastics did not, however, derive this theory from the Bible, but as it was not opposed to the Bible they took it quite naturally from ancient scientific writers, especially from Aristotle. We know that they asserted that not only midges, fleas, and other vermin sprang simply from the earth, but also frogs, serpents, and mice; the eel, also, in which Aristotle could find no ovary, was supposed to have originated from slime. Even in the seventeenth century the learned Jesuit Athanasius Kircher gives regular recipes for bringing animals into existence : "Take as many serpents as

you like, dry them, cut them into small pieces, bury these in damp earth, water them freely with rain-water, and leave the rest to the spring sun. After eight days the whole will turn into little worms, which, if fed with milk and earth, will become perfect serpents, and by procreation will multiply *ad infinitum*." Van Helmont indicated the proceedings necessary to produce frogs, leeches, scorpions, mice, &c.*

From these observations and from the brief account of the peripatetic system given above it is more than sufficiently apparent that the knowledge of physical science possessed by the ancients was immeasurably inferior to that within the reach of everybody at the present day. Nor is this to be wondered at; indeed, it would be but little short of miraculous were it otherwise. In those days thermometers, barometers, microscopes, telescopes, air-pumps, electric apparatus, and delicate instruments of measurement were all quite unknown. We stand on the summit of the lofty pyramid of knowledge that has been slowly and labouriously erected by thousands of great men working in all ages. It would be surprising if our horizon were not more extended than that of the giants who dug the trenches and laid the rough foundation-stones. And as a modern youth mounted on his bicycle could outrun even the quick-footed Achilles, so a schoolboy instructed in his Roscoe's and Lockyer's chemistry and astronomy primers knows more about the properties of matter than the great Aristotle and all the alchemists put together. He knows, for instance, that earth, air, and water are not elements; that fire, in the sense of the alchemists, is neither an element nor a compound nor a substance of any kind; that nature does not abhor a vacuum, in the sense of the ancients, for he can see a barometer every day of his life with the Torricellian vacuum above the mercury. He not only sees it, but knows why it is there. This harmless vacuum was a great thorn in the side of some of the later plenists; witness, for instance, the hysterics into which the Leviathan Hobbes works himself in his attack on Boyle's account of experiments made with the newly-discovered air-pump. Our scholar has it demonstrated to him, in his primer of chemistry, that one substance does not necessarily exclude another from the space it occupies. He is

* St. Thomas did not admit Spontaneous Generation.

shown by experiment that air consists of a mixture of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, and that he can extract the oxygen by burning a piece of phosphorus under a large tumbler inverted over a shallow plate of water. The phosphorus takes the oxygen out of the air, and the water is pressed up the tumbler to about a fifth of its height. He has it, moreover, proved to him that this same oxygen gas supports animal life and the flame of a candle; that plants are not made from transformed earth as was formerly supposed, but that they get most of their wood-forming material from the carbonic acid gas of the air. He is taught how to grow plants without soil, and to prove how vastly they increase in weight when supplied with nothing but a little water, air, and sunlight. He knows, besides, that the sun, moon, and stars are not incorruptible, that they have no influence on terrestrial chemistry, and that light does not travel instantaneously. He understands the use of a thermometer, and smiles at the crudeness of calling moisture, dryness, heat, and cold the primary properties of matter, and of asserting that a bell sounds because it is partly made of air.

The arguments in favour of the atomic theory are so well known in this country that it would be almost an impertinence to inflict them on the reader. Lest, however, it should be taken as an evidence of intrinsic weakness by some, they cannot be altogether omitted here. The statements in the following pages give but a very imperfect idea of the strength of the position of the atomic theory. For further information the reader must be referred to the well-known works on physics and chemistry.

Matter is held to consist of extremely small elastic particles or molecules, which in the same substance are all alike in size, shape, and weight, and for the same temperature are endowed with the same average amount of motion; but they differ in all these respects from the molecules of other substances. When they are very near the body is in the *solid*, when farther apart in the *liquid*, and when still farther apart in the *gaseous state*. They are held together by their mutual attraction somewhat in the same way as the planets are attracted by the sun; and they are driven apart by heat, which is nothing else than the motion communicated to them, and which makes them kick each other apart. They would be in actual contact if

they possessed no motion, which would be their condition in the state of absolute cold, or at the absolute zero of temperature, 273° C. below the freezing-point of water. It is known by experience that all solids are capable of being converted into liquids and gases under the influence of heat, and all known gases, even the so-called permanent ones, such as air and hydrogen, have been liquefied in great quantities in recent years, under suitable conditions of cold and pressure.

One astute philosopher hit upon a method of annihilating these molecules. He challenged scientists to show him a single one. According to this profound system of argumentation many things came into existence on the invention of the microscope and telescope, because they were then *seen* for the first time. Another said that the molecular theory was a puerile conception because it did not explain why molecules attracted each other. To be logical he should have denied the existence of the sun, moon, and stars, as we know nothing of the nature of gravitation. That the molecular theory is not all nonsense is seen the moment we begin to examine some of the properties of vapours and gases. The following experiment, which is given by Professor Cooke in "The New Chemistry," is extremely striking. If we pour a cubic inch of water into an air-tight glass globe which has a capacity of 1800 cubic inches, and from which the air has been exhausted by an air-pump, on exposing the globe to the temperature of boiling water the liquid will all evaporate and will fill the globe with ordinary invisible steam. If, now that the globe is really packed close with steam—if there is no break in the continuity of the mass of aqueous vapour—we should expect that it would fill the space to the exclusion of everything else, and would resist the forcing in of any other vapour. Now, what is the case? By means of a stop-cock we can introduce into the globe an additional quantity of any liquid on which we desire to experiment, without otherwise opening the vessel. If we add more water it will *not* evaporate provided that the temperature remains at the boiling-point. If, however, we add a quantity of alcohol we find that this not only immediately evaporates, but that just as much alcohol-vapour will form *as if no steam were present*. If, now that the globe is filled with aqueous-vapour and alcohol-vapour, each acting in all respects as if it occupied

the space *alone*, we add a quantity of some other liquid with a lower boiling-point than water, say ether, we shall find the same thing repeated. The ether will evaporate and will fill the space with its vapour, and the globe will hold just as much ether-vapour as if neither of the other two were present. In the same way we could go on repeating this process with other liquids indefinitely, and the globe would hold as much of their vapours as if they were there alone. If the globe contained air at the beginning, the results would have been precisely the same. There is not here a chemical union between the several vapours, and each is distributed equally throughout the space and exerts the same pressure as if it occupied the space alone, so that the total pressure is exactly the sum of the partial pressures. We can give no explanation of these phenomena of evaporation except on the assumption that each substance is an aggregate of particles which by the action of heat become widely separated from each other, leaving very large intermolecular spaces within which the particles of an almost indefinite number of other vapours may find place.

In like manner any number of gases can be forced into the same space, and each will occupy the whole of it and preserve its peculiar properties. They can be again easily separated from each other by letting them diffuse through thin porous septa or diaphragms of such substances as bladder, plaster of Paris, and pressed plumbago. They can be as effectually sifted in this way as gravel, sand, and pebbles can be separated by suitable screens.

Boyle discovered the important law that the volume of a perfect gas varies inversely as the pressure. If the pressure be doubled the volume is halved, and so on. This, together with Graham's laws, affords an *experimentum crucis* of the truth of the molecular theory. Avogadro showed, and it is proved in works on chemistry, that if gases consist of molecules at all, then, under the same conditions of temperature and pressure, in equal volumes of different gases *there must be the same number of molecules*. If equal volumes of hydrogen and oxygen, for instance, be contained in equal cylinders, and if they support weighted pistons of 50 lbs. each, the reason why the pistons do not descend is, according to the theory, because the molecules of the two gases are constantly hitting them

from beneath. When the volume is halved the hitting power is doubled, because the molecules have only half the distance to travel and the pressure of the gas will become twice as great. Now for our proof. As oxygen weighs sixteen times as much as hydrogen, every molecule of oxygen must be sixteen times as heavy as a hydrogen one. It does not require as many blows from a heavy weight to do the same amount of work as from a light one; hence the hydrogen molecules must beat upon the base of the piston more frequently than those of oxygen. But the hydrogen molecules need not be moving sixteen times as fast as those of oxygen, for the amount of work done by a moving weight is proportional to the square of its velocity. For instance, if a bullet, flying at a certain speed, is just capable of penetrating through a single door, going at twice that rate it would penetrate four such doors; at three times the speed, nine doors; four times, sixteen doors; and so on. From this it follows that the molecules of hydrogen must be moving just four times as fast as the oxygen ones to do the same work. This conclusion can be subjected to the rigorous test of experiment. When those two gases are allowed to diffuse freely into *vacua* through small equal apertures, the hydrogen passes through four times as quickly as the oxygen! If they be placed at opposite sides of a partition and connected by a pinhole, the hydrogen passes four times as fast into the oxygen as the oxygen into the hydrogen. The same law has been experimentally proved to hold good for all true gases—viz., that the force of diffusion is inversely as the square roots of the densities of the gases! These experiments, agreeing as they do with calculation independently arrived at from the theory, seem to raise this theory almost to the certainty of an established truth.

The phenomena of sound render the motion of the separate molecules of gases almost visible to the naked eye. If gases consist of detached molecules it will be impossible to set up in them transversal waves, or waves similar to those that can be sent along a rope, or piece of cloth, by quickly agitating one of its ends up and down. If the rope were cut into pieces, say an inch long, and these separated, it is clear that no up and down wave could be produced. If the pieces were elastic, like india-rubber balls, a *longitudinal* wave could be caused

by pushing the end piece against the next; then a motion would be communicated to the pieces similar to the movements of a concertina, or to a train of detached railway carriages when another carriage is shunted against them. The impulse or wave runs along the whole length of the train, while each carriage moves backwards and forwards over a fixed position owing to the elasticity of the buffers. If the shunting blow were quickly and uniformly repeated, a series of impulses would chase each other along the length of the train in regular succession. Waves of the first kind cannot be excited in gases, which shows that their particles do not cohere together, but are in the condition of the disconnected pieces of rope just mentioned. All gases, on the other hand, are capable of transmitting sound, which is proved by numerous experiments, described in works on acoustics, to consist of waves of the second kind. Here, therefore, we have a fresh proof of the molecular constitution of gases. Furthermore, as it can also be experimentally demonstrated that sound travels through liquids and solids by waves of the same kind, that is, by longitudinal waves or alternate waves of expansion and condensation, it is justly concluded that solids and liquids consist of separate molecules.

The arguments deduced from the nature of gases and sound are strongly corroborated by the evidence afforded by the study of heat. It was a pretty commonly accepted opinion that heat was a substance until Boyle one day observed that when three strong men briskly hammered a piece of iron on an anvil the iron became extremely hot. If this heat were a substance it did not come from the men, nor from the anvil, nor from the hammers, for they were all hotter than before. On the supposition of its being a substance these men had the power of creating an unlimited quantity of it *ex nihilo*; and as Boyle was unwilling to attribute to them such infinite powers, he concluded that the heat was not a material thing, but the agitation of the particles of the iron. As the motion cannot be seen by the most powerful microscope it must take place in extremely small particles of the metal. Count Rumford, later on, boiled large quantities of water by friction, and, at the beginning of the century, Sir Humphrey Davy laid the question finally at rest by his experiments on ice. In order

to melt a piece of ice everybody knows that external heat is required. Davy placed two pieces of ice in a non-conducting chamber so that no heat could enter. On making them rub against each other by an ingenious piece of mechanism he found that he could melt as much of them as he pleased. As the heat could not enter from outside it must have been generated within the ice itself by the friction.

Besides the existence of molecules the theory states that they are immersed in a great ocean of luminiferous ether. Many of the most distinguished scientists are of opinion that this is no longer a theory, useful to prop up our feeble imaginations, but that it has attained to the position of an established fact. Lord Kelvin, in common with many others, appears to be convinced that Hertz's discovery, and experimental demonstration of magneto-electric waves several feet in length, and their application by Marconi to wireless telegraphy, taken in conjunction with all that was known before, leave no possible room for doubt on the subject. Radiant heat and light reach us from the sun and stars, and they come to us with all the experimental characteristics of *waves*, and waves can travel only through an intervening medium. This medium we call the luminiferous ether, though it is now shown to be the common medium for light, heat, electricity, and magnetism. The waves of light that are detected by our eyes and by the photographic plate are extremely small, hence the molecules whose motion produces them must be extremely minute. Lord Kelvin—attacking the question of their size by proceeding on four completely independent lines of argument, *viz.* : (1) Experiments with light-waves of known length, (2) the phenomena of contact electricity, (3) capillary attraction, (4) and the kinetic theory of gases—arrived from each at the same general conclusion, that if a drop of water of the size of a dewdrop were magnified until it became as large as the earth, its molecules, magnified in the same proportion, would then have some intermediate size between footballs and small shot.

These necessarily brief statements, it is hoped, are sufficient to show that if we reject the new theory we shall be obliged to give up the discoveries of Hertz, Kelvin, Clerk-Maxwell, Lodge, Marconi, &c.; and to get rid of Fresnell's, Young's, and Stokes's beautiful experiments on light. Spectroscopy

and physical astronomy will have to share the same fate; and it is plain that every step in the direction of the ancient theory makes us relinquish at once the achievements of a century.

Now that so much has been said about the existence, sizes, motions, and vibrations of the molecules, the question arises whether anything more can be known about them. Inorganic Chemistry, Organic Chemistry, and Stereochemistry have for their special province the investigation of their nature and internal constitution. Chemists hold that molecules are not indivisible wholes, but in the same way as a planet (or multiple star) consists of a primary and its attendant satellites, so each molecule consists of two or more *atoms* closely bound together by chemical attraction or affinity. They are called atoms because they are indivisible by any means at our disposal; but our inability to divide them no more confers upon them *absolute* indivisibility than our inability to split the moon confers it upon that body. There are, in round numbers, only seventy different kinds of atoms in the universe. These atoms have a great tendency to combine with from one to six other atoms to form the groups called molecules. When atoms unite with others of *their own kind* they generally do so in pairs, and these linked pairs are the molecules of the seventy *elementary* substances, such as iron, gold, oxygen, carbon, sulphur, &c. The atoms have much greater attraction for those of a different kind than they have for their own, so they easily separate from their own partners to unite with atoms of a different nature, and form the molecules of the *compound* substances. These may have more than two different atoms all combined in one cluster to form their molecule. This is explained by saying that some atoms have only one bond or means of attachment, others two, three, and so on, up to six. An atom having six bonds could evidently hold round it six atoms having one bond each, or three atoms having two, or two atoms having three each. These clusters, then, constitute the molecules: when the molecules are very near and not able to move round each other the body is solid; when they are farther apart and able to slip round each other it is liquid; and when they shoot off freely in all directions it is a gas. The elementary substances cannot be resolved into different substances by any known process, while the compounds can be

made to yield up their constituent elements by the agency of heat and electricity. Each kind of atom has a fixed weight, so the moment we know what atoms are contained in a molecule we can compute its weight by adding the weight of its atoms together. As all substances in the gaseous state would, according to Avogadro's law, have the same number of molecules in the same space, we can compare the relative weights of gaseous bodies by comparing the weights of their respective molecules. For instance, if a molecule of one substance be twice as heavy as the molecule of another substance, the gas or vapour of the one will be twice as heavy as the gas or vapour of the other, and so on. This has been tried repeatedly by comparing experiment with theory and found to be correct.

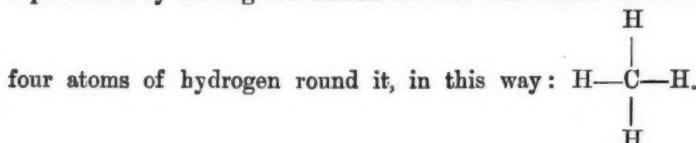
As from the letters of the alphabet all the books in all the languages of Europe have been composed, so by the union of the seventy kinds of atoms in various ways all the substances in nature have been produced ; but the language of chemistry is far more simple than the language of nations, because not more than ten or twelve kinds of atoms are at all common, and, on account of the small and fixed number of their bonds, they cannot be joined together at random. The atoms are represented by the first letters of the names of the elements. Thus H stands for the hydrogen atom, and being the lightest, is taken to weigh 1 ; O stands for the oxygen atom weighing 16 ; N for the nitrogen atom weighing 14 ; C for the carbon atom weighing 12 ; and Cl for the chlorine atom weighing 35.5 when compared with hydrogen. By remembering these five letters and figures a considerable amount of chemical information can be obtained in a very short time. If we compare the hydrogen molecule consisting of two atoms, H—H, with the chlorine one, Cl—Cl, an exchange of partners is all that is required to form *two* molecules of the compound hydrochloric acid gas, H—Cl, weighing $1 + 35.5 = 36.5$, or 18.25 times the weight of the hydrogen molecule which weighs two. It is found by experiment that when one volume of hydrogen is mixed with one volume of chlorine, and exposed to sunlight, they will combine with violence and form two volumes of hydrochloric acid gas, having 18.25 times the specific gravity of hydrogen. Two atoms of hydrogen will combine with one of oxygen to form a molecule of water, H—O—H (written

for short, H_2O), weighing 18, or nine times as much as the hydrogen molecule. It is known from experiment that water-vapour or steam is nine times as heavy as hydrogen. In this manner as soon as the atomic constitution of any substance is known we can at once determine how many volumes of its elements were required to produce *two* volumes of it in the gaseous state, and what will be its specific gravity in that state. All that is required is to add its atoms together and divide by two. If we know the number of bonds which the several atoms possess we can perceive the number of ways in which they can be united, and we can foretell the number of compounds it is possible to form from them. Such prevision is always verified by results.

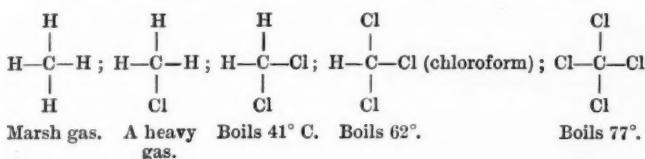
We are now in a position to solve the oft-repeated objection, that the modern theory ought to be rejected because it does not explain the nature of compounds. Chemical combination between different elements generally results in a total change of properties. Gases become solids and liquids, the colour is different, and poisonous substances often produce innocuous compounds. All this is said to be fatal to the atomic theory, which, it is asserted, can give no explanation. A moment's consideration will show the weakness of this objection. The heavier the molecules are the slower is their motion; hence chemical combination would lead us to expect that gases on uniting would have a strong tendency to assume the liquid and even solid state if there is a marked increase in the molecular weight. Besides this change of state, the other properties are twofold—either vibratory or physiological. It is evident that when two different atoms are united together in a compound molecule the vibrations of that molecule must be different from the vibrations of the molecules of either constituent; hence colour, spectra, &c., will be different. When atoms are slightly held together in their own molecules some of them have a tendency to unite with some of the substances of our bodies to form stable compounds. In doing this they would tear the tissues asunder and cause poisoning. The metal sodium and the gas chlorine are both extremely poisonous for this reason; but they have a still greater affinity for each other than they have for the elements contained in our bodies, so that, when combined, they form wholesome common salt.

This objection, therefore, would not be considered of the slightest moment by any modern chemist; yet it has been copied and reprinted hundreds of times, and each time with a greater show of triumph.

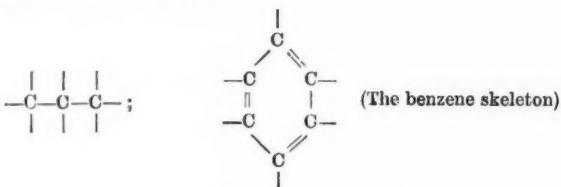
Whatever can be said for the atomic constitution of molecules on the part of inorganic chemistry can be repeated with tenfold force on behalf of Organic Chemistry, or the chemistry of the carbon compounds. The latter were supposed to be solely the products of living organisms, until their artificial preparation during this century. The carbon atom possesses many peculiar properties. It has four bonds, valences, or means of attachment; so that it can combine with four atoms, or groups of atoms, that have one free bond. Thus it unites with four atoms of hydrogen to form marsh gas, which exudes from swamps and is found in coal gas. Marsh gas can be represented by writing the carbon atom in the centre with the



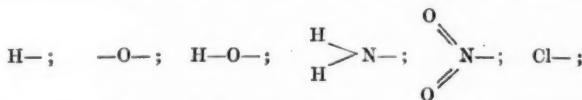
As chlorine (which, like hydrogen, has only one bond) has more powerful attraction for carbon than the hydrogen, we should expect that by making chlorine act on marsh gas we could substitute atoms of chlorine for one, two, three, or four atoms of hydrogen. It is found that when marsh gas is mixed with chlorine and exposed to sunlight, four such compounds, and only four, are produced, one of them being chloroform. As the chlorine atom is 35.5 times heavier than hydrogen, the new molecules will be much heavier than marsh gas, and their motions will be slower, according to the statement made above in connection with Boyle's law. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that three of these compounds are *liquids*, at ordinary temperatures, and the more chlorine they contain the higher is their boiling-point. It is generally true throughout chemistry that when the molecules of a gas are thus increased in weight by substitution, they become, as has been said, liquids and solids. As the manner in which these chlorine compounds are formed shows how organic compounds in general are formed, we give them here, together with marsh gas:



Carbon has the very remarkable property of being able to combine with its own atoms, by one, two, or three, of their bonds, so as to form a chain or even a ring of carbon atoms. These linked atoms can then, by means of their remaining bonds, unite with chlorine, hydrogen, and atoms and groups of atoms of other substances. A carbon chain and ring can be represented in this way :



One or more of the following groups united to such carbon skeletons form *nearly all* the compounds of organic chemistry:



Hydrogen. Oxygen. Hydroxyl. Amidogen. Nitryl. Chlorine.

The study of organic chemistry becomes, then, a matter of very great simplicity: it becomes reduced almost to a question of permutations and combinations. As soon as this was understood all that chemists had to do was to write down the number of ways in which the carbon atoms could be arranged and united with the above groups. They could then *predict* with confidence that every one of these compounds would sooner or later be produced artificially or discovered in living organisms. The compositions of hundreds of substances were mapped out in this way long before they existed; their probable properties were foreseen; often their melting and boiling points were given with great accuracy; and the road to their production

was clearly pointed out. Since then the majority have been prepared. It was soon noticed that many of the products of living organisms bore a marked resemblance to these artificial products, and chemists saw at once the possibility of preparing the former in the laboratory. In 1828 Wöhler transformed ammonium cyanate into urea, which is pre-eminently a typical product of animal life. Since then urea has been synthetically prepared by many reactions.

Uric acid, xanthine, and sarcine*, which are invariably present in blood and muscle juice, have also been prepared artificially. Closely related to these are *theobromine* and *caffeine*, the active principles of cocoa, coffee, and tea, which have been prepared by Strecker and Fischer. The *ptomaines*, *tartaric acid* (the characteristic acid of unripe grapes), and citric acid have been artificially prepared. Alcohol, the intoxicating spirit contained in beer, wine, and brandy, is easily prepared from its elements of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. When charcoal is intensely heated in hydrogen, acetylene gas (C_2H_2) is formed. This unites with copper to form a red powder, which under the influence of reducing agents yields olefiant gas. This is soluble in strong oil of vitriol and forms ethyl-sulphuric acid. This distilled with water yields ordinary alcohol. From alcohol vinegar and tartaric acid can be readily obtained, as is at once evident from their atomic constitution. *Conine*, the poisonous principle of hemlock, and *atropine* have been made by Ladenburg. Closely related to conine is *nicotine*, the poisonous constituent of tobacco. Its constitution is now understood and its synthetical formation may be confidently looked for. Its parent substance is, according to Dr. Thorpe, contained in coal-tar. A considerable number of the odiferous principles of plants have been likewise obtained artificially, such as *bitter-almond oil*, *oil of mustard*, the smelling principle of *meadowsweet*, &c. Other plant products of which the synthetic formation may be confidently looked for in the near future are *caoutchouc* and *oil of turpentine*, which will be both got from coal-tar, the one through the other. The artificial formation of *alizarin*, the turkey-red colouring principle of madder root, from coal-tar in 1868 created a revolution in

* See Professor Thorpe's "Essays in Historical Chemistry."

one of the leading industries, and destroyed a staple trade of France, Holland, Italy, and Turkey. One can purchase now for a few pence a quantity that in ancient times would have cost a sovereign. Indigo has been synthesised, and it has been reported that within the past few months it can now be prepared more cheaply in Germany than it can be grown in India. Within the last few years Emil Fischer has prepared several sugars by a method which is calculated to lead eventually to the manufacture of sugar from its elements of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Such successes powerfully impress the public mind ; but these compounds possess no more scientific value, and give no more confirmation to the atomic theory, than each of the many compounds that have been prepared every year for the last fifty years, and which have no commercial importance. All this success has been achieved by working on the lines indicated by the *atomic* constitution of the molecules. According to the Theory of Probabilities it cannot possibly be the result of chance.

These arguments are weak when compared with those supplied by the phenomena of Isomerism. It is apparent from what has been stated above that the same number of carbon and other atoms in the molecule can be arranged in several different ways and attached to different bonds ; and each new arrangement will be a new kind of molecule having different properties of vibration and chemical reaction. In this way the very same quantities of materials can produce several substances, or *isomers* as they are called, having completely different properties, and agreeing only in having the same percentage composition and the same vapour density—because the gaseous molecules have the same weight, no matter what the internal arrangement of their atoms. Here the number of isomers foreseen by theory is always confirmed by the facts. We shall mention the properties of but two isomers and let them stand as types of all. They are two compounds which have the same percentage composition, which can be represented by $C_4H_8O_2$. They have the same molecular weight and the same vapour density. The first is butyric acid, which is an oily liquid with the offensive smell of rancid butter. It boils at $156^{\circ} C.$, and does not easily inflame. Further, it has the qualities of an acid, reddening litmus paper and causing

an effervescence with alkaline carbonates. Utterly different from this is the second substance—acetic ether, a very limpid liquid, with the pleasant odour of apples, highly volatile, boiling at 74° C., inflaming with the greatest ease, and having no acid properties. The difference between these two substances, which have the same number of atoms in the molecule, is caused by the different arrangement of these atoms among themselves. The facts of isomerism appeal so strongly to Fr. H. Hahn, S.J., that in his "Philosophia Naturalis," written in Holland, and published by Herder in 1894, he admits that atoms retain their existence in compounds. Unless we admit this, we cannot explain why the number of isomers exactly corresponds with the number of arrangements that can be made of the constituent atoms, nor why their properties should be directly related to the mode of union of the bonds, and the innumerable other connections which chemists point out.

Quite recently the study of a new description of isomerism has opened up an entirely new field for the possibilities of organic chemistry. Within a few years this new branch has grown to be almost as extensive as the whole of the rest of organic chemistry. This is what is called Geometrical Isomerism, or Stereochemistry, which is engaged in studying the positions in space which the other atoms occupy round the carbon atom. This subject was first suggested by Pasteur, and has since developed to a wonderful degree in the hands of Van't Hoff, Le Bel, Fischer, Werner, &c.

The validity of stereochemistry depends on the truth of the atomic theory. If the latter be false it is strange that it should have led to such remarkable results.

Lord Kelvin and Professor J. J. Thomson of Cambridge have pushed the atomic theory a step further. They have shown that vortex rings, or whirlpools, of the size of atoms, set up in the luminiferous ether, would be endowed with properties sufficient to meet all the requirements of physics, spectrum analysis, and chemistry. These vortex rings would attract each other and form such stable compound molecules as are indicated by the latter. Bonds, distinctive atomic vibrations, the temperature of combination and decomposition would all follow as a necessary consequence of the vortex-ring constitution of atoms. Starting with the luminiferous

ether, and granting that vortex rings of the size and strength of elementary atoms were set up within it by Infinite Power—which alone could produce them—the whole of the universe would be explained in a marvellously simple manner. It is proved that Infinite Power would be required to break these ring atoms. Their indivisibility, chemical affinity, valency, cohesion, and all the phenomena of heat, light, magnetism, electricity, and crystallography, are seen to follow as naturally as the propositions of Euclid from the definitions and axioms. We can, if we please, still make use of the old terminology. The ether consists of *materia prima* and the *form* of ether. We can treat the ether as the primordial matter of all other substances, and their *substantial form* as the energy with which they were endowed when they received their vortex-ring existence. When two different atoms combine to form a compound molecule, though they retain their individual existence, they acquire such new properties that they may be said to acquire a new substantial form. In this connection the words of Cardinal Franzelin may be usefully remembered : “Dum convertitur aqua in vinum, aqua secundum rationem aquae transit in aliud, quod est vinum. Manet ibi *vel saltem* potest manere eadem *materia*, sed desinit perfectio illa specifica, qua est aqua, et succedit in connectione cum desitione prioris alia perfectio specifica, qua est vinum” (“De Euch. Thes.” 13). This meets the objection that, according to the modern system, there is no substantial change.

The only legitimate way to get rid of the atomic theory is to propose one that is superior, that honestly grapples with the facts, and explains them better. The exponents of Matter and Form, whether from conscious weakness or otherwise, have hitherto played shy of the facts; they have manifested a decided preference to deal in general platitudes. It would be a refreshing change to see them attempt to explain, say, a hundred of the reactions of organic chemistry in the language of Aristotle.

C. AHERNE.

ART. VI.—ABBOT TOSTI.

Commemorazione di D. Luigi Tosti, Abate Cassinese. ALFONSO CARDINALE CAPECELATRO, Arcivescovo di Capua e Bibliotecario di S. R. Chiesa.

ON September 24, 1897, there passed away at the Abbey of Monte Cassino one of the noblest sons that Italy has borne in our own time, Abbot Luigi Tosti, poet, patriot and historian, but above all, monk. The present writer had the happiness of knowing him only towards the end of his long life, when extreme old age and infirmity had imprisoned him in his room, but no infirmity could quench the ardour of that keen and impetuous spirit which seemed gifted with eternal youth, or dim the poetic insight of that subtle intellect. To have the entrée of his room was one of the greatest privileges of a six months' sojourn at the famous Abbey; the old man sitting before his table, with his breviary and his snuff-box in front of him, would greet you with such charming cordiality, as if you did him a favour by your visit. In the evenings after supper it was his wont to hold a little levée of his special friends. It was easy then by an adroit question to draw him on to reminiscences of the past, and it was impossible to hear him speak of the striking adventures he had passed through, of the Popes and heroes whom he had intimately known, of the varied fortunes of the great Abbey he loved so passionately, without catching some sparks of the fire of his own enthusiasm.

Abbot Tosti had three great passions, his love for the Church, for St. Benedict, and for Italy. These three loves were entwined together in his soul, every act of his life was inspired by them, and if some of these acts laid him at times open to criticism, it was because he had allowed himself to be carried away by these passions beyond the strict limits of discretion. His soul was essentially that of a poet; to hear him speak of Italy or of the Papacy made one imagine that one was listening to Dante or Tasso.

His face was one of the most remarkable that can be imagined ; the dark piercing eyes that gleamed out under the shaggy penthouse of his brows, the hair abundant and dark as in his youth, the mobile mouth now quivering with a tender smile, now closed firmly with a certain sternness, the lofty brow, and the whole expression full of a gracious kindness and a devout enthusiasm, made a picture which can never be obliterated from the memory. One learned to love even the little weaknesses which made him so human, and many of which were so typically Neapolitan, his superstitions, the exaggerated timidity which made his life a martyrdom, his fear of sickness and death. For this great man could not shake off his superstitious dread of the "evil eye" so feared by Southern peoples, and I remember well his stories of certain illustrious ecclesiastics who were supposed to possess this ill-fated gift. One of these (a person of distinction) was once driving with Tosti in a Neapolitan carozza. Suddenly the horses stopped dead and refused to go on, in spite of all the blows and objurgations showered on them by the infuriated driver. Suddenly he turned round and called out angrily, "Which of you two has the evil eye ?" "It is not I, it is not I," cried Tosti, with a significant gesture towards his eminent companion ! If you smiled at this story he would pile instance upon instance in proof of his theory. Again I well remember how an eminent painter who was staying at the Abbey tried hard to get Tosti to sit for his portrait. But the old man resolutely refused, and we learned the reason from his servant—he was afraid it was unlucky. If your portrait was painted, you were sure to die soon afterwards. In this case he was unfortunately able soon to add another confirmation to this superstition. The painter, baffled in his desire, decided to paint instead the portrait of the Abbot of Monte Cassino, Nicholas IV. (d'Orgemont de la Fontaine). This was done, and the Abbot soon afterwards died, preceding Tosti to the grave by at least two years.

I fear these weaknesses of a great man may be a scandal to many smaller minds, but no portrait of Abbot Tosti would be complete without some notice of them.

His love for England was quite extraordinary, and as we shall see, this affection was mingled with gratitude. It was

only necessary to be an Englishman to secure an immediate and most cordial welcome. He was never weary of talking of England, his hopes for her conversion were highly coloured no doubt by his enthusiastic and sanguine temper. He looked on our country especially as the patrimony of St. Benedict, the land conquered to Christ by his sons, and not only Christianised but in great measure civilised and moulded into its present greatness by the influence and the labours of Benedictine monks. Thus he caused to be sculptured on the face of a great rock that forms a prominent object on the holy mountain of St. Benedict, a touching prayer that may be Englished thus: "Our Father who art in heaven, unite England to us once more in the brotherhood of the Faith." Thus it was his greatest joy to meet with English converts and with English monks, and to them he was never weary of pouring out in glowing words his hopes and aspirations for the future of our country.

And as old age drew slowly on and infirmity reduced him to the wreck of what he once had been, when his trembling hand could scarcely form intelligibly the letters of his own name, his imagination was as keen and lively as ever. He threw himself with the greatest enthusiasm into two schemes, neither of which he lived to see begun, but the former of which is now an accomplished fact, thanks to the generosity of Leo XIII., the restoration of the *Soccorpo* or crypt which holds the sacred bodies of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and the erection of a colossal bronze statue of St. Benedict on the summit of a spur which stands out boldly from the mountain-side a little below the Abbey.

This was to be the offering of all the monasteries of the Order. His scheme was at once grandiose in conception and almost childish in its details. I have before me the printed letter in which he elaborates his idea. How he used to love to read it out in his sonorous voice, dwelling on the various details with infinite delight, already seeing in his vivid imagination the mighty work accomplished. The spot chosen was a memorable one, where once had stood the grove of ilexes sacred to Venus, which had been destroyed, though not completely, by the Saint and his companions. There he would erect his mighty statue of bronze, which should be visible from

all the plain of Gaëta raised on an elevation of 500 metre above the sea level. Here is his conception :

The limbs of manly strength, not weakened by his fasts and vigils, but rendered hardy by the rude labours of the fields. Let him as a Roman be clad in the toga of the monastic cowl. The cheeks furrowed by the thought of the judgments of God, the eyes flaming with zeal for the salvation of souls, the lips as if proclaiming the great tidings he came to bring. Let the right hand raise aloft the burning torch of the Gospel, and the left clasp a branch of olive, symbol of reconciliation and peace, while it rests on a treasure of codices and parchments lying on the trunk of a tree that has been felled, treasure that is all his own by right of preservation. Let the sober majesty of his person be as that of one who goes forth to meet a raging multitude, let his head be crowned with a nimbus, aureole of the saints, which shall flash its golden rays through the tender azure of the Italian sky, which is so divinely fair. Let the bronze pedestal be fashioned after the semblance of great limestone rocks piled one on the other, without cement after the Etruscan manner, and free from any merititious ornament. Let the front bear this inscription :

PARENTI OPTIMO.
UNIVERSUS ORDO.

Such was the last scheme that filled the old Abbot's mind, and he flung himself into it with all his wonted enthusiasm. But here as often he failed to estimate aright the practical and especially the pecuniary difficulties in the way. To him it was all easy. The cellarer of each monastery would lay aside every day half a franc or sixpence as the case might be in a special box prepared for this object. By this means he reckoned that the whole sum could be raised in about a year without difficulty to any one. If one observed that it would be simpler for each monastery to send the whole sum at once, he would dismiss the suggestion as too prosaic. No, it must be the result of the daily savings of each house! The richer might spare more, the poorer less, but each would give what they could spare day by day. When he found this scheme would hardly work, he turned his thoughts to "rich and generous England," surely even the Anglicans, many of whom were so devout to St. Benedict, would rejoice to help in so excellent a work! He would write letters to them, beginning with her Majesty the Queen. But the old man's life work was finished, and he had to leave this task uncompleted. Per-

chance his dream may some day yet be realised, and the colossal figure of the great Patriarch of Western monasticism may gaze down upon the sweet Italian plains from the summit of his holy mountain, just as St. Charles Borromeo still seems to bless the smiling waters of Lago Maggiore.

But we turn to the principal events of the life of Abbot Tosti. And here we are happy in having the guidance of his life-long friend, the illustrious Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua. That facile and graceful pen which has already drawn for us so admirably the portrait of his father St. Philip, as of his brother Oratorian-Cardinal, John Henry Newman, has paid a tender tribute to the memory of the great Benedictine in the sketch whose title heads this article.

The Cardinal recounts how in April 1844 when still a novice of the Neapolitan Oratory he made the pilgrimage to Monte Cassino. Even at that early date his chief design in going there, after the homage which he owed to the spiritual glories of the place, was to make the acquaintance of Don Luigi Tosti, already renowned for his learning. The young man's heart beat faster at the prospect of meeting a man so celebrated, and he pictured to himself a stern and authoritative personage who might inspire more awe than affection. How different was the reality! Tosti received him with that child-like simplicity and expansive cordiality which was characteristic of him, and a friendship quickly sprang up between the Benedictine and the Oratorian, which was only to grow more deep and intimate during the course of more than half a century which lay before them. It was Tosti who encouraged his young friend himself to take up the pen, who overcame his modest scruples, and urged him with such strong and repeated instances to write a history of St. Catharine of Siena and of the Papacy of her time, that at last he was forced to yield, and so, thanks to the Benedictine, the Church gained another defender.

Luigi Tosti was born February 13, 1811, at his father's palace in Naples. He sprang from a noble Calabrian family, who had been for some generations settled at Gaeta. When he was eight years old his mother determined to confide his education to the monks of Monte Cassino, among whom she had a brother. He was to enter the alumnae, a school of

lads who wore the Benedictine habit and were intended to embrace the monastic profession. St. Thomas Aquinas had cast an eternal lustre on this alumnae, which, since the suppression of the Abbey, has disappeared, with so many other of its noblest possessions. But it was not at all a matter of course that the *alumni* should become monks; indeed it is to be feared that too many of the young rascals (they were all of noble blood) illustrated too faithfully the proverb that "*cucullus non facit monachum.*" At least one might gather this from Tosti's reminiscences of their pranks.

The Cardinal does not tell us what I have heard from Tosti's own lips, that his mother had not intended that he should leave home so young. She merely took him to the Abbey on a visit to his uncle, but the boy falling in love with the place and with the life, hid himself in some corner of the vast pile, and could by no means be found when the time for departure came. The mother had to leave alone, with many lamentations, and the little Tosti only then emerged from his concealment and ran to his uncle to beg for the holy habit. He was the first boy to enter the alumnae since the French Revolution, and he was wont to tell many a story of the marks left both on the material and spiritual fabric of the Abbey by the ravages of the godless *sans-culottes*. This was in May 1819. From that moment he became in heart and desire a true son of our holy father St. Benedict, and this love for his father and his Abbey grew in intensity till it became, as I have said, one of the three ruling passions of his life. In 1831 he went to Rome to make his novitiate at our Monastery of San Paolo fuori le mura. Here, on the tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles, he made his solemn profession in 1832. It had cost him bitter tears to leave his beloved Monte Cassino, but he found a true friend and guide in the Abbot Chiaramonti, who was entrusted with the training of the novices. He loved to tell of the enthusiasm with which the venerable Abbot would recount the glorious deeds of the fathers of the desert, their labours, penances, and prayers, and then, thinking of the state of relaxation into which the monastic institute had unhappily fallen at that time, would lament over it with tears, crying out in the words of Jeremias, "Ah, how has its fine gold become dim, and the beauty

of its colour changed!" And Tosti would comfort the old man in the words of the prophet Amos: "I will raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and I will close up the breaches of the walls thereof, and repair what was fallen, and I will rebuild it as in the days of old." And the young man's heart burned with desire to see the Order he so passionately loved flourishing in its ancient glory. He lived indeed to see a great revival, though it was to be at the price of much suffering, persecution, and loss. And in his old age he rejoiced over the vigorous offshoots which, even in the time of her trial, the Cassinese Congregation had put forth both in the old world and in the new.

In 1833 he was ordained priest by Cardinal Lurla, and celebrated his first Mass on Christmas Day with extraordinary fervour. Cardinal Capecelatro prints the beautiful letter the young priest wrote on this occasion to his mother.

In 1834 he joyfully returned to Monte Cassino. His whole life henceforth was given up to the three ruling passions of his heart, of which we have already spoken. As it would be impossible to give in a short space all the details of a life so long and varied, I will only attempt to depict a few leading incidents which illustrate these dominant ideals of his whole career. At Monte Cassino he threw himself with ardour into historical studies. He spent long hours among the precious archives of the great Abbey, investigating its history with an enthusiasm all his own. And the history of Monte Cassino he found was bound up inextricably with the history of the Papacy. Thus it was that the first great work to which he applied himself was the "History of Monte Cassino" which appeared in 1842. His principal historical works were written between 1842 and 1861.* Here is his own account of them :

I commenced with Monte Cassino which was my own city (*municipio*) in the great empire of the Church. I wrote of monks, but they were monks who through the circumstances of the times held the keys of history in their hands. They introduced me into the Sanctuary. I climbed from thence to the highest summit, the Papacy, and the Papacy

* "Storia di Monte Cassino," 1842; "Storia di Bonifazio VIII.," 1846; "Storia della Lega Lombarda," 1848; "Abelardo," 1851; "Storia del Concilio di Costanza," 1853; "Storia del Scisma greco," 1856; "La Contessa Matilda," 1859; "Prolegemini della Storia Universale della Chiesa," 1861.

ostendit mihi omnia regna mundi. I wrote of that most dramatic of Popes, Boniface VIII., because on his tomb the light was divided from the darkness by the sword and by human reason, and the modern world was made. I set forth the Papacy in this modern world in the history of Alexander III., founder of the Lombard League and champion of the national life; and of Gregory III., founder of the commonwealths in my "Countess Matilda." Finally, in my "Council of Constance" and my "Greek Schism," I showed forth the Papacy in the person of all those Pontiffs who from the pavements of the Church strove for the sacred deposit of authority in the face of Gallicanism clad in its robe of Councils, in the face of schism in its Imperial vesture. I rested finally in the contemplation of the way that I had traversed, and there presented themselves to me those great principles of the history of the Church, which are the foundations of that of humanity. I accepted them, I reasoned them out, I wrote them in my "Prolegomena of the Universal History of the Church."

His historical works are rather, perhaps, of the school of Froude than of Freeman, if one may make such a comparison; they are the expositions of a great idea, filled with glowing imagery and bold colouring. The laborious minutiae of the modern school of historians had little attraction for him; we cannot imagine his spending his days over the details of a mediæval washing-bill. We have become accustomed to seek for signs of original research in our historians: there was little of this to be found in Tosti. But, on the other hand, his genius illuminated the past and made it live in a way that the dry-as-dust school has never succeeded in doing with all its mountains of original documents laboriously dragged forth and deciphered from some recent archive. Not that we would be thought to disparage such labours; they are indeed absolutely necessary; still it may sometimes be true, nevertheless, that a genius can give us a truer idea of an historical period, in spite of some inaccuracies of detail, than could the most laborious and conscientious searcher of archives. Tosti in this respect was not of the usual Benedictine type, he was not a Mabillon. Nevertheless, men like Taine and Gregorovius considered him a great historian, and wrote of him with admiration and respect. A story is told at Monte Cassino about the publication of his first book, the "History of the Abbey." A famous Jewish financier paid a visit to the Monastery; among the other sights of the place he was shown the famous *Archivio*. Don Tosti, who did the honours of the place, dilated on the

historical treasures which lay hid in those dusty codices. "And do you not make use of such unrivalled opportunities in order to publish historical works?" asked the traveller. In reply Tosti showed him the MS. of his "History of Monte Cassino," and explained that the expenses of publication had hitherto deterred him from giving it to the world. The Jew said nothing at the time, but soon after his departure there came a cheque for several thousand francs to defray the expenses of publishing the young monk's work.

His second book was even yet more famous. As the first had shown his love for his Order, the second was dictated by his passionate patriotism. Pius IX. had come to the throne amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the world. Young Catholics hailed his accession as the dawn of a new era of liberty and peace, in which Catholicism should triumph over the sects and the conspiracies of the past, and the Papacy become the organiser and head of a new Italy whose civil constitution should be firmly based on the principles of Christianity. They dreamt, in fact, of an Italy which, united under the paternal presidency of the Pontiff, should produce fruits which, spread throughout Europe, would have the greatest efficacy both in facilitating the return of nations separated from the fold of Christ, and in producing a new and splendid renaissance of Christian life and virtue throughout the world.

It was under the influence of these dreams at once patriotic and religious that Tosti hastened to Rome to place himself at the disposition of Pius IX. "Do you find in history," the Pope asked him one day, "any fact which resembles the present state of Italy?" And Tosti replied at once, "Holy Father, is there not the Lombard League? I will write its history, and will dedicate it to your Holiness, with your permission." The Pope gladly consented, and Tosti set to work at once. It is scarcely credible, says Cardinal Capecelatro, what an extraordinary effect the book produced in all Italy, it was like a violent blast of wind which fans a flame into a vast conflagration. It is the most imaginative, the most ardent and dramatic of all Don Tosti's historical works. One unhappy effect, however, it had, that of increasing the embarrassments of the Pontiff whose hands it was meant to strengthen. Between its inception and its publication affairs had developed

rapidly. The Pope had published in April 1848 his celebrated Encyclical in which he declared that greatly as he longed for the independence of Italy, he could not and would not declare war against Austria, since he was the loving Father of all the faithful.

Now Tosti in his ardour had prefixed to his book a long and eloquent dedication to Pius IX., which the Pope had allowed to be printed without reading through beforehand. In this dedication, which his biographer says, "illuminates with a true splendour the life of our dear monk," he cries to the Pontiff, "Restore to us, most Blessed Father, the banner which the third Alexander in the day of his triumph hung up at the tomb of B. Peter, restore to the sons the heritage of their fathers!" And thus he proceeds to exhort him to go forth against the foe in the name of God and Italy, for to desert Italy in her hour of trial would be to destroy and put asunder the union made and blessed by God between her and the Roman Pontiffs. It would be necessary to awake in their tombs the princes of the apostles, and tell them that Italy was no more their fatherland, that they must go into exile, to root up the papal chair from that soil where it had taken root during a succession of two hundred and fifty-nine Pontiffs, before Pius could abandon Italy. Nay, if he were to do so, God would roll back the Alps to the utmost borders of the earth, and then all the world would be Italy. Words like these could not but add to the troubles of the Pontiff, already denounced by the revolution that sought to make him its tool, and at the same time an object of suspicion to governments like that of Naples. Tosti hastened to Rome in great distress. The Pope received him most kindly and comforted him, taking the blame to himself. And the interview ended with these characteristic words of Tosti: "Holy Father, the nations in their weariness will come to fall back upon Rome, prepare the house for them," and the Pope replied, "Yes, Rome, this is the centre."

Too soon the golden dream of Italy independent and united in strict confederation under the presidency of the Pope faded from men's minds, but to Tosti it was always a living hope. He was always sanguine, too childlike to understand the evil will of the revolution, or to measure the difficulties that stood

in the way of his ideal. And soon he found that he was an object of profound suspicion to the Bourbon Government of Naples. Now Tosti united audacity of thought, burning ardour in theory, with a personal timidity which amounted to cowardice. This timidity was one of his chief characteristics; he was constantly rallied for it by his friends, he was almost afraid to trust himself in a carriage or railway train, he was constantly imagining catastrophes and accidents of every kind. So when on December 7, 1848, the monastery of San Severino at Naples, where he then was living, was suddenly invaded by the police, Tosti completely lost his head and fled to the shelter of an English roof. Not feeling safe even here, though the police had let him freely depart, he begged the English Minister, Temple, to allow him to take refuge on board an English battle-ship. Temple not only consented, but promised to obtain for the monk the chair of history in the University of Manchester (at least so the Cardinal tells us). But when H.M.S. *Porcupine* arrived at Naples on her way to Smyrna, and Tosti was offered her hospitality, he was horrified, and cried, "No, never will I trust myself to a *Porcupine*, still less to go among the Turks! No, rather a prison at Naples!" Soon afterwards he met the Pope at Portico, who received him most kindly, laughed much at the account of his alarms, and got the king to give him a passport for Rome. He was saved!

One cannot help smiling with the Pope at his fears, but for him they were a real martyrdom, and up till 1854 he went in constant fear for his liberty and life. But Pius IX. was always his truest friend, and did all he could to persuade the King of Naples that, far from being a dangerous conspirator, Tosti was the most noble and the most harmless of patriots. Thanks to his protection the monk remained unmolested at a time when political prosecutions were raging throughout the kingdom and the Government was in a fever of distrust.

In 1860 when the storm of revolution so long gathering burst in fury over the south of Italy, Tosti was engaged on quite another work. His devotion to St. Benedict was now paramount, and he was striving with the help of the Abbot De Vera to restore the crypt of the Basilica of Monte Cassino to its former artistic beauty. This work, which, as we have said,

is at last being accomplished, was delayed for lack of funds, and owing to the troubles of the times. But in characteristic fashion Tosti wrote appeals to all the princes and notables of Europe, including our own Queen and Mr. Gladstone. He recked not whether they might be Protestants or even persecutors of the Church, his one idea was that admiration and love for St. Benedict would reconcile all differences and dispel all prejudices. To our Queen he wrote :

A monk of St. Benedict cannot be a stranger in the kingdom of your Majesty. The annals of the British Commonwealth place on their foremost page the names of Augustine of Mellitus and of Justus, who first preached Jesus Christ in England. These apostles of the faith purchased with their blood the right of English citizenship for every Benedictine monk. This right is inscribed in history, and cannot be cancelled by time.

The replies of the Sovereigns were in general benevolent, though their contributions were not too profuse. Mr. Gladstone was the most interested or the most generous, and sent a hundred ducats; the Emperor of the French a thousand francs. But the revolution came and swept everything before it.

Foreseeing the suppression of the religious houses, Tosti made an eloquent appeal for justice, which he entitled, "St. Benedict to the Parliament." He pictured Italy suffering, bleeding, even though triumphant. Who shall heal the broken hearts of the widow and the orphans ?

Leave a refuge for Italy, bereft of so many of her children by imprisonment, exile, and war; let her lay her head on the bosom of our psalmody. With these chants we sang her lullaby when she was yet in her infancy. The soldier, the workman, the business man, all have their place in your citizenship; shall the man of prayer alone be an alien in a land of Catholics? Leave us to our psalmody, for prayer is the bond of our society and of our labour, it is our trade. For it we are monks, for it we shall be ever with you, for it St. Benedict longs to remain here with his own Italy.

But while they admired and praised the eloquence of the poet monk, the Italian deputies were too enamoured of the methods and principles of the French Revolution to give heed to his impassioned prayer.

Tosti then turned to England, and to Gladstone who had

been for years his firm friend and admirer. He begged him to induce the English Government to interpose its influence on behalf at least of Monte Cassino. And England nobly responded to the appeal.

While Catholic Italians were condemning Monte Cassino, one of their greatest glories, the Archaeological Institute and Society of Antiquaries, the British Ambassador, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, all Protestants, did everything in their power, though fruitlessly, to save one of the most celebrated monuments of the greatness of Catholicism, of monasticism, and of Catholic Italy.

The Italian Government resisted the appeals of Lord Clarendon as they had those of Tosti. But later on, when a few churches and religious houses found some alleviation of their utter ruin under the prosaic designation of "national monuments," and a few religious were allowed to live in them as guardians for the State, Tosti went to Florence, and did his best to save what he could from the monastic shipwreck. He succeeded at least in part. Though shorn of all its wealth, with its library, archives, and treasures catalogued as national property, its domains confiscated, and its religious reduced to a scanty fraction of their ancient number, Benedictine monks are nevertheless still permitted to guard the tomb of their Father, and Monte Cassino has ever remained a haven of monastic peace. Tosti loved to compare our Order to the oak which, though lopped and despoiled of its branches, only flourishes the more, and puts forth fresh boughs to replace those it had lost. *Succisa virescit* has become the motto of the Abbey. And Tosti in reward for his devotion, which made him refuse the chair of history in the University of Pisa, and that of theology at Montevideo, offered him by his fast friend the Emperor of Brazil, obtained the grace to die in his old home, close to the sepulchre of St. Benedict, beside whose bones his body now awaits the resurrection of the just.

We have left ourselves little space to consider another episode of Tosti's life, which nevertheless can hardly be passed over. The accession of Leo XIII., whom he had known and learned to love when as a young prelate he visited Monte Cassino from Benevento, had filled Tosti with jubilation and hope. The new Pope showed his esteem for the monk by

naming him vice-archivist of the Vatican archives. In 1887, as is well known, the Pontiff concluded his long war with the German Government by a triumphant and glorious peace. In the consistory of May 23 of that year he expressed his earnest longing to make peace also with Italy:—

This nation which God has joined by such close bonds to the Roman See, and which nature herself recommends in a special manner to the affection of our hearts. We most certainly (as we have taken occasion to say on more than one occasion) for a long time have most eagerly desired that the hearts of all Italians should join together to obtain security and peace, and that the fatal discord with the Holy See should be utterly and finally done away, but always saving the rights of justice and the dignity of the Apostolic See. . . . We mean that the one and only way to obtain concord is the condition that the Roman Pontiff should not be subject to the power of any one, but should enjoy full and true liberty, as every reason of justice demands.

These noble and loving words made an immense sensation both in the Sacred College and in the world. It was a tender invitation to the Italian Government from the paternal heart of the Pope, made in terms of the greatest prudence and delicacy. Unhappily the Government received it in sullen silence. This fatal mistake has left a legacy of misery. However, at the same time Tosti, with the Pope's permission, was making negotiations with the Government with the view of obtaining the restoration of the revenues of the Basilica of San Paolo fuori le mura. He had already succeeded in the like negotiations, for he was a *persona grata* at the Quirinal as at the Vatican, and he had always the hope that these smaller accommodations would open the way for the greater question.

Crispi led him on from one to the other and drew out his ideas. Every word that Tosti uttered in the innocence of his heart, and out of the sanguine hopes for conciliation that ever beset him, was taken as if it had the authority of the Vatican behind it. Then came the Allocution, and this seemed to make it evident. The Pope, desirous of peace, had first sent Tosti with a secret mission, and then had spoken himself in full Consistory. Crispi united the two facts in his mind, though they had no real connection, and Tosti never succeeded in disabusing him of this idea.

Meanwhile the Allocution excited Tosti to the highest pitch

of enthusiasm. In a few days he dashed off his too famous work, "La Conciliazione." It was the most audacious flight of his fancy. It was the sword that was to cut the Gordian knot, which had ever been how to find conditions of peace that would satisfy both the Government and the Church. In his "Don Pacifico," Tosti sketched a simple parish priest, who, grieved to the heart at the harm he saw done everywhere around him to the interests of religion by the fatal discord between Church and State, proposes to his bishop his own ideas of what the Pope's conduct should be—a surrender, in fact, of the temporal power, on certain conditions, for the sake of peace. It was a grave blunder, both religious and political, as Cardinal Capecelatro observes. Religious, because it was for the head of the Church, the father of the Christian family, to propose conditions and make negotiations of this importance, and not for one of its sons. Political, because, instead of advancing, it threw back the Roman question, and made it impossible henceforth for the Pope to treat with the Government.

It excited the greatest commotion, and the Pope was seriously displeased. Tosti, at the voice of authority, at once submitted, and made a complete retraction. He was overwhelmed with grief at having offended the Pope, and wrote to him touching letters full of affectionate submission. In fact, it appears the Pope would have treated him with far more severity had he been willing to listen to the outcries of Cardinal Bartolini and others. He refused to prohibit the work, or to deprive Tosti of his office of Vice-Archivist.

The old man retired to his beloved monastery and suffered in silence. To him it was the bitterest sorrow to be accused by some of being an enemy of the Papacy, by others of his country. "And yet," he sadly said to Capecelatro, who went to console him, "and yet, I have devoted all my life to the love of these two." But in time the tempest passed, and the evening of his life was calm and serene. He was perfectly reconciled to the Pope, of whom he always spoke with ardent devotion and admiration. True son of St. Benedict, he considered the fortitude and the patience of his father, and had grace to imitate him. He ever found excuses for those who had cried out against him the most bitterly; not a shade of resentment clouded his soul. His last days were spent in peace, in the home of his love; suffering

had finished its work of purification, and his soul, gay and candid like that of a little child, rested calmly and joyously on his father's breast.

A happy inspiration led him to devote himself to recounting the glories of that beloved father, and his "Life of St. Benedict" put a fitting crown on his literary labours. This last work of his pen is known to English readers, so that there is no need here to dwell upon its charm. It is worthy of the poet and the monk, though as a critical history it doubtless has its defects.

There was yet another interest which occupied his thoughts during the last years of his life: his old desire for the conversion of England, which had been immensely quickened and increased by the Pope's letter to the English people.

He welcomed that letter with extraordinary delight. For some days he could speak of nothing else, and his admiration and gratitude towards the Pontiff could hardly be expressed in words. His feelings soon flowed over and found vent in a most interesting correspondence with his old friend Mr. Gladstone. It was touching to see these old men discussing, as it were on the brink of the grave, the great questions of Christian unity and the divinely appointed means to maintain it. Tosti, sanguine as ever, hoped soon to see England prostrate at the feet of Peter. His letters to Gladstone were ardent and affectionate in their pleading. He entreated him to use all his influence in the Anglican Church to make the words of Leo XIII. fruitful for good. Not content with this, he wrote himself to the Holy See, proposing himself as mediator in some sort between it and Gladstone, with regard to the return so greatly desired of the Anglican body to the centre of unity. The publication of the Bull on Anglican Orders put an end to these too sanguine hopes. But Tosti had at least the merit of having done what he could for the great cause. The following passage of one of Gladstone's letters will be read with special interest. It is dated from Hawarden Castle, June 1896:

At this moment I am enthusiastically in favour of the conduct of Pope Leo XIII. You know probably that an inquiry is being held with regard to the validity of Anglican Orders from the time of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and this very day his Holiness has undertaken steps to ensure a rigorous and impartial examination. And with what motive? It appears impossible to me that he can have any other motive

than the love of our Lord Jesus Christ and of his flock. I do not say that it is "un colpo di Stato di Domeneddio," but one can say that it is one which is in real conformity with the prayer of the Chief Shepherd, when he prayed the Eternal Father that His people might live for ever in unity. The undertaking of Leo XIII. may fail altogether. In no case is it possible (as far as I can see) that it should have important results *in fact*, even supposing that it succeeds. But what is certain, *what can never more be shaken by the blowing of the winds*, is the Pope's action, full as it is of courage, of wisdom, and of charity. *Beati pacifici.*

Tosti replied on June 24, in a noble letter, of which we can but quote some passages:

I could not express in words what consolation your letter gave me, and I don't know how to thank you for the kind remembrance you still have of me after all these years. And do you know why my consolation is so great? Because we are both now brothers in Christ, in the veneration we have for our Holy Father, who, by the assistance of the Spirit of our Lord, intends, with an intellect young and vigorous and a burning charity, to unite the Christian world in that faith of which he alone holds the deposit committed to him by Jesus Christ, as the successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles. And I was so certain, in my own mind, of the pleasure your letter would give to the heart of our most loving Holy Father, that I could not restrain myself from sending him a copy of it, by means of his Secretary-of-State, Cardinal Rampolla.

He then goes on to say that at first he was uncertain whether to do this or not, but finally he decided on it because of the good it would do to the great cause of unity, and he prays him to pardon him if he had done wrong. Cardinal Rampolla wrote in reply that the Pope was deeply touched and pleased by Mr. Gladstone's letter, and very grateful to him, and Tosti adds:

From this you can easily understand what account the Holy Father makes of your genius, teaching, and experience in affairs, and how greatly he desires that you should give your counsel and support to the service of Jesus Christ, in promoting His work of bringing back the separated sons of England to the maternal bosom of the Catholic and Roman Church.

That which you call "colpo di stato di Provvidenza," and which seems to you so difficult to bring about, is, on the contrary, easy, as happened in the case of St. Paul, and of so many others who are or will be ordained to eternal life. Or, perchance, is God not able to bring about by His grace in a collective individual like a Church or an entire society, that which He accomplishes in a single individual?

Let us pray God, then, to give us the courage of hope, and we shall

see wonderful works, which through the weakness of our faith now seem to us impossible.

And so we leave the dear memory of Abbot Tosti, who in his last hours thought and prayed for our England. May his prayers still avail for us, in those regions of eternal light and peace, where, as we trust, his great soul now enjoys the vision of his God.

BEDE CAMM.

ART. VII.—SCOTTISH BENEDICTINE HOUSES
OF THE PAST.—I.

Registrum de Dunfermelyn. Bannatyne Club.

The Priory of Coldingham. Surtees Society.

Chalmers' Caledonia. Vol. iii. (edition of 1887).

Historical and Statistical Account of Dunfermline. Chalmers, 1844.

Annals of Dunfermline. Henderson, 1879.

History of the Religious House of Pluscardyn. Macphail, 1881.

TO the ordinary English reader the history of the Scottish monasteries of old is a sealed book. Dugdale and his commentators have rendered the English religious houses more or less familiar to most of us, but Scotland, as yet, has produced no Dugdale. To guide him in his researches in this branch of ecclesiastical lore, the would-be student must fain rely upon the few monastic chartularies, which now and again some beneficent antiquarian society may have given to the world, such scattered fragments of information as may be gleaned from the pages of the old historians, and the countless ruins of many a stately building, still beautiful in its decay. Commentators, too, he will find—of a sort; but these are almost invariably of an alien faith—many of them ministers of the established religion. The distorted pictures of monastic life which such writers portray, the result of the warping medium of Presbyterian bigotry through which they view their subject, well-nigh counteract the benefits they are frequently able to offer in the shape of valuable local traditions; while the appalling ignorance of everything pertaining to Catholicity displayed by many would be amusing were it not set forth with such an air of authority as to snare the unwary into many a pitfall. But of such more anon.

In the hope of awakening in some minds an interest in the glories of days that are past, an attempt will be made in these

pages to lift the veil of obscurity which still shrouds them, and afford some glimpses, however faint, of these bygone homes of sanctity, prayer, and far-reaching charity. Imperfect though the records be which tell us of their rise and progress, their daily routine, their glory and their fall, we are able to glean enough from them to help us to realise what Scotland lost in losing her religious houses ; we lament with more keen regret the sweeping away of so many spiritual strongholds ; we must needs glow with indignation at the blind fury which could hack and hew such gems of architecture, at the indifferent worldliness which could leave them to decay, or at the bucolic profanity which could treat them as mere quarries of hewn stone wherewith to patch up homestead, byre, or stable.

The Benedictine monasteries of Scotland naturally divide themselves into three groups. The branches of the old English stock, flourishing at Canterbury or Durham, constitute one ; the offshoots from the Abbey of Tiron, in Picardy, another ; the Cluniac houses a third. It is with the first group that we now propose to deal ; it consists of the royal Abbey of Dunfermline with its sometime dependent priories of Coldingham, Urquhart, and Pluscarden.

Dunfermline, a few miles from the reputed landing-place of the royal exiles, the scene of the marriage between Malcolm III. and his saintly queen, Margaret, was a favourite residence of the royal pair. It was but natural that the holy queen should choose it as the site of a church of more fitting splendour than Scotland yet possessed. That she was the moving spirit in the new foundation we gather from her biographer, Turgot, who thus relates the story :

In the place where her nuptials were celebrated she built an eternal monument of her name and devotion. For she erected the noble church there in honour of the Holy Trinity with a threefold purpose ; for the redemption of the king's soul, for the good of her own, and to obtain prosperity in this life and in the life that is to come for her children. This church she adorned with divers kinds of precious gifts, among which, as is well known, were vessels not a few of solid and pure gold, for the holy service of the altar, of which I can speak with the greater certainty since by the queen's command I myself for a long time had them all under my charge there.*

* Pinkerton's "Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints" (Metcalfe's translation).

It was about the year 1075 that the church was commenced. Whether it was from the beginning a Benedictine foundation is a matter of dispute. Some writers assert that Malcolm and Margaret established there a body of Culdees. As proofs they instance the facts of the Holy Trinity being the invariable dedication for churches belonging to the Culdees ; of the signature of Ivo, Abbot of the Culdees, appearing in the foundation charter—an instrument, by the way, of much disputed authenticity ; and of a grant made to certain Culdees of some of the lands belonging to the abbey when it became Benedictine. On the other hand, it is maintained that the foundation was Benedictine from the first. As evidence of this we have the fact of Peter, Prior of Dunfermline, forming one of a deputation to England in 1120—after Malcolm's death, it is true, but before the installation of monks from Canterbury. That this Peter was a monk is witnessed to by Eadmer, who thus describes him :

Horum unus quidem monachus et Prior Ecclesiae Dunfermelineæ, Petrus nomine.*

Moreover, Turgot, the Queen's confessor and friend, was a monk of Durham, and was one of the chief instigators of the foundation, as Bishop Leslie shows. Indeed, the monk's words already quoted may be interpreted to mean that he held some official position in the monastery ; " by the queen's command I myself for a long time had them all under my charge there."† Bishop Leslie's evidence is explicit :

Cujus (Turgoti) item suasu Malcolmus, templum in civitate Dunfermilingensi magnifice suis impensis extructum Sanctiss. Trinitati dicavit ; sanciens ut exinde commune esset Regum sepulchrum, amplissimis quoque redditibus Benedictini ordinis monachos ibidem Deo perpetuo famulaturos donavit.‡

* " Hist. Novel." lib. v. (Migne's " Patrol." tom. clix. p. 510 D).

† " Cuncta jubente regina ego ipse diutius ibidem servanda suscepeream," *Vita Margaritae*, Pinkerton's " Lives," vol. ii. p. 163.

‡ " De rebus gestis Scotorum " (A.D. 1578), lib. vi. c. 86. It may be of interest to some if we quote the quaint translation of the passage from the MS. of Fr. James Dalrymple of Ratisbon (A.D. 1596), still preserved at Fort Augustus :— " Throuch quahis request lykwyse, King Malcolme erected a fair and magniflik kirke in the toun of Dunfermiling, with a clostir, of his awne expenses, and dedicat the samyn to the maist holy Trinitie : Thaireftir he maid this acte ; that fra that furth, sulde be a commounie buriall to the Kings of Scotland ; and that the Mounkis of S. Benedicte's ordour in that monaster perpetuallie sulde serve god, quhome he enduet with ample and ryche rentis."

Although the good Bishop of Ross wrote some five centuries after the event, he was at least three hundred years nearer to the period in question than the writers of our own times, and doubtless had access to many historical records now lost to us. His statement, therefore, must needs be received with all respect. The controversy would be of little moment did it not touch upon the seniority of Dunfermline in point of origin to all other Scottish Benedictine houses—a distinction not lightly to be passed over.

The building erected by Malcolm and Margaret was probably small compared with the later expansion of the abbey. It is doubtful whether any portion of the original fabric remains to us, as their son, Alexander I., carried on the work after the death of his parents, and the grand Romanesque nave—the only part which survives the wreck of the sixteenth century—was built by him. From the style of its architecture it is evident that Durham was the model followed. Indeed, a competent authority has not hesitated to conjecture that “the same head may have planned, or the same hands hewn” * portions of both churches. This is rendered quite probable by the fact of the association of Turgot as well as of Malcolm and his family with both minsters; for Dunfermline owed much to Turgot’s instigation, and Durham was built under his rule as Prior, Malcolm assisting in 1093 at the foundation; while later on, in 1104, Alexander I. was present at the reception of St. Cuthbert’s relics there.

Alexander seems to have brought the conventional buildings to something like completion, since in the very year of his death, 1124, his brother and successor, David I., was able to bring a colony of thirteen monks from Christ Church, Canterbury, to form the community together with any others who might be already in possession. At their head was Godfrey, Prior of Christ Church, who was made superior, though, owing to the long vacancy in the See of St. Andrews, he did not receive the abbatial benediction till four years later. Godfrey ruled the monastery for thirty years, dying in 1154, a year after David I. had been laid to rest near the tombs of his parents and brothers. The church received consecration in

* Jos. Robertson, LL.D., *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxv. p. 120.

1150, by which time the great nave seems to have been completed.

The minster was not destined to remain as Godfrey and David had left it. The prestige of the abbey as a royal foundation and the burial place of the Scottish monarchs attracted many subjects to its cloisters. The number of monks had so greatly increased that, less than seventy years after the consecration of the church, it became necessary to enlarge the choir to accommodate them in the carrying out of the daily canonical office. A letter of Pope Honorius III., dated 1226, speaks of the "more noble buildings" which it has been found advisable to erect, and in consideration of the great outlay incurred thereby, and the increased expenses of a larger community and more frequent guests, grants the revenues of certain churches which had been offered as a donation to the abbey.* A few years later, Gregory IX. granted the patronage of certain other churches in the diocese of Dunkeld; the monks, according to the Abbot's statement, having increased from thirty to fifty, and the revenues being insufficient to sustain them fittingly, as well as defray building charges.[†] The letter is addressed to Gilbert, Bishop of Dunkeld.*

The "more noble buildings" alluded to above are those of the magnificent addition to the abbey church, which consisted of transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel in Early English style; as this addition was contemporaneous with the "Nine Altars" of Durham, the eastern end of Westminster and the choir of Glasgow, an approximate idea may be obtained of the beauty and grace which made the newly finished pile a fitting canopy for the shrine of a national saint. It is, indeed, highly probable that, in view of the looked-for canonisation of St. Margaret, the arrangements of the new portion of the church were designed to provide for a receptacle for her remains beyond the new choir, at the back of the high altar, in a position similar to St. Cuthbert's shrine at Durham; for it is worthy of note that the buildings were finished only just before the translation of St. Margaret's relics in 1250.

Between the years 1245 and 1249, much correspondence took place between Scotland and Rome with regard to the

* "Registrum," p. 167.

† *Ibid.* p. 76.

miracles reputed to have been wrought through the intercession of the saintly queen ; for since the decree of Pope Alexander III., in 1170, no person, however holy, or however celebrated for miracles, might receive honour as a saint without the consent of the Roman Pontiff. Innocent IV., after due examination of the evidence submitted by the bishops of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane, at the instigation of King Alexander II., proclaimed Margaret a saint on August 5, 1249. The intimation was made known by a letter of that Pope to the Abbot and community.* In October of the same year Innocent IV. granted an annual Indulgence of forty days to all who should visit her tomb on her feast day.

The ceremony of the translation of St. Margaret's remains to the more honourable position prepared for them took place on June 19, 1250, and must have been a scene of great magnificence. It will be better to let one of the old chroniclers tell the story. The "Book of Pluscarden"† thus describes the event in more concise form than some of the others :

In the year following the coronation (of Alex. III.), namely, in 1250, the king and the queen, his mother, together with the bishops and abbots and other lords of the realm, met at Dunfermline, and there took

* In connection with this subject there is a striking instance of ignorance of ecclesiastical terms serving as the basis of a bigoted outpouring of abuse against monks and ecclesiastics, in the "Annals of Dunfermline," by Rev. Ebenezer Henderson, LL.D. The Pope, in one of his letters, says—"Cum corpus clare memorie Margarite Regine Scotie coruscet miraculis infinitis" ("Regis Dunf." p. 181); this the writer in question interprets to mean "brilliant light-flashes coming from her remains up the ground, or from her tomb." He then proceeds—"Is it likely that the chemist or the necromancer of the years 1243-1249 could have produced on demand the appearances reported to have been seen at the 'blessed Margaret's' tomb? These bright light-flashes were never heard of *before the time of this the first Lord Abbot of Dunfermline*, and no allusion is ever made to them *after he ceased to be Abbot*—perhaps it would become unnecessary to repeat the miracles now, since the object for which they had done duty had been attained: viz., the canonisation of 'the haly queene'; a splendid new Tomb and Shrine for the canonised saint; and lastly, the certain prospect, for ages to come, of an *everflowing-in of money* into the Abbey exchequer, from the crowds of devotees who would ever and anon come from far and near to pay their adorations at her shrine" (p. 81). The italics, it is needless to remark, are Mr. Henderson's. The edge is taken from the sarcasm when one knows, as almost every educated Catholic does, that "coruscat miraculis" is quite a common mode of expression in ecclesiastical documents, and is merely an equivalent for our term "resplendent with miracles."

† The "Book of Pluscarden" was probably compiled by Maurice Buchanan, a cleric, and possibly a monk, who had been treasurer to the dauphiness, Princess Margaret of Scotland, sister of James II.—*Vide preface to Liber Pluscardensis*, edited by F. J. H. Skene, p. xix.

up the bones and remains of the glorious Queen Margaret, his great-great-great-grandmother, from the stone monument wherein they had rested for years and years,* and lifted them up with the utmost devoutness and honour in a silver shrine set with gold and precious stones; and from her earlier tomb was given out a most sweet smell, so that one would have thought the whole place was strewed with flowers and spicy balms. Nor was there lacking a miracle of divine grace; for after that far-famed coffer had first been placed in the outer church, and finally easily lifted by the sacred hands of bishops and abbots, that it might be placed on the top of the high altar in the choir, as had been pre-arranged in order to do it honour, when it was brought in procession, with organs† chanting and voices singing in chorus, up to the wicket in the chancel, near the tomb of her husband King Malcolm, . . . lo! suddenly the arms of the bearers became as it were exhausted and powerless, so that, from the weight of the massy burden, they were unable to move the bier with the holy relics away from the spot any further.

The historian goes on to relate that in spite of the added strength of fresh bearers they were still unable to move until it was thought to be revealed by that sign that the holy queen would have the same honour shown to the remains of her husband,

since they were one flesh while they were in the world. . . . So after his tomb was opened and his bones were taken up, both biers were solemnly and in state brought to the appointed places without any trouble or effort.‡

We learn from other sources that among this company were no less than eleven bishops. The Abbot, Robert de Keldelecht, had received from Pope Innocent IV. the privilege of the *pontificalia* five years before, and could therefore take his place among the prelates in all the insignia of his office.§

The church which was to be known for so many centuries as the shrine of St. Margaret, measured at its completion 275 feet in length, from the western entrance to the extremity

* She had been dead 157 years.

† This is the first mention of the organ in Scotland.

‡ *Liber Pluscardensis*, II. "Historians of Scotland," vol. x. translated by F. J. H. Skene, p. 56.

§ "Registrum," p. 180. The good abbot seems to have been over zealous in the exercise of his powers. Innocent IV. in 1248 forbade him to give the pontifical benediction in presence of any bishop who was unwilling for him to do so, and admonished him not to confer minor orders, as he had twice done already, on any clerics except his own subjects.—*Vide* Theiner, "Vetera Monumenta," p. 50.

of its eastern Lady Chapel. The nave, 106 feet long and together with the aisles 55 feet wide, recalled in its somewhat sombre magnificence that of Durham. Its round arches rested on ten massive circular pillars, 20 feet high and 13 feet in circumference. Some of these were plain, others clustered, two were chiselled with zig-zag, and two with spiral-ribbed lines. The aisles were vaulted, but the nave had a wooden roof. The walls were decorated with beautiful arcading in the style of the nave arches. Over the junction of the transepts was a stately Lantern Tower, 36 feet square and rising to the height of 156 feet. The choir contained some very beautiful Decorated Gothic windows which were to be seen as late as 1819, when they were demolished to make way for the execrable building in so-called Modern Gothic, which now occupies the site.

The great object of attraction, the shrine of the holy queen, stood on an erection of stone and marble, the relics enclosed in a costly ark of silver set with gems and encased in an oaken reliquary. It rose behind the high altar at the extremity of the choir and was approached by a procession path, running across the eastern end of the choir, probably resembling what is known as the "New Building" at Peterborough, but of less elaborate architecture because of earlier date. This would serve also for altar space for some of the many smaller altars of the church.

The exterior of the noble minster must have been very striking. Besides the Lantern Tower at the junction of the transepts, there was another tower towards the south-west about 80 feet high, and a third to the north-west. The church was entered at the west through a beautiful Norman doorway, decorated with arcading. There was a north porch 14 feet in length and 12 feet in breadth—a common feature in Scottish churches to which a parish was attached. In many places it bore the name of the "Marriage Porch," as the first part of the ceremony was commonly performed there. On the south, a door connected the church with the cloister of the monastery.

The conventional buildings stood round a cloister-garth measuring 105 feet square. The great refectory, portions of which still remain, is the only building whose site can be

known with certainty. It occupied, as in most instances, the side of the square farthest from the church. The remains of this beautiful hall speak eloquently of the grandeur of the buildings in their complete state. It measured 121 feet in length, 30 feet in height and 34 feet in breadth. Near the east end of the south wall was a reading pulpit in the thickness of the wall, its roof of very beautiful groining in stone. In the west gable was a large Gothic window, 20 feet high and 16 feet wide, its seven lower lights surmounted by elaborate tracery. Outside the south-west wall of the refectory an arched gateway led from the outer street into the monastery precincts ; this entrance was known as "The Pends" (from *pendere*, to hang). It was overhung by a solid, tower-like building connecting the monastery with the palace. On the other side of the west gable of the refectory rose a small turret containing a winding staircase, rising to the roof of the building and leading downwards to a door in the street outside. The whole of the property of the abbey in its immediate vicinity was enclosed by a fine boundary wall which measured some 3000 feet in length. Matthew of Westminster, who probably visited it in person, describes the abbey as of such vast extent and sumptuous buildings as to be able to harbour at once three monarchs with their respective trains.*

By the beginning of the fourteenth century the title of the abbey had become that of the "Holy Trinity and St. Margaret." The change was but to be expected ; for the relics of the saint gave to Dunfermline a superiority over other churches which nothing else could have done. The body of one of the queens of Scotland drew to it crowds of devout pilgrims during well-nigh four centuries. It was the pivot upon which the life of the little city itself turned ; the object of loving care to the monks who guarded their treasure so devoutly. All this is evidenced in the vestiges of antiquity that remain to us. Queensferry—*Portus Reginae*, as it is called in old records—took its name from the saint, either because it was used by her, as Chalmers supposes,† or from the number of pilgrims who landed there to visit her shrine in later years. The seal

* "Registrum," praef. p. xxv.

† "Caledonia," vol. iv. (ed. 1899), p. 884.

of the burgh of South Queensferry bears the representation of the saint in a small boat.* "Pilgrims Cross" is a still more evident reference to the shrine. It stood on the south side of the Edinburgh road in the parish of Dalmeny, about a mile from South Queensferry. Before the trees had grown up so as to obscure the view, this would be the first spot whence the pilgrim would catch sight of the minster, and where he would perforce kneel to salute the saint, and thank God with joy that his journey was well-nigh over. The lower part of the cross with the old stone pedestal, between three and four feet square, was renovated to some extent about fifty years ago. The cross and upper part of the shaft disappeared at the Reformation. The eminence upon which the cross stood as well as the neighbouring farm are both known as "Cross Hill."

The manner in which the inhabitants of the Burgh of Dunfermline identified themselves as the special servants of St. Margaret is seen in the many provisions for her honour and the glory of her shrine scattered through the Burgh Records. "St. Margaret's *Lichts*" figure frequently. In 1493 an entry notifies that—

John Kellock has a cow quilk giffs to St. Margaret's Altar half a ne
pund of vax yeirly: †

(i.e., the tax on the cow, as the commentator explains). The seal of the burgh bore the figure of St. Margaret under a canopy or *herss* with a lighted candle on either side—probably the *lichts* mentioned in the Records. The magistrates were the patrons of St. Margaret's Altar, which stood to the south of the shrine; hence the following provisions for Masses, &c., thereat:

(1492). Schir Andrew Peirson,‡ Chaplain of the Service; Schir Thomas Moffat, Chaplain of the Morning Service (i.e., Matins).

(1494). Schir Andrew Peirson, Chaplain; Schir Steven Stirling, Chaplain of the Morning Service. Twenty shillings out of the common purse promised.

* "Annals Dunf." p. 62.

† "Annals," pp. 88, 119, 172, 173, &c.

‡ Schir, or Sir, was the ordinary title in the Middle Ages of a chaplain who had no university degree. The monks who did not act in the capacity of chaplain are alluded to in the Records under the title of *Dene* (i.e. Dom).

Other lights in the abbey church were endowed in like manner, as the same records witness. Thus we come across the following :

(1490). Rentall of Our Lady's Licht Silver. . . . The landis of David Couper, beneath the Tolbuith, paid the annual sum of 7 shillings, or else he must uphold ye little herss of wax.

(1496). The *littil herss* is again mentioned in connection with "Our Lady's *Licht*."

The *herss* in these cases means an open framework for lights, often placed before or suspended above an altar or image.*

In addition to these benefactions the burgh upheld many other altars in the Minster Church. As many as twenty are mentioned in the records between 1488 and 1500. These were :

1. The Great (or High) Altar.	11. St. Lawrence's.
2. Our Lady's.	12. St. Margaret's.
3. The Haly Bluid.	13. St. Ninian's.
4. The Rood.	14. St. Mary's (perhaps a second to Our Lady).
5. St. John's.	15. St. Nicholas'.
6. St. Peter's.	16. St. Cuthbert's.
7. St. James'.	17. St. Stephen's.
8. St. Thomas'.	18. St. Trunzean's.
9. St. Michael's.	19. St. Catherine's.
10. St. Salvator's.	20. The Parish Altar.

Many of these were endowed with lands in or near the town as evidenced by the titles, "The Rhoodles," "St. Mary's Mill," "St. Cuthbert's Lands," "Haly Bluid Acres," and the like, still attaching to those localities.

During the years 1480 and 1500 as many as thirty-five monks and chaplains are mentioned by name in the Burgh Records in connection with the abbey and its services. This in itself is sufficient to show the close bonds which subsisted between the town and the monastery.

Not only Dunfermline and its people, but other and greater benefactors had at heart the glory of the saint, her shrine and minster. King Robert the Bruce bestowed in free gift

* "Ane braccine hearse," a chandelier of brass.—Jamieson's "Scottish Dict. Suppl." p. 142.

to the abbey, in 1315, the vicarage of the Church of Inverkeithing to provide "in honour of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the aforesaid Blessed Margaret, in the choir, in front of her shrine, one wax candle, to be solemnly lighted, continually and for ever."* With like devotion Randolph, Earl of Moray, grants a charter in 1321 in which he shows his love to St. Margaret by expressing his wish to be buried in the minster; but, whether that request be granted or no, bequeaths certain lands to the abbey to provide a priest to say Mass daily for him, both during his life and after his death. Should he be buried in the minster, a candle is to burn at the head of his tomb and another at its foot during each of these Masses. Moreover, he provides for 96 pounds of wax annually to furnish candles which are to burn "solemnly in the accustomed manner . . . in honour of St. Mary the Virgin, in her chapel within the conventional church of Dunfermline," on Christmas night, the feast of the Purification and that of the Assumption each year, for ever.†

As to the monks themselves we should scarcely expect to find any explicit record of their virtues; indeed, the absence of all record would seem to be their best eulogium. Yet history has not left us without written evidence. William de Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the grant of a benefice to the abbey in 1300, prefaces the donation with the commendation of the monks for the perfection of their regular discipline and the fervour of charity which reigned in the community to the glory of God and edification of their neighbour.‡ That these virtues subsisted in some at least of their number when the evil days of the Reformation dawned the sequel will show.

The perfection of discipline in a religious house concerns the worship of God, and in a Benedictine house this worship is concentrated in the daily and solemn celebration of the divine office with the Mass as its centre. We possess no direct evidence that the choir services at Dunfermline were carried out on a grander scale than in other Scottish monasteries of the period, except that the community was larger than in other houses of Black Monks, and consequently the resources

* "Unum cereum continue et in perpetuum accensum solemniter" ("Reg." p. 233.)

† "Registrum," p. 244.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 72.

more ample.* We have seen that the abbey possessed an organ as early as 1250, which is evidence of some degree of solemnity in carrying out the offices of the Church.

With regard to their neighbours, the monks were in many respects benefactors in temporal as well as spiritual matters. As early as 1173 there is evidence of their having under their direction schools for youth both in Perth and Stirling; for mention is made of them in more than one charter from that time onwards.† Moreover it seems most probable that they had also a school within the abbey precincts. "Maister Robertus Henrison, notarius publicus," appears in connection with the abbey in 1477, and is spoken of by the Earl of Kellie in 1619 as "Robert Henrisoun, scholemaistr of Dunfermline."‡ He was no mean poet, and his works have been collected and published by Dr. Laing.§ One poem, called the "Abbey Walk," seems to refer to the Minster:

Alone as I went up and doun,
In ane Abbay was fair to se, &c.

That this schoolmaster was one of the officials of the abbey seems clear from a later document, dated October 13, 1573. In this mention is made of "John Henryson" having been "Mr. of the Grammar Schole within the Abbay of Dunfermling;" the statement continues, "That quhair he and his predecessouris has continewit maisteris and teachearis of the youth in letters and doctrine to thair grit commoditie within the said Schole past memor of man admittit thairto be the Abbottis of Dunfermling for the tyme," &c.|| It seems certain from these words that John Henrison was a descendant and successor of the poet Robert, and that both directed a school within the abbey precincts.

The care which the monks had for the townsfolk is shown in another way. Mention is made in a charter of Abbot Robert de Carell, dated March 10, 1327, of the Chapel of St. Catherine, with its almshouse, and directions given for daily

* There were thirty-eight monks at the end of the fifteenth century ("Annals," p. 183).

† "Registrum," pp. 56, 57, 63, 66, 81, 418.

‡ "Annals," p. 176.

§ "Poems and Fables of Robt. Henryson," Laing, 1865.

|| "Annals," p. 729.

and orderly distribution of alms to the poor at that place. It stood outside the West *Port*, in St. Catherine's Wynd.* Another name for the West Port was *Almonry Gate*; portions of it still remain.

The monks were benefactors also in another way. They are believed to have set the example of coal mining in Scotland, for the charter of William de Oberwill to the abbey in 1291, granting power to the monks to work the mine at Pittencriff,† is one of the first documents relating to coal in Scottish history; and though coal is said to have been dug at Tranent in 1285,‡ that is no proof that it was found there before the Dunfermline monks discovered the mine at Pittencriff. The charter in question is intended to secure the privilege of working the mine to the monks, and exclude all others, and it is possible that it had already been commenced when the deed was drawn up. It gives us an idea of the up-to-date spirit of the abbey, that it was some twenty or thirty years after this that coal came into more general use. In the reign of David II. (1329-1346) eighty-four chalders were purchased for the queen's use at a cost of £26, at a period when an ox cost about six shillings and a sheep about one shilling.§

It will be well to take a glance now at the part taken by Dunfermline Abbey in the history of Scotland. Malcolm III., according to Bishop Leslie, intended the minster to become the burial place of the Scottish kings. It was probably owing to the fact that his saintly queen was there laid to rest that this desire became to a great extent fulfilled. Malcolm himself, St. Margaret, and their three sons and successors in the realm, Edgar, Alexander, and David, as well as Prince Edward, who died young, were all buried before or near the altar of the Holy Rood, which probably, as in most churches of the period, stood outside the Rood Screen, which marked the entrance of the choir. Malcolm and Margaret, as we have seen, were removed to a more eastern position when the new choir had been completed. In 1165 Malcolm IV., grandson and successor to

* "Annals," p. 123.

† "Registrum," p. 218.

‡ "Caledonia," vol. ii. (ed. 1887), p. 793. For a long time the charter to the monks was considered the first of the kind, but Chalmers here states that he has seen that granted by James the Stewart in 1285 to William de Prestun of the lands of Tranent, with privileges in *petariis et carbonariis*.

§ Tytler, "Hist. of Scot." vol. i. (new ed.) p. 281.

David, was joined to his royal ancestors. In 1179, Godfrey de Melville bestowed upon the abbey the church of Melville, "in free and perpetual alms," to provide a light to burn "for ever" before the sepulchres of these two kings.* William the Lion and Alexander II. were interred elsewhere; the former in his favourite foundation of Arbroath, the latter at Melrose. Of succeeding sovereigns, Alexander III. and Margaret his queen, with their sons David and Alexander; Robert the Bruce and his queen Elizabeth, with their daughter Mathildis, and Annabella Drummond, queen of Robert III. and mother of James I., were all buried there.

Queen Elizabeth, wife of Robert the Bruce, was provided with a daily requiem Mass "for ever" by her husband's generous endowment.† King Robert himself was there laid to rest, amid the mourning of the whole nation, his obsequies being attended by a vast concourse of prelates and nobles. His heart, by his own desire, was sent to the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, as the only means of fulfilling a vow he had made to make a pilgrimage thither. An offering of £66 (equivalent to some £700, at least, of our money)‡ was made to the Abbot of Dunfermline for the funeral rites. The king, like most of his predecessors, had already endowed the abbey with various lands. King Robert III. provided for the offering of three Masses weekly, for ever, for his queen, who was interred there, and for his own soul.

Besides these royal personages, many nobles sought for sepulture in this kingly burying place. Constantine and William Ramsay, Earls of Fife; Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew of the Bruce, and Regent during the minority of David II.; Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, who died in 1419: these are some of the illustrious dead sheltered by the vaults of St. Margaret's own minster.

Many notable facts of history centre round the abbey. An interesting legend, which all the old historians relate with lingering fondness of detail, witnesses to the popular belief in the constant care of the saintly patroness for the country she

* "Registrum," p. 91.

† "Annals," p. 124.

‡ "The value and the denomination of money, down to the reign of Robert I., continued the same in Scotland and in England" (Fraser Tytler, "Hist. Scot." vol. i. p. 280).

had loved so well in life. It is related that when Haco, King of Norway, led a hostile force against Scotland in 1263, Sir John Wemys, then a poor crippled soldier, but eventually restored by St. Margaret to robust health, beheld in a vision five figures issue from the porch of Dunfermline Abbey on the night of October 3, the date of the decisive Battle of Largs, in which the Norsemen were routed. The figures are described as those of a tall and stately queen, in the full bloom of matronly beauty and clad in regal robes and diadem ; a lordly knight in shining armour, whom she led by the hand, and three other noble warriors. They were St. Margaret and Malcolm and their kingly sons, prepared to battle for their country and people.

The holy queen's power had frequently to be exercised in defence of her own shrine. Edward I. visited the abbey in 1291, and called upon the monks to acknowledge him as Over-lord of Scotland. Three times after that did he revisit it during the twelve years that followed—years marked by pillage and demolition on the part of his soldiers. On the last occasion, in 1303, with an utter want of gratitude for the princely hospitality received there, he ordered his army, before leaving, to fire the buildings. The church with its shrine overawed the soldiers, and it was spared, but the monastery suffered considerably. Another English king, Richard II., is said to have again set fire to the monastery in 1385.

A few other historical facts are specially worthy of notice. In 1295 the treaty was ratified between John Baliol and Philip IV. of France, in which the latter bound himself to give his niece in marriage to Edward Baliol, son and heir of the former. In Dunfermline Abbey, also, occurred the meeting between Robert II. and the French ambassador in 1389, to renew the truce with France.

The patriot Wallace was held in the greatest esteem in the abbey. He is said to have taken refuge there from the English invaders in 1303. His chaplain, Arnold Blair, became a monk at Dunfermline after the hero's death, in 1305, and a few years later wrote a history of his renowned patron.

Many of the abbots were men of note. The first mitred abbot, Robert de Keldelecht, was Chancellor of Scotland during the minority of Alexander III. Falling under suspicion of

complicity in a political scheme in opposition to that king, he voluntarily resigned his chancellorship, and a little later his abbacy, and retired as a simple monk to the Cistercian house of Newbottle. He eventually became Abbot of Melrose. Richard de Bothuel was appointed one of the committee of Parliament in 1449, to revise, collate and authenticate the previous Acts of Parliament since the commencement of James I.'s reign. He was, moreover, one of the three ecclesiastics chosen to administer justice in various places in Scotland during a year of pestilence (1456-57), and was also placed on a committee to regulate the coinage. Henry Creichton was presented to the abbacy by James III. This is the first instance of the canonical election having been set aside by royal mandate. James Stuart, second son of James III., held the abbey in perpetual *commendam* from 1502. He was Archbishop of St. Andrews, and died at the early age of twenty-eight. James Bethune, uncle of the famous cardinal, became abbot in 1504. He afterwards obtained the Archbishopric of Glasgow, and eventually the primacy. He filled the offices of Lord High Treasurer and Chancellor of the kingdom, and was one of the Lords of the Regency under the Duke of Albany. Abbot Hepburn became Lord Treasurer in 1515. Andrew Forman, Archbishop of St. Andrews, held the abbacy *in commendam* for some five or six years; he was buried in the abbey. Dunfermline, like many other religious houses of the period, had to submit to the indignity of accepting as nominal superior one of the base-born sons of a king of Scotland, when Alexander Stuart was presented with the abbacy by his father, James IV. The unworthy custom of presentation to benefices in place of canonical election began in Scotland in the fifteenth century, and was one of the chief causes of the decadence in discipline which rendered the overthrow of the monasteries an easy matter when the time arrived.

That woeful day for Dunfermline was March 28, 1560. The Lords of the Congregation, Lindsay of Pitscottie, tells us, "past to Stirling, and be the way kest doun the Abbey of Dunfermling."* The choir was reduced to ruins, the heretics wreaking

* "Registrum," praef. p. xxv.

a special vengeance upon the holiest portion of the fabric. The organ was broken up into fragments, the north-west tower with its blessed bells almost entirely demolished and the bells destroyed. The monastery was utterly ruined and the twenty-six monks dispersed. Yet such was their love for their desolated sanctuary and cloister, that as late as 1580, according to Dr. Robertson,

a few Benedictines of Dunfermline with doors bolted and barred kept watch in their choir by the shrines of St. Margaret and St. David, the sepulchres of Bruce and Randolph.*

In anticipation of coming troubles the casket which contained the chief relics of St. Margaret had already, before the wreck of the monastery, been removed to a place of safety. A Life of St. Margaret, published in 1660, gives the following particulars :

The Coffer or Chest, which contained the Sacred Relics of St. Margaret in Dunfermline Abbey, was of silver enriched with precious stones, and was placed in the noblest part of the church. When the hereticks had stoln into the kingdome, and trampled under foot all Divine and human lawes, seized the sacred moveables of the Abbey, something of greater veneration and value were saved from their sacrelious hands by being transplanted to Edinburgh Castle.† Some holy men, fearing that the Castle might be assaulted, transplanted the Coffre wherein was the head and haire‡ of St. Margaret, and some other moveables of great value, into the Castle of the Barony of Dury.§ This lord was a reverend father and priest, and “monck of Dunfermling,”|| who, after his monastery was pillaged, and the religious forced to fly away, dwelt in this castle.¶

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv. p. 148. The statement is sufficient refutation of the sweeping accusation levelled against the monks by Rev. E. Henderson in his “Annals,” p. 204, that the Conventional brethren “had become careless, lazy, vicious, and, in too many instances, abandoned characters.” The charge, made without proof, is evidently put forward in extenuation of the wholesale destruction of the abbey.

† The Bollandists say that this was by desire of Queen Mary, Act. ss. tom. xxii. p. 335.

‡ The hair, of golden auburn, is said to have been very abundant.

§ This was at Craigluscar, three miles north-west of Dunfermline (“Hist. Dunf.” vol. ii. p. 157).

|| George Dury was the last real abbot, and was head of the family in question (*ibid. loc. cit.*).

¶ Quoted from “Annals of Dunf.” p. 202. According to the Diurnal of Occurrents, “Upoun the xix. day of Januar [1560], the erle of Eglintoun and the abbot of Dunferling past to France furth of Dunbar” (“Regis.” praef. p. xvii.). This would be the January following the destruction, as the year was then counted from March 25 to March 25.

The subsequent history of the relics is thus related in a MS. of the date of 1696 by Fr. Augustin Hay, Canon Regular of St. Geneviève's, Paris :

St. Margaret's relics were, in 1597, delivered into the hands of the Jesuit missionaries in Scotland, who, seeing they were in danger of being lost or profaned, transported it to Antwerp, where John Malderus, Bishop of that city, after diligent examin upon oath, gave an authentic attestation, under the Seal of his office, the 5 of Septembre 1620 ; and permitted them to be exposed to the veneration of the people. . . . Her reliques are kept in the Scots Colledge of Doway in a Bust of Silver. Her skull is enclosed in the head of the Bust, whereupon there is a Crown of Silver gilt, enriched with severall Pearl and Precious Stones. In the Pedestall, which is of Ebony, indented with Silver, her hair is kept and exposed to the view of every one through a Glass of Crystall. The Bust is reputed the third Statue in Doway for its valour (value ?). There are likewise severall Stones, Red and Green, on her Breast, Shoulders and elsewhere. I cannot tell if they be upright, their bigness makes me fancy that they may be counterfitted.*

The sacred treasure unfortunately disappeared in subsequent revolutionary troubles. Philip II. of Spain at the Reformation endeavoured to obtain possession of the relics of St. Margaret and her husband, and some considerable parts, if not the whole remaining portions, were supposed to have been preserved in the Escurial. When Bishop Gillis, in 1862, visited Spain in the hope of procuring some of these relics, he found that the Peninsular War had produced much confusion among the treasures of the Escurial, and had considerable difficulty in prosecuting his search. He eventually obtained, by permission of the queen and her consort (Isabella II. and Ferdinand), a large relic of St. Margaret, which is still venerated in the convent of nuns dedicated to the Saint in Edinburgh.†

Thus rose and fell the royal Abbey of Dunfermline. Its immense possessions, extending over almost the whole of the western part of Fifeshire, and portions of the southern and eastern districts of the county, brought in vast revenues. No less than thirty-seven churches and chapels had been bestowed upon it by various kings, and the flocks belonging to them were in the spiritual care of the monks and their representa-

* "Annals," p. 202.

† "History of St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh," p. 160.

tives. The temporal possessions were erected into an earldom, and conferred in 1605 on Alexander Seton, who received the title of Earl of Dunfermline. The spiritual responsibilities attaching to the abbey were matter of little moment to the spoilers, and the disregard of them tended, as in so many other cases, to deprive the people of that Catholic faith to which the majority were ready to cling at all hazards, had means been afforded them.

The former nave of the abbey church still stands, and is treasured by the people of the burgh. It forms merely the vestibule to the modern structure for Presbyterian worship which occupies the place of the former choir. The churchyard which surrounds it still bears the title of the "Psalter (pronounced *Satur*) Churchyard"; it was the name given, with a perspicacity scarcely to be expected from any but a thoroughly Catholic people, to the choir of the ancient Minster in the days of its glory. Truly, Scottish place-names die hard!

So much space has been allotted to the more engrossing subject of the great abbey that its dependencies can only be touched upon cursorily. COLDINGHAM, the most important of these, had a position in history many centuries before Dunfermline came into being. In 870 it was the nunnery of the heroic St. Ebba; the brave abbess and her sisters in religion mutilated their faces to escape a fate worse than death, and were martyred by the Danes. In 1098, King Edgar, son of St. Margaret, in conjunction with the Prior of Durham, re-founded Coldingham as a monastery for men. The King attributed to St. Cuthbert's aid his success in driving from his throne the usurper who had seized it. Fordun relates a vision which was vouchsafed to Edgar, in which St. Cuthbert bade him carry before his army the standard of the Saint from the monastery of Durham, promising a complete victory should he do so.* When the victory had been obtained, Edgar longed to show his gratitude to the Saint, and the donation to Durham of Coldingham with ample endowments was the outcome of this.

The monastery, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, was entirely dependent upon Durham, from which abbey it had

* "Chronica Gentis Scotorum," lib. v. cap. 25.

been first colonised. From the remains still to be seen, the church appears to have been of good size ; it was probably 220 feet in length and 25 feet in width. It had a transept measuring 45 feet by 34 feet, and a tower or steeple 90 feet in height, fell in 1770. Its architecture was a combination of Norman and Early English. The north wall, which may still be seen, is decorated with a rich arcading of pointed arches, which is conjectured to have been the work of Prior Melsonby, a man of great taste, who, when later on he became Prior of Durham, was engaged in the construction of the splendid portion of that Minster known as the " Nine Altars."

The conventional buildings stood on the south of the church. There seems to have been accommodation for at least thirty monks. The revenues were ample, as a good number of the churches in Berwickshire depended upon the priory, and beside Scottish monarchs, nobles and gentry of the shire had liberally endowed it. One grant of Robert I. is worthy of mention : the monks were to have five harts every year from the forest of Selkirk, to enable them to celebrate worthily the feast of the Translation of St. Cuthbert. Benefactions to Coldingham as well as to the mother abbey were entered in the Durham " *Liber Vitæ*. "

As long as the priory remained under Durham, the prior and monks of the latter house claimed the right of voting in the election of the Prior of Coldingham—a right not always granted without much dispute. The Sacrist, an important official, who often rose to the priorate, was also nominated by Durham. The result was that the majority of the Priors of Coldingham were Englishmen, although the priory itself stood in the diocese of St. Andrews.

Situated as it was in the border country, Coldingham suffered somewhat less than the rest of the southern monasteries in the frequent warfare which disturbed that district, its connection with Durham and St. Cuthbert forming a protection from English attack. Nevertheless, such motives were not strong enough to prevent King John from plundering it, as he retired from an unsuccessful incursion into Lothian in 1216. Lord Hailes says that he burned the monastery.* The

* " *Caledonia*," vol. iii. p. 328 (note).

Priors, in self-defence, sought protection from both kingdoms, and were more than once confirmed in their possessions by English as well as Scottish sovereigns.

The first attempted union with Dunfermline was the result of jealousy between the two countries with regard to the connection of the priory with both. Robert Claxton, a Durham monk, who became Prior in 1375, was accused and convicted of betrayal of the interests of the Scottish King by peculation and misrule. Robert II. consequently resolved upon his expulsion and the annexation of the priory to Dunfermline. A colony of monks from the Scottish Abbey were indeed sent to take possession, but met with a vigorous resistance on the part of the English monarch, as several letters in the "Priory of Coldingham" testify.* The union was not permanent, Durham continuing to exercise the same rights as previously. The priory suffered much from contests between the Crown and the family of Home, who in an evil day had been made bailiffs; the latter eventually obtained the possession of the house at the Reformation.

The resolution of James III. to annex Coldingham to the Chapel Royal at Stirling cost that monarch his life on the field of Sauchie. Eventually, in 1509, it was united to Dunfermline by Pope Julius II., and James IV.'s natural son, Alexander Stuart, was nominated Commendatory Abbot. The union was but short; in the English invasion of 1544 Somerset seized it and fortified the tower, and Arran tried unsuccessfully for three days to dislodge the intruders by his artillery. When the garrison eventually fled, they took care to give the buildings to the flames. When the change of religion put an end to all monastic life, Coldingham became the property of the Homes, who had so long ruled its destinies.

The cannon of Cromwell in 1648 completed the utter destruction of Coldingham Priory; nothing remains of the old buildings but a few foundations, portions of the north and east walls, now built into the modern parish church, and one of the gates.

The Priory of URQUHART, or Urchard, in Moray, was founded by David I. in 1125, and colonised from Dunfermline.

* *Vide* pp. 45-64.

Beyond the circumstance of its union with Pluscarden, to be referred to later, scarcely any facts remain of its history except the names of its Priors, who were nominated by the Abbot of Dunfermline, though the Urquhart community sometimes tried to claim a right to elect. Even as its records, so also all trace of the priory buildings have disappeared. Its site is only to be identified with the "Abbey Well." At the Reformation the lands passed into possession of Alexander Seton, a favourite of James VI., the receiver being granted the title of Baron of Urquhart, which was afterwards merged into that of Earl of Dunfermline, also granted to Seton.

The Priory of PLUSCARDEN, or Pluscaldyn, which in its latter days became connected with Dunfermline, has a longer history. It was founded by Alexander II. in 1230, in a beautiful valley about six miles from Elgin, in Moray, as a priory of the Order known as that of *Vallis Caulium*, from the territory in which the mother house in Burgundy was situated. The Order had three houses in Scotland; it was introduced from France by Bishop William Malvoisin of St. Andrews, a prelate of French nationality; the members were familiarly known in Scotland as "Kail Glen" monks—the Scottish equivalent for *Val des Choux*. Their rule was a combination of those of the Carthusians and the Cistercians.

The buildings of the priory were of considerable extent, as its remains show. The church, originally on a cruciform plan, has now only choir and transepts—the former measuring about 60 feet by 30 feet, the latter nearly 100 feet. The walls of the square tower are nearly complete. The transepts have four chapels towards the east groined in stone. A flight of stone steps from the south transept gives access to the dormitory, which runs over the chapter-house, slype, and calefactory. The architecture is very fine Early English and Decorated, with later additions. The square chapter-house, its stone vaulting resting on a central pillar, is in perfect preservation. The kitchen, as it is locally called, but which was more probably the calefactory, is a fine building with groined roof supported on pillars which divide it into two equal aisles. Until recently it was used as a Presbyterian place of worship for the district. A square chapel of later date than the rest of the church bears the name of the "Dunbar Vestry." It is

believed to have been built by Alexander Dunbar, the last of the Priors. In the north wall of the choir is one of those stone tabernacles for the Blessed Sacrament, not uncommon in the north of Scotland, known as "Sacrament Houses." Traces of mural painting remain under the choir arch, and were deciphered about a century ago by an antiquarian, who described them as representing St. John the Evangelist writing his Gospel. The nave was probably destroyed when the "Wolf of Badenoch" burned down Elgin Cathedral and visited Pluscarden on his way; its foundations only are now to be seen.

Urquhart Priory, only a few miles beyond Elgin, had become reduced in numbers; in 1453 there were only two monks left, and as at Pluscarden there were only six, Pope Nicholas V., in answer to a petition from the Prior of Urquhart, united the houses to form a single priory under the Abbey of Dunfermline. The reasons given were the reduced revenues of both houses, which made it impossible to maintain them efficiently in independence, and the exceedingly small numbers of the inmates of each.* The Pope accordingly decreed that the Pluscarden monks should accept the rule and habit of the Benedictines, the then Prior, Andrew Haag, having of his own will resigned the superiority.

Pluscarden accordingly became a dependency of Dunfermline, and in 1454 William de Boyis, Sacrist of the Abbey, was delegated to receive the profession of the Vallis Caulium monks and take formal possession of the house. This same William de Boyis eventually became Prior of the newly attached priory, the former Prior of Urquhart returning to Dunfermline, to which Pluscarden remained attached till the fall of that abbey. In 1524 there were twelve monks in residence beside the Prior; the Benedictine superiors were six in all.

When Prior Dunbar died in 1560, Alexander Seton became Commendator and drew the revenues, together with those of

* The statement, passed from pen to pen by countless Protestant writers, that the union was the consequence of the evil lives of the Pluscarden monks, who "had become very licentious, and had given themselves up to gross immorality" (Young, "Annals of Elgin," 1879), is refuted with some warmth by Mr. Macphail, as having no foundation in fact. Nothing of the kind is mentioned in the Bull of Nicholas V.; indeed, common sense would suggest that the mere advent of two monks from Urquhart would be scarcely likely to reform the six "very licentious" monks of Pluscarden.

Urquhart. The monks were not disturbed at the Reformation, but lived on peacefully in the buildings, till death called each away. In 1586 there was still one remaining. After passing through various hands the property has only recently been purchased by the Marquess of Bute. The fact is sufficient guarantee of the future reverent custody and preservation from further decay of a monastery full of interest both for beauty of buildings, charm of site, and varied history.

These notes on Dunfermline and its dependencies have been necessarily much curtailed, owing to the limited space at command, but, slight as they are, they will not, it is hoped, prove altogether devoid of interest.

MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

ART. VIII.—ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

IN these days of travel, when the world seems too small for the inexhaustible globe-trotter and every spot that is at all accessible is overrun with excursionists, it is refreshing to find a remote corner in Europe that has up to the present been spared the desecrating foot of the tourist, and still remains a *terra incognita*. To those who would diverge from the beaten track, and enter the confines of that mysterious North the recent explorations of which have caused so much interest, Iceland offers a fair field, and the Faroe Islands should be included, as they are in a direct route.

With such an object in view we found ourselves one summer evening on board the good ship *Laura* at Leith, just in from Copenhagen. Anchor was weighed next morning, and on the evening of the third day out shouts of "Land!" hurried us on deck. Far away rose two great mountain-peaks bathed in the golden light of the sinking sun, midway between them. They were the two peaks of Suderö, the southernmost of the Faroes. The small island of Munken, which was farther south, disappeared in a gale on November 7, 1885. Strange and full of wonder was the scene that met our gaze as we stepped on deck next morning. Our ship no longer ploughed the lonely ocean, but lay still at anchor in a small land-locked bay, calm as a millpond, and surrounded by hills: how we had come in was a mystery. Time seemed to have gone back a thousand years: just such a spot as Suderö Fjord must have been the home of the Norsemen. It was a living picture from the past, the only modern thing about it our steamer. The small boats that swarmed about us were built on the lines of the Vikings' ships, with high pointed stem and stern. The rowers sat two on a seat, and the clumsy narrow-bladed oars were fastened to the sides with thongs of whale-hide. These men themselves remind one forcibly of the Norseman as he is depicted to us—ruddy, with curly flaxen hair and beard. The coat of rough homespun blue, or brown, the natural colour of the wool, and

the breeches fastened at the knee with brass buttons, to say nothing of the fishing-knife invariably worn at the waist, give the islander a jaunty and piratical appearance; much at variance with his peaceful occupation and gentle manners of to-day. Though the Faroe Islands are a Danish colony and the people have a dialect of their own, we found that English was not only understood but spoken by all. The green hills sloping to the water's edge, and the smell of new-mown hay, were tempting us ashore, and we eagerly accepted the invitation of the kindly islanders anxious to do the honours of Suderö. The village consists of some fifty houses scattered about the bay. The best of these are of wood built on small piles of stone. The sloping pine-bark roofs are turf'd to prevent their being torn off by the wind, and on them sheep may often be seen grazing. Many of the inhabitants live in one-roomed turf cabins innocent of chimney or window. The smoke from the peat fire that burns in a corner of the sunken floor escapes through the open door.

Evidence of the fishing industry, the most important in the islands, was to be seen on all sides. The process of drying was in full swing. When the fish, mostly cod, are caught, they are, if possible, sent to a market alive, in boats fitted with tanks through which the water can wash. As more frequently happens, they are cleaned and salted. This done, the drying follows. Flat stones are collected, on which the fish are exposed to the air and carefully turned from side to side. At night or in wet weather they are stacked in large heaps and covered up. Under favourable circumstances the process is complete in a fortnight.

We were fortunate in having taken our early stroll on shore, for by the time we had finished breakfast Suderö Fjörd was cleared, and we were threading our way by intricate channels, through which the Gulf Stream rushes like a mill-race, among the numerous islands of the Archipelago. There are some thirty of these, half of which are uninhabited, but are turned to good account for sheep grazing. All are strikingly grand and picturesque; sheer precipitous rocks rising hundreds of feet above the sea, their summits clad with the greenest grass in the world.

Thorshaven, the capital, was reached the same day. It is

pleasantly situated at the head of a sheltered bay of the same name, on Stromö, the largest of the islands, and contains half the population of 14,000. There are no hotels in the Faröes, but accommodation can be found by applying to the postmaster or one of the numerous consuls, amongst whom nearly every country in Europe is represented. Here as everywhere else in the islands fish was the first object that caught the eye. By the acre it lay in the drying-yards, troops of women and children carefully turning it. On lines, like so much washing, it hung in the air, and to the walls of the houses it was nailed, high above the reach of the tailless and sad-looking cats that swarmed the town.

The streets of Thorshaven are narrow, winding, and unpaved. The houses, invariably built of wood, are in the poorer quarter merely one-roomed hovels, with a window which does not open. The better houses, on the outskirts of the town, are light and airy. The wood used in their construction, and in many cases the house itself, is brought from Denmark in pieces. There is not a tree in the islands from which a plank or a beam could be cut, though a great deal of timber and wreckage is brought there by the Gulf Stream, and is highly prized.

Our stop at Thorshaven was a short one. In less than twenty-four hours we were steaming through the narrow channels of the Archipelago, surrounded by some of the most beautiful coast scenery in the world. Klaksvig, a pretty little settlement scattered about the shores of a fjord of the same name, was reached in a few hours. Borönaes, the loftiest of the Faröe hills, proved an irresistible attraction, and having half a day before us we made the ascent. Through the rich pasture where wild thyme filled the air with its sweet perfume, and many a homely flower gladdened the eye, we mounted, then over bare weather-worn rocks where only moss and lichen grew we scrambled, till at length we stood upon the summit, a tiny plateau, smooth as the top of Helvellyn. Well were our efforts rewarded as our eyes wandered over the countless islands of the Archipelago that lay on the tranquil bosom of the blue sea, basking in the glorious sunlight. At our feet lay the fjord, circled by hills, small as a mountain tarn in the distance. The *Laura*, with a thin column of smoke rising lazily from the funnel, seemed no larger than a child's toy,

and the houses at the water's edge might have been built for dolls. Behind us the mountain fell in one sheer precipice to the ocean 2000 feet below. Only the gentle sough of the wind as it beat against the mountain and the fitful cry of a sea-bird broke the silence.

That same evening found us at sea again, steaming slowly down the narrow channel that divides Kalso (Calf Island) from Kuno (Woman Island), so called from their supposed resemblance to these two objects. These are the two northernmost and most mountainous of the Faröes. Sublimely grand were the great cliffs that each turn in the winding channel revealed, bathed in the soft rosy light of the sinking sun.

Two more days passed pleasantly without sign of land or ship. Only an occasional sea-bird or spouting whale broke the monotony of ocean and sky. It was early on the morning of the sixth day out that we sighted Iceland. The first glimpse of the land to which we turned our eager eyes was anything but cheering. There was more than a suspicion of snow in the cold rain which fell, though it was July. The low cliffs of the southern coast-line were patched with snow. Hekla and the mountains farther back were covered. As the day advanced the weather improved, and in a few hours we were off the Vestmannaeyjar (Islands of the Men of the West).

Hiemaey is the only one of the group inhabited. Its small community of two hundred souls is the most isolated in the world. Though within sight of Iceland, so dreaded is the dangerous passage, beset with rocks and currents, that communication with the mainland is almost unknown. Fish and a few sheep supply their modest wants but indifferently. Communication with the outer world is by steamer, twice a year at the most, but that only if weather is favourable. When unfavourable, as is too often the case, the steamer will not venture near the island, but continues its course to Reykjavik, or southward, leaving the unfortunate inhabitants to their own resources for another year or so.

On the occasion of our visit a medium course was adopted. The weather was not favourable for entering the bay, so we lay to the north, under the great cliff of Heimaklettr, which rose straight out of the sea and towered a thousand feet above our heads. Desolate in the extreme was the scene. In every

direction rocks rose above the water, some half submerged, over which the waves washed constantly; others in sharp points like the spire of a church, or square blocks like houses. Some, indeed, were small islands, but all took strange fantastic shapes as our ship swayed on the ocean swell that thundered with a dull monotonous roar against the mighty cliff. Here a few years ago a French fishing fleet was destroyed and hundreds of lives lost. Reflection on this painful subject was rudely cut short by our powerful siren, which sent its harsh discordant notes echoing through the solitude. At the sound, as if in protest at our intrusion, there rose from the rock thousands of sea birds, which literally darkened the air as they circled overhead uttering shrill screams. The din was terrible as the cry of the birds, mingling with the sound of the siren, was echoed and re-echoed from the great cliff. At length, to the relief of all, this pandemonium of sound ceased. In answer to our signal, figures were seen moving towards a narrow strip of beach where there was a gap in the cliffs. The siren stopped, and the birds gradually returned quietly to their usual occupation, which seemed to be sitting in the crevices of the rock. As the figures approached the shore we saw that they were dragging two large boats, which they had brought from the bay, a mile away on the other side of the island. Two or three trips were made to the ship, cargo being given and taken. The islanders were big, stolid-looking men, clad in no particular style. There was nothing remarkable about them except the vacant expression which one and all wore. It was just such a look of indifference to all things that one would expect to find on the faces of the members of a small community confined to narrow limits and quite cut off from the world.

All that day we coasted along the south of Iceland, till rounding Reykjanes, where the only lighthouse is situated, we entered Faxa Fjord, and at midnight dropped anchor off Reykjavik, in broad daylight. Seen from the bay Reykjavik is not particularly picturesque. Built on a flat peninsula, it covers a good deal of ground. It is the capital of Iceland, and has a population of 4000 out of the 60,000 which inhabit the island. Reykjavik has two or three good hotels, but nowhere else in the island is such a thing to be found. The traveller is entirely dependent on native hospitality. This,

though of a rough order, is always freely offered, and the host deems himself liberally rewarded with a kroner (1s. 1½d.) a day. On landing one is agreeably surprised. The streets are wide and clean, with many open spaces. Views of sea and mountain are to be had at every turn. As in Faröe, the houses are of wood, but the many different colours they are painted, the variety of architecture, and the number of flowers which grow profusely in summer, even on the thatches, all combine to make a most pleasing picture. Turn which way you will, there is an object which rivets the attention, and that one can never tire of gazing at. It is the Snaefell Jökull, a glacier 5000 feet high. The snow-capped peak and icy slopes are ever changing from one glorious tint to another under the perpetual sunshine of an Arctic summer. It is hard to believe that it is seventy miles away across the blue waters of the Faxa Fjörd. Five miles was our first estimate of the distance, but the clear Northern atmosphere is deceptive.

In the bay at Reykjavik is a good specimen of the eider-duck islands which form such an important industry both in Iceland and the Faröes. The duck is as sacred here as the cow was to the ancient Egyptian. To kill one is the greatest crime an Icelander can commit, and to fire a gun within hearing of an island during breeding-time is to court severe penalty. In appearance the bird is very much like our wild duck, about the same size, and speckled black and brown. A rough nest is built on a marshy island, and the female lines it with the down so highly prized, which she plucks from her breast. Four or five eggs are laid, and removed by the keeper with the down. Once more the confiding bird lines her nest and lays again, but only to be robbed as before. So the process continues till late in the season, when two eggs are left for breeding.

More than half of Iceland is unexplored. The east coast has no communication with the west save by sea. From the slopes of the mighty Vatna Jökull great rivers flow seaward, fed by the constant snow of lofty mountain-peaks, and volcanoes innumerable, extinct to-day, but ever likely to break forth, scattering destruction far and wide as in the past. The solitude of this sterile wilderness has never been broken by the presence of man, though tradition peoples it with a race descended from former outlaws that shuns communication with the outer world.

Our first care on landing had been to secure guides and ponies for the journey inland. With the help of our host of the hotel we secured the services of one Goodmanson, and his two sons, big men with flat honest faces, for three kroners a day each. Much to our relief, they undertook to provide ponies at $2\frac{1}{2}$ kroners a day. Two days later, the transport having been collected, we prepared to take the field. Some forty ponies were outside the hotel—rough, shaggy little animals, with flowing manes and long tails, mostly cream-coloured or piebald. The number seemed large for a party of eight, but, as we afterwards found, there was not one too many. In Iceland the stages are long, houses being few and far between. Each rider requires a remount and each pack animal a relief during a day's journey. The Icelandic pony is a sociable little animal, who loves to travel girth to girth with his comrade. Woe betide the unlucky rider who mingles with the transport! The sharp corners of an iron-bound wooden case are as hard as the rocks through which the rough track winds, and between these two he is alternately jammed and hustled till painful experience teaches him the inadvisability of being too forward.

Thingvalla, the classic spot of Iceland, some thirty miles from Reykjavik, was our destination. The road for the first few miles was good, running like a causeway over a grassy swamp. Once clear of the town, our caravan presented an interesting spectacle straggling over a mile of road. The grass proved an irresistible attraction to the twenty riderless ponies in front, and our guides, armed with long cowboy whips, had their work cut out to keep the mob from stampeding over the plain. Small difficulties of this order, however, were soon put an end to by the abrupt termination of the road, the only road in Iceland, at the bank of a broad river. In the absence of a bridge, for these are also unknown, the whole cavalcade plunged in and splashed its way through to the opposite bank girth-deep in water. Once across the river, all resigned themselves to the inevitable, and settled down to the work before them. Wonderfully hardy are these little mountaineers; though only standing some twelve hands, they are able to carry a heavy man all day, and day after day, for forty miles at a stretch without apparent fatigue. At night they manage to pick up a living

in some astonishing manner even in the most barren spot, where the human eye can detect no sign of vegetation.

Goodmanson, our guide, was a fine specimen of an Icelander, quiet and courteous. Closely muffled from head to foot, after the manner of his countrymen, though the day was warm, he resembled a Deal boatman equipped for a gale rather than an equestrian. His bulky form cut a curious figure mounted on a tiny pony. From beneath a yellow sou'wester his red locks streaked with grey streamed in the wind. A thick knitted scarlet scarf rose above the collar of his short yellow oilskin coat, a pair of overalls of the same brilliant hue disclosed six inches of blue stocking and an enormous pair of clumsily-booted feet that barely cleared the ground. A pair of mittens and a long whip with a short handle completed his outfit. His saddle, profusely ornamented with silver, was a family heirloom. He had a slight knowledge of English, and a strong desire to increase it. From time to time he produced a beautifully carved snuff-flask, which might have held half a pound. Removing the screw stopper, which was attached by a chain to the spout, he would throw his head back and pour a quantity down each nostril, then politely pass the flask round to the company. Our two assistant guides were smaller counterparts of their father, though less communicative: the one blonde, and the other of that glorious shade of red which only attains perfection in Iceland.

Having crossed the river and ascended a steep hill, we entered a rough barren country through which we rode for a day without sign of habitation or the hand of man. Across hard bare lava plains, over bleak wind-swept mountains, through narrow passes, along precipitous ledges, and round great rocks ran the track, hardly discernible except to the eye of the guide, who steers by landmarks. Vegetation there was none except an occasional patch of grass in the swampy bottoms. Rivers and streams innumerable dashed down the mountain-sides and were forded. Our caravan galloping in single file along the winding track was the only sign of life in that inhospitable volcanic wilderness. In the keen exhilarating air we journeyed on for hours in the best of spirits till the guides informed us that we were approaching the place of our midday halt. For some time we had lost sight of the head

of the straggling caravan. Coming suddenly round a rock, we were in the midst of it halted on a small plain where a few blades of grass grew amongst the boulders. Dismounting, saddles and packs were removed from the ponies, who turned their attention to such grass as they could find, whilst we made our first meal in the open. Having changed ponies, we once more took to the track with a will and travelled at a rapid pace over more open ground. Another stretch of rock brought us to the Raven Crags, and for miles we rode along the smooth tableland of the summit, close to the precipitous edge which overhung the valley of Thingvalla and the wide waters of the Holy Lake. Soon the church and farmhouse at the head of the lake came into sight. Whilst wondering how we should descend, for the cliffs on which we rode stretched far as the eye could reach in an unbroken line rising sheer out of the valley some hundred feet below, the question was settled for us by the ponies. Suddenly they plunged down a winding rock-strewn pass, so narrow that the walls on either side could be touched with outstretched hands; so steep that one would have hesitated to make the descent on foot. Down we shot at a furious pace, one mass of riders, baggage, and ponies, bounding from boulder to boulder, and making unenviable acquaintance with rock and pack, till at last the hardy little mountaineers stood with us safe and sound in the valley below. Here a halt was called whilst the chief guide went forward to arrange for our accommodation. The Icelandic pastor is hotel proprietor as well as farmer; that is to say, he will accommodate the traveller if properly approached.

Thingvalla, which is on the other side of the river Oxara, just above where it enters the lake to which it flows through three wide channels, is the most frequented place inland. Not only is it the Mecca of Iceland round which centre all the historic interest and traditions of the country, but it is also on the way to the Great Geysir, the wonder of Iceland. The settlement consists of one long rambling farmhouse, half wood, half turf, and a small wooden church capable of holding some forty people.

The farm, a strip of green at the lakeside, is a pleasant rest to the eye after miles of barren rock. Haymaking was in progress, and that, with small patches of rye and potatoes, a

few diminutive sheep and cows, represent the agricultural and pastoral scope of the island. After a lengthy absence our guide returned, having gone through the formalities due to the occasion, and informed us that we could be accommodated, but that the two bedrooms were occupied. We had the option of sleeping in the church or on the floor of another room. After an inspection of church and other room, we decided to occupy the latter. The room, which opened into the farm-yard, contained three pieces of furniture—a deal table and two forms. Here we prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, devoutly praying that no more travellers would find their way to Thingvalla that night. Our host provided a substantial supper of char as large as mackerel, rye bread, and good coffee : this latter is to be had anywhere in Iceland. Thingvalla Lake, like all other lakes and rivers in the country, is well stocked with fish—salmon, trout, and char.

Fishing is excellent throughout the country and is practically free, though should one pitch his tent for long on lake or river bank the proprietor may turn up and demand a nominal charge. Though of little use to the ordinary traveller on account of the hardness of the rock, which no peg will penetrate, a tent has its advantages for the fisherman who takes us his abode on the softer soil of the lakeside. The bedroom in Iceland is generally a semi-subterraneous cupboard opening out of another room used by the family. Ventilation there is none, for the one small window does not open, and the lack of insect life on the plain is more than compensated for in the dwelling-house. The Icelandic architect's one idea in the construction of a house is to exclude every possible breath of air and retain as much warmth as possible. A friend of ours met with an amusing experience in this respect whilst living at a small farm. His hospitable host expressed such anxiety as to his comfort that he ventured to suggest that a little air at night would add greatly to it. On returning from his day's sport he was met by the whole family, who carried him off in triumph to inspect the arrangements made for ventilation. These consisted of one small hole bored in the side of the house and a wooden match which, it was explained, could be inserted or removed at will.

Fishing is not the only sport which Iceland offers ; the snipe,

plover, ptarmigan, wild goose, duck, and swan are plentiful and not too wild, as well as many other birds. Hares are also plentiful, and in parts the reindeer. Three of these were imported from Lapland a century ago and have now increased to several large herds, which run wild. A stray polar bear finds its way to the north of the island occasionally on an ice floe, but as inhabitants they have ceased to exist since the introduction of firearms.

Calm and beautiful was the scene of Thingvalla that night, bathed in the rosy light that lingered till sunrise on placid lake and rugged mountain-peak. It was indeed difficult to tear ourselves from it for the hard floor and travelling rugs that served for bed.

Having made our toilet at the lake and fared sumptuously off fine trout, we started up the valley on foot to explore the wonders of the classic Lögberg, where for centuries the Althing assembled in the open air, not only to make law, but to administer it too on the spot, in the rough-and-ready manner of the times. The valley is a curious natural formation about five miles square. Down the centre of it runs an enormous block of lava, which is traversed by two great chasms, wide in parts, and so narrow in others that they can be jumped with ease. At the bottom of these chasms some hundred feet below is a river which tradition says is bottomless. Though centuries have passed since the molten torrent carried destruction into the fertile valley, the surface is to-day as bare as when it was deposited. In the reddish-brown rock one can trace the flow of wave after wave till it gradually cooled and hardened in tiny furrows, like the sand when the tide is out. A species of heather, a few hardy wild plants, and some mosses flourish, and give a pleasing dash of colour to the lifeless stretch of solid rock, whilst their delicate perfume fills the air with freshness. On the side of the chasms the edelweiss grows freely. About the centre of the mass is the highest point, a small island about forty yards wide and one hundred long, cut off by the two great chasms. There till quite recently sat the Althing, apart from the people, who crowded the rocks around. It was to this tiny island that the outlaw strove to force his way, for, could he but reach it, he was pardoned. From there the prisoner listened for his sentence, sometimes the loss of an

arm or a leg, which was hacked off there and then, sometimes his life, in which case he was hurled into the chasm, to perish in the water below if he reached it alive. On this rock a thousand years ago the wise men discussed the future religion of the country, Paganism or Christianity. Whilst the people waited to do battle for one cause or the other, a messenger came in haste to report the volcanoes in eruption and the overthrow of the gods by an earthquake. Christianity was adopted without a blow. Quite in character with such scenes are the rugged surroundings of the Lögberg. Standing on the highest point, the eye wanders over a wide panorama of sterile rock and untrod mountain. Eastward the sharp peaks of the Hrafnaða are backed by bulky Hekla. Glaciers and volcanic cones innumerable raise their snow-capped nameless heads from the unexplored interior. Westward the Raven Crags run rampart-like for miles, here and there streaked with white as a river takes one bound over the precipice to join the Oxara that flows at their base. To the north more mountains guard the head of the valley—Skjaldreidar, a volcano long extinct, from one of whose craters probably flowed the molten mass which formed the Lögberg, destined to play so important a part in the history of Iceland, and the group of glaciers, Geitlands, Eyríks, and Lang Jökull. Southward the valley terminates with the Holy Lake, where the farm on its bank is the only sign of the hand of man that meets the eye as it wanders over miles of desolation.

The rays of the midday sun beat hot upon the hard lava, and we turned our steps to where the waters of the Oxara form a beautiful cascade as they take one plunge over the precipitous edge of the Raven Crags to the valley more than a hundred feet below. Though we had left the Lögberg and its stories of justice stern and prompt, it was only to visit the scene of deeds no less barbarous. At the foot of the cascade is a deep hole, yet so clear is the water that one can distinguish the smallest object at the bottom. Here in former days was plunged the faithless wife, tied in a sack, there to drown. The small island, a mere strip of sand a little lower down, was the duelling ground. There in the space covered by an ox-hide stood the combatants, their bodies lashed together, leaving free only one arm each to wield the battle-axe, with which

they fought to the death. Iceland is full of such gruesome stories, the memory of which is still kept fresh by the "saga," as dear to the people this day as when it was the only means of handing down history.

In the hope of reaching Geysir, some forty-five miles distant, that same evening, we were early in the saddle next morning. For hours we followed the track over hard rock and lava or swampy bottom, favoured by brilliant sunshine at first. But, alas for the treachery of the Icelandic summer! by midday the sun was hidden by dense clouds brought up by a cold, cutting wind, and rain fell in torrents. Our plight was anything but pleasant, for we had not a waterproof amongst us. Deceived by the fine weather of the previous days, the possibility of rain had not entered our thoughts, and our cloaks were in front with the baggage. This was now miles ahead, and an occasional glimpse of some tiny specks on a distant hill was all that was to be seen of it. Our efforts to overtake it were useless; if anything, the distance between us grew, for the guides, aware of the length of the day's journey, only urged the ponies the more furiously forward as the weather became less favourable. So we rode on, wetter and colder each minute, vowing never to part with our cloaks again, till the inevitable halt once more united our party. The spot chosen for our bivouac was about as unsuitable as one could imagine—a swampy plain, ankle-deep in water, without even a rock that might present one sheltered side, but with a blade of grass rising here and there above the water, and for this reason it was chosen. However, we had our cloaks, in which we wrapped ourselves and gained some warmth. Acting on the guide's advice, we decided to abandon the idea of reaching Geysir that night and to stop at Middalr, which is rather more than half-way there. Middalr is, for Iceland, a good farm, with the usual church adjoining. The rain had ceased before we arrived, and dripping rock and swollen torrent sparkled in the evening sun. Here we learnt that the Great Geysir had not been in eruption for some time. Our prospects of witnessing a display, which is becoming more rare each year, were therefore good, particularly as such events usually followed heavy rain such as we had encountered that day.

Next morning saw us early in the saddle, pressing forward

full of fear that we might arrive too late to witness an event which might not occur again for another month, till the banks of the Bruara were reached. The river, which flows impetuously from the centre of a great group of glaciers, is crossed by a bridge, probably the only one in Iceland, and to that it owes its name. Though bridged, the passage is a nerve-trying ordeal, at a point where the river spreads out fanlike and takes one plunge over a great jagged wall of lava. Nothing disconcerted at the terrible roar of the cataract, the ponies plunged boldly in and made their way saddle-deep through the swirling waters to a rocky island. Here a deep chasm, through which the bulk of the water rushes, is bridged by a few planks held in place by blocks of lava at either end.

Soon after midday, after a ride of twenty miles, we stopped for the first time at Geysir, and heard to our joy that no eruption had taken place recently. The scene of this wonder of the world is not attractive. Rising from the centre of a vast muddy plain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, is a small mound—the crater of the Great Geysir. Some distance from the crater is a farm, whose scant accommodation is supplemented in summer by a few dilapidated tents. As there was no immediate prospect of an eruption we made a close investigation of the crater. This, which rises to a height of about fifteen feet from the plain, measures a hundred yards or so round the base, and is formed from mineral deposits left after eruption. The crater retains its heat for some hours after an eruption, and this the traveller turns to practical account. Birds or fish placed upon the surface are soon cooked. Of this there was plenty of evidence in the débris which lay about. The interior is funnel-shaped, and terminates in a wide shaft through which the water is forced when in eruption. The cause of eruptions is to this day unexplained. All that is known with any certainty is that they are less frequent than formerly. A hundred years ago eruptions took place regularly every twenty-four hours. To-day weeks often elapse without a display. Fortunately for the traveller who cannot await the pleasure of the giant, there is close by a smaller brother of the same family named Strokker. A piece of rock or a few tufts thrown down the funnel will usually produce an eruption, which commences with a gurgling

sound and culminates in a column of boiling water fifty feet high. The proprietor of the farm claims Strokker as his also, and charges a kroner an eruption. If Strokker does not wear himself out he may yet prove a mine of wealth to his owner long after his giant brother has ceased to perform. But whilst we were amusing ourselves with the more tractable Strokker the guides called our attention to a rumbling subterranean sound, the prelude to an eruption of the Great Geysir. Placing ourselves on the windward side, we waited. Louder and louder grew the noise, accompanied by reports like the muffled sound of cannon, as a dense column of steam rose from the funnel. Gradually columns of water rose above the edge of the crater and disappeared again, but only for an instant. Steadily, rising and falling alternately, the columns grew till merged into one pillar a hundred feet high, surrounded by clouds of steam which remained stationary for a moment, then gradually subsided till nothing could be seen but a little water bubbling at the top of the shaft. The eruption lasted just ten minutes.

Fortunate in having witnessed a display of the eighth wonder of the world with so little delay, we turned eastward next morning to Hekla, leaving the fjords of the north and their flourishing little towns to be visited as they afterwards were by sea. Three hours' hard riding brought us to the green banks of the Hvita, a large river wider and deeper than any of the many we had yet encountered. Near where we struck the river is the mighty Gullfoss (Golden fall), whose dull roar, which had been heard for miles, was deafening as we stood below it. Life most falls in Iceland, the upper part is divided into two channels by an island of rock shaped like an inverted V. Wide as the channels are, some twenty yards each, the pent-up waters of the great river, fed by the melting snow from miles of glaciers, are precipitated with terrible force to a wide shelf of rock nearly a hundred feet below, there to unite and fall another hundred and fifty feet into a vast chasm. Seen from the very foot of the fall the effect is marvellously grand and awe-inspiring. White foam and black jagged rocks form a striking contrast, over which a cloud of spray dances in the bright sunshine, rainbow coloured. Small wonder that the Icelander has named this, the most magnificent of that country's many falls, the "Golden."

Ferries in Iceland are of two orders—those maintained by Government at a fixed charge, and those maintained by private enterprise, which extorts the last possible ore from the wayfarer. The passage of the Hvita can only be made with the assistance of one of the latter order, and the proprietor, judging from our many ponies, mistook us for wealthy people. After much haggling a sum of something under two kroners was accepted by Goodmanson *père* as the lowest possible tender for our transport. Saddles and packs were removed from ponies and placed with some of our party in the boat, ankle-deep in water, like all Icelandic boats, and a start was made for the opposite bank, the ponies plunging in and swimming after the first load like young ducks. Two trips were necessary to convey the whole expedition across. Hruni, an extensive farmhouse occupied by one family, with the inevitable church at which the father officiates, was reached the same evening.

The South Laxa (Salmon River) having been crossed early in the morning, we pushed on through bog and swamp, cheered by the sight of the ever-present Hekla, which grew more distinct each moment, till the wide and rapid Pjorsa barred the way. This in turn was ferried, and a smart canter of three hours brought us that evening to Selsund, after a journey of nearly thirty miles, including the passage of two wide rivers.

Selsund, the nearest habitation to Hekla, is about the most desolate in Iceland. Surrounded on all sides by rocky peaks and volcanic débris, it is difficult to understand its claim to the title of farm. As a habitation it would probably long since have disappeared from the face of the earth were it not for the curiosity of an occasional traveller who makes it his base for the exploration of Hekla. This volcano, though only one of the group of which Iceland mainly consists, is, from its accessible position near the south coast, the best known. It has the reputation of being the loftiest point of the island—6000 feet—and the most destructive of the volcanoes; but in accepting such statements one must bear in mind that one-half of Iceland is still unexplored. None the less its record is an evil one. Till a century ago so bad was its reputation that no attempt had ever been made to reach the summit. 1878 saw the last genuine eruption, which fortunately did little

damage, lava and ashes only serving to bury still deeper fertile tracts previously destroyed. Three years ago report credited this volcano of evil repute with further hostile intentions, but these ended, as they had begun, in smoke. The facility of the ascent belies Hekla's evil reputation. To the crater is a long monotonous pull of some ten miles, easy compared with Scawfell Pike or Skiddaw even. There is no track, nor is one necessary, for the ascent can be made from almost any point; it is simply a matter of time. Clouds of dust rising from heaps of ashes long extinct, that crumbled underfoot, succeeded bare lava slopes till the snow-line was reached, and we made for a shoulder of the mountain, avoiding hollows where this lay thick. In the depression between the two great peaks lay the crater, silent and smokeless, so thickly carpeted with a smooth sheet of deep snow that not a single crack or crevice leading to the interior of the volcano was visible. Turning to the north, we mounted to the highest peak, though our hope of a distant view was disappointed. Thick impenetrable clouds enveloped us and the cold air was painfully keen.

From Selsund we journeyed for four days westward by easy stages along the south coast to Kruisuvik, sometimes through swamp and sometimes by the sand of the sea, crossing the broad estuary of many a deep river. Kruisuvik has nothing remarkable about it to-day beyond the abandoned sulphur mines, which recall most vividly the picture of Michael Sunlocks working as a convict under Danish tyranny. Our last day's journey brought us to Reykjavik, where the hospitality of an Icelandic hotel seemed palatial after twelve days' wandering in the wilderness. It was with regret that we said farewell to our honest guides, and saw the last of our shaggy little ponies trot off as cheerful as the day of their start.

A. CLARKE LITTLE.

ART. IX.—THE MAKING OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy : Manual of the History of French Literature. Translated from the French by RALPH DERECHEF. London : T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 1898.

THE writing of literary history may be fairly ranked among the more ancient and well-established crafts, for its first beginnings may be found at a very early period, and its development may be traced through many successive stages, till it reaches a high degree of perfection in the hands of some recent writers. We see this especially in the history of theological literature. There are many pages in the great work of Eusebius which are mainly occupied with the literary labours of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, while, among the Latins, St. Jerome has left us a treatise on ecclesiastical writers, which became a source of information and a model for later literary historians. In more recent times, the learned labours of such writers as Dom Ceillier mark a further stage in the development of this branch of literary history. But these in their turn have been, in some respects at least, surpassed and superseded by the modern manuals produced in Germany and elsewhere. In these volumes of Patrology, as in similar histories of secular literature, we do but find fresh tokens of that more accurate and scientific method which has wrought so much in other branches of historic studies. It is, indeed, in one department of literary history that the modern critical system may be said to have reached its highest development. And if we would see what is now required of a writer who undertakes to deal with the history of a literature, we may find it very clearly set before us by one of the chief representatives of the Dutch "Higher Criticism." The historian of Hebrew literature, he insists, must not isolate his subject; he must take account of all the circumstances of the age in which it arose, and regard it as a

part of the national history.* But here the path of the critical historian is beset by peculiar difficulties and dangers, arising from the dearth of evidence, the distance of the time, and from the sacred character of his subject. He might proceed with greater freedom and with surer steps in some less remote and less mysterious regions.

The rich national literatures of modern Europe offer a wider field to the historian, and give promise of a more abundant harvest. The materials at his command are ample and within ready reach, and a careful scrutiny may enable him to discern and separate the various forces at work in the making of a literature, and to trace the laws which govern its gradual growth and evolution. This is especially the case with the great national literature of France, a literature which, both from its own intrinsic worth and from its central position, is among the first to claim the attention of students in literary history. There was a time when English writers had little need to insist on the importance of French literature. But at the present day the names of the French classic authors have lost something of their ancient authority, and, at least in some quarters, their works are too often neglected or disparaged. Many causes have contributed to this comparative neglect, chief among them being a pardonable pride in our own national literature; and, in more recent times, the growing influence of the great writers of Germany. We need not enter on the difficult and delicate task of comparing together the literatures of these three nations, but we may observe in passing that it is, to say the least, possible for one race to produce the greatest individual writer, while another can boast a richer literature. Certainly we cannot settle the matter by citing Shakespeare or Goethe. It is true, indeed, that for us, at any rate, English literature must always be the first in importance. But it is well to remember that for much in that literature we are indebted

* "Die geschiedenis van der Israelietische literatuur zal allereerst geschiedenis moeten zijn en als zoodanig behooren te beantwoorden aan al de eischen, die onze tijd aan den geschiedschrijver stelt. Zij moet zijn pragmatisch; zij mag haar onderwerp—de heilige literatuur van Israel—niet isoleren, maar behoort haar te beschouwen in verband met al die toestanden en gebeurtenissen, die daarop invloed hebben uitgeoefend, of waaruit zij, om naauwkeuriger te spreken, geboren is enz."—Kuennen: "Historisch-Kritisch Onderzoek naar Ontstaan en de Verzameling van de Boeken des Ouden Verbonds" (Pref. p. iii.).

to French sources, and, in some sense, a right understanding of the history of French letters is necessary for an intelligent appreciation of our own.

In recent times we have been beholden to other neighbouring nations, and some of the brightest pages of our modern literature bear tokens of the quickening influence of Goethe and other German authors. But the debt we owe to France is older and deeper. And if few of us are wholly ignorant of its existence, fewer still, we fancy, are aware of its full extent and significance. The French influence on our earlier mediæval language and literature is familiar to all who know anything of our national history. And so, again, our literature of the Restoration, and that of the early eighteenth century, are well known to be largely formed on French models, and are for that reason held in less esteem than the more vigorous and national literature of other ages. But it is less generally known that even our great Elizabethan literature owes something to contemporary French writers, and French influence helped to fashion the stately language of Shakespeare and the English Bible. This forgotten fact has been lately brought to light by Mr. George Wyndham in a valuable essay prefixed to the recent reprint of North's translation of "Plutarch." This noble work, as we are there reminded, was based on the French version of Amyot, whose style found an echo in the language of North and other English writers of that period. To some readers this appreciation of Amyot's literary merit may give a new force to Boileau's scornful phrase, "Ou le sec traducteur du françois d'Amyot."

For all these reasons, a good and accurate history of French literature is peculiarly welcome to the English student, especially when it comes to us from a writer so well qualified for the task as M. Ferdinand Brunetière. For on these matters, at any rate, he has many claims to speak with authority. The editor of the leading literary organ, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a member of the French Academy, M. Brunetière is also known as a specialist in the history of literature, and he has already published some important works on this subject. His authority, indeed, is so high, that at first sight it might seem that an English reviewer of the present work must be content to report on the author's judgments without presuming to call them in

question. Yet, with all due deference to his position, we shall not shrink from a frank expression of our own views, even when we are constrained to differ from the decisions of this accomplished critic. After all, there are some aspects of French literature on which a mere outsider may be entitled to his own opinion. And there are, moreover, not a few questions involved in this history of the national literature, which are by no means confined to French letters alone; and here the native historian and the foreign critic may meet on common ground, if not on equal terms.

When we mention the wide range embraced by the present manual, the reader may well have some misgivings, for M. Brunetière deals with nothing less than the whole history of French literature, from its first beginnings in the *Romans de Geste* and the lays of the Troubadours, down to the chief achievements of the poets and novelists of our own century. It might certainly be feared that in the attempt to bring so much into the narrow compass of one volume he can scarcely escape from one or other of two dangers—either his sketch must be meagre and imperfect, or the canvas must be so crowded as to bewilder the beholder. And in any case it would seem that the mere multitude of names and writings, which need to be put on record by the historian, must leave the author little scope for that discriminating criticism, of which he is such an accomplished master. Happily, however, this is very far from being the case, for while the history can fairly make some claim to completeness—so far as this is possible in a compendium—the author has wisely lightened his task by confining his attention to works of real importance in the evolution of French literature. This enables him to make his book something more than a mere catalogue of names and writings.

Further facility is afforded by the arrangement of the text in two continuous streams, the lower line, which has at first sight the appearance of a series of footnotes, containing a comprehensive and reasoned list of the works and their authors, while above this the main current of the history flows on without interruption. The literary criticism, it should be added, is by no means confined to this latter portion of the text, for the part entitled “The Authors and their Works” is no mere list of names, and contains much valuable critical

matter. It is here that M. Brunetière is able to give us some detailed account of many important works, which could scarcely be noticed elsewhere without disturbing the course of his narrative. The author is thus enabled to combine together two things which had otherwise been incompatible—a fairly complete record of the chief French writers, and a critical account of the growth and development of the national literature. At the same time, the system has its disadvantages, for the reader is liable to something of that divided attention which arises from a too plentiful supply of notes, not less important than the text which they are designed to illustrate. And where both portions are so full of interest, he may sometimes find himself in the painful predicament of the Ass of Buridan. In the present case, however, the text and notes are to some extent independent, and either may be read continuously without difficulty.

If this arrangement thus serves to lighten the text and make the course clearer, the general plan of the history is yet more helpful. Rightly recognising that the reigns of kings and the beginnings of years or centuries have no natural or necessary connection with the progress of literature, M. Brunetière has adopted a more reasonable principle of division. The epochs which mark off and separate the chief periods of the history are sought in literature itself. And a new era is dated from the rise of some great writer, the publication of a book or the performance of a play, the enthronement of some new king of thought, or a revolution, not in the world of politics, but in artistic taste or literary style.

The present English translation by Mr. Ralph Derechef is preceded by a special preface from the pen of the French author. In this M. Brunetière makes a very happy comparison between the evolution of various types in literature and the origin of species as explained by Darwin. This is something more than an adroit compliment to the great naturalist, designed to recommend the book to English readers, for it brings out very clearly and forcibly what is M. Brunetière's conception of literary history. In his eyes the history of a national literature is not an unmeaning and unconnected succession of books and authors, but rather the gradual growth and development, or, it may be, the decadence and

decay of a living organism. Opinions may differ as to the author's particular application of this theory, even as biologists who accept Darwin's main principle are by no means agreed as to the laws or limits of evolution. But there can be no doubt that M. Brunetière has adopted one of the soundest and most serviceable methods of treating the history of literature.

As one result of this method of division, the reader is enabled to learn something of the author's reading of the history of French literature and his estimate of some of the foremost writers, by a cursory examination of the table of contents, or the titles of the various sections into which the work is divided. Thus we have first a division of the whole history into three books, dealing in turn with—1, The Middle Ages; 2, the Classic Age; and 3, Modern Times. The first of these has no subdivision, either into chapters or periods, and occupies less than forty pages altogether. The second book, on the contrary, is divided into three chapters, which treat of (1) "The Formation of the Classic Ideal" (1498–1610); (2) "The Nationalisation of French Literature" (1610–1722); and (3) "The Deformation of the Classic Ideal" (1720–1801). The author further distinguishes nine periods in the Classic Age and two in Modern Times. These periods, as we have seen, are marked by important events in literary history. The following may be cited in illustration: "Fourth Period. From the formation of the 'Precious' Society to the first representation of the 'Précieuses Ridicules.'" "Sixth Period. From the Cabal organised against Phèdre to the issue of the 'Lettres Persanes.'" "Ninth Period. From the *Encyclopédie* to the 'Génie du Christianisme.'"

These titles are enough to show the author's sense of the historical significance of Molière and Racine, Montesquieu, and Chateaubriand. It is true that his estimate of these very various writers is, needless to say, by no means uniform, and each one in turn is made the subject of his discerning criticism. We must read the text itself, and the further details given his notes on the authors and their works, if we would learn what he has to say on the merits of these writings, and on the nature and extent of their influence whether for good or for evil. But even at the first glance it is plainly seen that he

regards them as so many literary landmarks, making or marking a fresh epoch in the history of French life and letters.

While the book, as we have said, has some claim to completeness, much that would naturally find a place in any history framed on a larger scale is necessarily excluded by the comparatively narrow bounds of a compendious manual. None the less the present volume contains a veritable fund of valuable information and discriminating criticism. And whether imparting knowledge, and throwing light on the darker pages of the story, or helping the reader to a better understanding and appreciation of authors with whom he is already fairly familiar, it is well worthy the attention of all serious students of French literature.

The translator has done his work well, for he has not only given us a faithful interpretation of the original, but has succeeded in producing a book which, like the French itself, is eminently readable, and can be studied with pleasure as well as profit. Needless to say, M. Brunetière's utterances lose something of their native grace and vigour, when they are rendered in a foreign language. And though the version as a whole is written in good idiomatic English, we occasionally come upon a phrase or a sentence which has the stiffness and the awkward gait of Gallic ideas arrayed in alien garb, or English words disposed in a French fashion. It is well to add that a book of this kind presents some peculiar difficulties to the translator. For instance, its pages abound with the titles of French poems and plays and other compositions; and the question arises whether these should be rendered into English or left untranslated. Mr. Derechef has wisely adopted the latter alternative, for the reader may well wish to see these names in the original. But by a natural oversight the present translator has sometimes failed to distinguish between the titles of French works and the titles of foreign works, which the author has given in French merely because he happens to be writing in that language. These, we need hardly say, should either be rendered into English, or else restored to the tongue in which they were written. Thus, when M. Brunetière, writing in French, naturally enough speaks of Plato's great work as the "Timée," there can be no conceivable reason for retaining this form in an English translation. And

since Spinoza wrote in Latin, an English author has no occasion to quote his works under French titles. It is still more strange to meet with the French form in the case of a reference to Macaulay's writings. In one instance, indeed, the translator has changed a classic name with an unfortunate result, for he speaks of the "Pastorals of Longinus" (p. 413). For this singular slip M. Brunetière is clearly not answerable, as the French text has "Longus," and there is thus no confusion between the names of these two very different Greek authors.

It may not be amiss to note these errors, trifling as they are, for the book will doubtless pass through other editions, which will give more than one opportunity of correction. M. Brunetière himself, with a praiseworthy desire for greater accuracy, asks his readers to give their help in this matter, particularly in regard to his quotations, some of which he has not been able to verify. And he concludes his preface with the following modest acknowledgment:

I shall therefore thankfully accept all rectifications or corrections that may kindly be brought to my notice. A book of this nature only becomes what it is susceptible of becoming by the lapse of time, and owing mainly to the indulgence and collaboration of the public.

In a footnote, which is omitted in the English translation, M. Brunetière mentions a quotation which he has failed to trace to its source: *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*. English readers who know their Boswell will be reminded of a conversation concerning "some of the sayings which everybody repeats, but nobody knows where to find, such as *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*."* One of the annotators on this passage gives an explanation, which was communicated to the biographer:

Perhaps no scrap of Latin whatever has been more quoted than this. It occasionally falls even from those who are scrupulous even to pedantry in their Latinity, and will not admit a word into their compositions which has not the sanction of the first age. The word *demento* is of no authority, either as a verb active or neuter. After a long search, for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. iv. chapter 7, p. 128, Routledge's edition in four vols. 8vo.

Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, in what edition I do not recollect, where it is given as a translation of a Greek Iambic.

This notice is somewhat vague, and unfortunately the Greek line which the writer gives contains a word of no better authority than *demento* itself. We have no hesitation in saying that it was not the line which the "Cambridge gentlemen" discovered in Euripides, for the words, *Deus quos vult perdere, dementat prius*, are found in the Latin index to the edition of Euripides brought out by Joshua Barnes at Cambridge in 1694. And the Greek fragment to which they are referred is the following passage quoted by the Christian apologist Athenagoras :

Οὐ ταν δὲ Δαιμονιν ἀνδρὶ πορσύνη κακὰ,
Τὸν νοῦν ἔβλαψε πρῶτον.*

As M. Brunetière is so anxious for accuracy in his classic quotations, we may observe that the words cited on p. 240, with reference to Perrault's fairy tales, are a paraphrase of Martial's line :

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.†

And it is unfortunate that our author in modifying the meaning has destroyed the metre.

But it is time to turn our attention to more important matters, and see what M. Brunetière has to teach us on the evolution of French literature. Here we find so much well worthy of notice, that the task of making a selection is somewhat embarrassing. As an instance of the helpful guidance given us by the historian, we may mention his treatment of the "Precious" Society, a body which is only too likely to suffer unduly from the ridicule cast upon its more extravagant members in Molière's famous comedy. While our author, as we have seen, regards "Les Précieuses Ridicules" as a landmark in literary history, and does not venture to say that its satire was undeserved, he none the less does full justice to the real

* "Incertæ Tragœdiae," 436. The fragment was omitted by Musgrave, but restored in the later Leipzig edition : *Fragm. omissa*, 25. Athenagoras does not mention the source of his quotation, but he has cited Euripides just before, and there is some reason to conjecture that these lines are a continuation of the same passage.

† xii. 6, *Ad Avitum*.

merits of the celebrated society of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and shows that it had a wholesome influence on the language and the literary taste of the time. Unfortunately his account of their work is too long to be given in full, and we must be content to cite a few salient passages :

All that is remembered in general of the Précieuses is the characteristics by which they lend themselves to ridicule, and it must be owned that they had many such, on which Molière's comedies and Boileau's satires will dispense us from dilating here. . . . Nevertheless, the Précieuses rendered us great services, which cannot be forgotten, slighted, or overlooked without falsifying the history during twenty or thirty years of manners and literature. For instance, because they were women, and women of social standing, they rid literature of the pedantry which hampers the works of Ronsard and even of Montaigne (pp. 113-15).

And again :

The Précieuses demanded that men should accord them the respect to which every woman, as a woman, is entitled in civilised society ; and they gained their end. No doubt it would be easy to point to passages even in Balzac or Voiture of which the indecency, the naïve crudity, and the bad taste are astonishing. Still, in a general way, the influence of the Précieuses tended to purify, or, if the expression be preferred, to polish literature and even manners (pp. 118-19).

In M. Brunetière's opinion, the social character of the "Précieuse" movement in France rendered it superior to the Marinism of Italy, the Gongorism of Spain, and the Euphuism of England. We are tempted to put in a word in behalf of the last-named school of writers. If the votaries of the Hôtel Rambouillet are too often judged by the "Précieuses Ridicules," it is to be feared that our English Euphuists are commonly measured by the absurdities of Sir Piercie Shafton. For this reason it may not be amiss to call the reader's attention to a valuable paper on this subject which appeared some years since in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*.* The writer, whose name is not known to us, has done the same service to Lyly and his fellows that M. Brunetière has done to the Hôtel Rambouillet.

In taking leave of this subject, let us add a word of warning.

* Vol. cix. p. 350, April 1861.

It is possible that some writers attach too much importance to a refinement of language which may be merely superficial. And perhaps our author himself is not altogether free from this suspicion. As a seasonable safeguard against this excess, we may cite some words of Porson on the subject of the coarseness of Aristophanes :

Among the ancients, plain-speaking was the fashion; nor was that ceremonious delicacy introduced which has taught men to abuse each other with the utmost politeness and express the most indecent ideas in the most modest language.*

In the pages which follow close upon his vindication of the "Précieuses," M. Brunetière has to perform a very different office. He tells us that here the historians of French literature make the influence of Descartes an important factor. And he quotes as an instance the words of M. Nisard, who says that Descartes "reached perfection in the art of writing French"; and most of the writers who came immediately after him were his disciples, "by the doctrines they adopt wholly or in part, and by the systematic treatment they apply to every order of ideas and every branch of literature." On this, M. Brunetière observes :

I am of opinion, however, that it would be impossible to be more utterly mistaken; and without referring to the "perfection of Descartes' style," of which I should be disposed to remark, to borrow a well-known saying, that it may be likened "to pure water, which has no special flavour," the influence of Descartes, as will be seen further on, was not exerted in the direction that is alleged, and still less at the precise moment at which it is said to have taken effect. The truth is, that the publication of the "Discours sur la Méthode," far from having been followed by any progress in the domain of reason or good sense, was merely followed chronologically by a resumption of the offensive on the part of foreign influences; of Spanish influence to start with, then of Italian influence, and before long of both influences combined (pp. 142-43).

Another instance of the author's judicious treatment of a question, which is often misunderstood, is found in the famous quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns. This he rightly regards as a turning-point in the history of French literature. The light which he throws on the matter is

* See the review of Brunck's "Aristophanes," "Miscellaneous Criticisms," p. 13.

specially needed by English readers, to many of whom the question is chiefly known from a contemptuous reference to it in Macaulay's delightful essay on Sir William Temple: "A most idle and contemptible controversy had arisen in France touching the comparative merit of the ancient, and modern writers. . . . This childish controversy spread to England." It is doubtless true that this quarrel, like most others, was the occasion of many foolish utterances, which were not confined to one side alone. Yet in itself the discussion was an important factor in the evolution of European thought; it meant nothing less than a reaction against that excessive devotion to antiquity which was one outcome of the classic revival. With all their faults and failings, the champions of the moderns succeeded in throwing off the yoke and sounded a note of progress. It is certainly one of the strangest ironies of fate that the man who was the real leader in this movement is chiefly known to fame as a collector and writer of fairy tales. And Sainte-Beuve may well say that Charles Perrault's own work furnishes an argument for his opponents, and reminds us of something in which the ancients surpassed the moderns, for these fairy legends can only come from the past, and the modern writer does but change them and dress them in a new fashion.*

As we turn M. Brunetière's pages a noble array of French authors pass before us, while the herald who marshals them declares their style and titles and reads the record of their achievements. Yet, long and full as the list may seem, the lover of French literature will hardly fail to find that some notable names are conspicuous only by their absence. Some of these omissions have been made on a principle which admits of ready explanation. For instance, the author purposely avoids the delicate task of dealing with living writers, though contemporary critics are, of course, cited among the sources and authorities; and, as he has told us at the outset, he has disengaged his history of certain other authors whose importance is apparently not sufficient to warrant their inclusion. But it is not so easy to understand the omission of such writers as Montalembert and Ozanam, Eugénie de Guérin and Senancour.

* "Causeries du Lundi," v. 273.

None of these, it is true, belong to the front rank; but they are at least on a level with many whose names are included in the present volume. It may be said that, whatever their intrinsic merits, these authors are passed over because they had no influence on their time, and the historian's attention is properly confined to the great masters, and to those lesser writers whose works are factors in the evolution of literature. This principle will perhaps suffice to account for most of these omissions, but it will hardly apply to the case of two other very different writers, Rivarol and La Harpe; for in the former Sainte-Beuve discovers the beginning of that great reaction which has been such a potent factor in the religion and the literature of the present century, and La Harpe seems to connect together two very diverse periods, for in his chequered career we may read the whole course of a literary revolution. Few, even among writers of a far higher rank, are more worthy the attention of the historian than this extraordinary man, who began as a young disciple of Voltaire, and ended his long life as a fellow-worker with Chateaubriand.

But if some individual writers suffer in this struggle for a place in the history—and in truth the number of notable names is so vast that a full tale were impossible—no period of French literature is neglected in M. Brunetière's pages. Yet even here it could hardly be expected that all should receive a full measure of justice. The various stages of the history present very different attractions; and even the most judicious and balanced historian must needs have his own personal preference and his own views as to their relative importance; hence he will be tempted to linger longer on those pages which he finds the most pleasing, or those which he deems the most important. Thus, while M. Brunetière does not fail to record all the various stages of French literature, the writings of the great classic age fill by far the largest portion of his pages, and the earlier period suffers somewhat in comparison. It is true that in the first book we are given a clear and succinct account of the mediæval literature, of the "Romans de Geste" of Northern France, and the love lays of the Provençal troubadours. And here, as elsewhere in the work, the record of facts is accompanied by judicious criticism, and supported by abundant references to sources and authorities. But to some

of us it may seem, that it would have been well if the origin and the merits of this earlier French literature could have been treated with greater fulness. If we mistake not, the author is too much imbued with the spirit of the classic literature to form an adequate estimate of the writings of the Middle Ages.

Here we may venture to differ from M. Brunetière with less reluctance, because we are on common or neutral ground, for much that he says concerning mediæval literature is by no means confined to that of France, but equally affects the other nations of Western Europe. It is only fair to bear in mind the difficulties imposed by the limits of a compendium, where broad principles have to be stated and leading characteristics set forth, while there is little room for qualifications or saving clauses. Still, with all due allowance, we venture to think that the author's description of mediæval Europe, with its unity and lack of individual freedom, is, to say the least, open to grave objection. Thus we find him saying :

And, in truth, the "races" of modern Europe merely represent historical formations, whose literatures are less their expression than one of their multiple "factors." Whether we be Germans or Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards or Englishmen, in literature and art as in history and politics, we have all been nations prior to developing into "races." But before being nations we all formed but one homogeneous, indivisible and, if the term be permissible, inarticulate Europe, feudal Europe, the Europe of the Crusades, and this is why the primary characteristic of the French literature of the Middle Ages is its *uniformity* (pp. 4, 5).

And on an earlier page he says :

It would seem, in consequence, that in the Middle Ages a common mode of thinking and feeling, enforced throughout Europe by the triple authority of religion, the feudal system, and scholasticism, kept under and indeed destroyed in literature all distinctions of origin, race and individuality (p. 3).

Now we have no wish to deny that the various nations of mediæval Europe had much in common. They came originally of the same stock, and were most of them at the same stage of social development. And in addition to the forces mentioned by the author, the institution of chivalry, which took its rise in Northern France, had now struck deep roots in most of the other nations. At the same time the widespread influence of

the French "Romans," which soon found translators in England and Germany, did much to increase the appearance of European uniformity. Nevertheless, a closer scrutiny will reveal no little diversity underlying this unity, and distinct national or racial characteristics are discernible from the outset. Thus, if our early English poetry owes much to the influence of French and Normans, it still has an element of its own which may be traced back to its source in our earlier Anglo-Saxon literature. And, what is more to our present purpose, in France itself, where one language was afterwards to hold undisputed sway, there were then two distinct languages, each with a rich and rising literature of its own; for, as M. Brunetière is well aware, the chivalrous poetry of Northern France, which spread so speedily through mediæval Europe, was something quite distinct from the love poetry of the Provençal troubadours.

This important point has been admirably treated by a recent German writer, Eduard Wechsler, in the course of his interesting monograph on the legend of the Holy Graal. His penetrating analysis has separated the various strands which are, so to say, interwoven in that masterpiece of the mediæval imagination—the fairy fable, the Christian legend, and those fresh elements which were added by the different writers who helped to give it form and perfection. And while he does full justice to the creative genius of French and Provençal poets, the German critic shows us that much is due to Celtic sources, whether drawn from Breton bards or from the early writers of Wales and Cornwall.*

Special interest attaches to this last-named element in the Continental poetry, since it serves to show that the Norman Conquest, which wrought such important changes in our own national literature, had likewise some little influence on that of our neighbours, for it was mainly from the intercourse of Norman knights with the Welsh monks and bards that the legends of the Island Celts found their way across the Channel.

We have much the same difficulty in accepting M. Brune-

* "Die Sage vom Heiligen Gral in ihrer Entwicklung bis auf Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*." Von Eduard Wechsler, Privatdozent der Romanischen Philologie an der Universität Halle-Wittenberg. Halle a. S. Max Niemeyer. 1898.

tière's guidance, when we come to the close of the Middle Ages and the changes effected by the Renaissance. We have lately had occasion to consider that momentous period of transition in its philosophical and religious aspects. And here once more we find it needful to enter a protest against exaggeration, and ask that the change may be reduced to its true dimensions. M. Brunetière, indeed, is very far removed from those superficial writers who speak in disparagement of the Middle Ages. He has a good word for scholasticism, and rightly recognises that it had a wholesome influence on language and literature, giving them greater clearness and logical precision. But, as may be gathered from some words which we already had occasion to quote, he sees in the mediæval world a system of intellectual uniformity ; and, on the other hand, he regards the development of individualism as the primary characteristic of the new spirit that came in with the Renaissance. We may readily admit that there is some foundation for the broad distinction thus drawn between the two periods. There was undoubtedly an organised unity in the whole mediæval system, religious, philosophical, and social. And rampant individualism was naturally enough a marked feature in the age of transition and revolution. But there is another side to the picture which should not be forgotten. With all its ordered unity, the mediæval world had no small measure of individual independence. But too many critics judge of the system from a distant view, which prevents them from seeing the differences and peculiarities of men who are grouped together and measured in the mass. To the student who is fairly familiar with its literature, the history of scholasticism itself appears as a long and strenuous struggle between various independent schools led by men of strongly marked individuality. Nor is mediæval literature wanting in authors —like St. Bernard and St. Aelred—who reveal themselves in their writings.

This point may be illustrated by a comparison with the architecture of the Middle Ages which, in this as in other respects, presents a striking counterpart to contemporary thought and literature. Here, if anywhere, we see a plain token of the organised unity of the mediæval world. What else could explain the rise of so many majestic monuments,

of the same type and character, in all the chief lands of Western Europe? Yet, as the student of art is well aware, there is at the same time a wonderful variety in this same olden architecture. And, what is more, Mr. Ruskin has told us that one of its most distinctive features is the large liberty allowed to the individual workman, who was not the mere machine to which he has since been too often degraded.

All that has been said so far serves to emphasise the fact that French literature had its distinctive characteristics from a very early period, and to show that there was a certain continuity in its subsequent history in spite of the classic revival. And, in truth, the self-same forces may be seen at work from the first, though variously combined and modified, now checked and interrupted in their course, now turned into fresh channels by social and political changes, by the vigorous action of some commanding native genius, or by the influence, whether for good or evil, of foreign writers. This is borne in upon us by the facts recorded in M. Brunetière's pages. And though the author himself is inclined to lay more stress on the changes and points of difference, we can see that he feels the presence of this constant element. Thus, even when he is dealing with Rabelais, who is naturally taken as a typical instance of Renaissance individualism, we find him saying :

But there is more of note in this famous romance. For instance, beneath the humanist and the scholar there is little difficulty in detecting the Gaul, a Gaul by race and temperament, the continuator or the heir of Villon, of the "Roman de la Rose," of the authors of our old *Fabliaux*. There is no example of an author breaking singly and at one stroke with a tradition several centuries old (p. 60).

Here we are tempted to notice a very curious instance, the significance of which has apparently escaped the historian's attention. In his closing pages, M. Brunetière makes a passing reference to Wagner's influence among the other foreign factors at work in modern French thought and letters. But he does not stay to ask the origin of the German master's message to his time. Yet the source is not far to seek. And readers who have been led to study the work on the Holy Graal, to which we have already alluded, will perhaps see a

special significance in this reference to Wagner's influence, for it seems to bring together the earliest and the latest phases of French literature. Here we find a deep strain of poetry, of Celtic origin, first sounded in fulness by the early French and Provençal singers, taken up and repeated by Wolfram von Eschenbach and other bards of mediaeval and modern Germany, till its lingering echoes are heard once more in its own fatherland.

It would be a task of no little interest, but of yet greater difficulty, to discriminate and classify the many and various elements which go to make up the rich and stately stream of French national literature. Some of them are sufficiently obvious to the student of literary evolution. There is something that comes from the language which prevailed in Roman Gaul, and something also from each of the various races whose blood is blended in the French people. The Latin language may be said to supply that logical exactness and luminous clearness, which was brought to greater perfection by the scholasticism which found its chief home in Paris. And along with this more intellectual element we may find the lively imagination of the Celt, the warlike chivalry of Frank and Norman, and the love songs of the softer South. Higher up the stream we find these elements more or less isolated, or at least each one is predominant in its own region. But later on they are merged in the deep broad current of the national literature. Some may seem to disappear at times, while others are more lasting. But we cannot stay to inquire into the causes of such changes, or attempt to estimate the relative importance of these various factors in the evolution of French literature, or of others too numerous to mention.

There is, however, one predominant force, which may well claim our attention, both for its own worth and for the far-reaching extent of its influence. It is, moreover, an element which must have a special interest for Catholic students. Need we say that we refer to the influence of religion? To superficial readers, whose acquaintance with French letters is mainly confined to the works of certain modern writers of fiction, this element may not seem to be very conspicuous, but those, who can survey the whole range of French literature, will feel the presence and the inspiring influence of religion in

every page of its history. In the chivalrous poetry of Northern France this element is by no means wanting. An instance of this may be seen in that singular ceremony which the dying knights were wont to use as a symbol and substitute for the Holy Viaticum. This, as our readers were lately reminded, is duly celebrated in the "Chansons de Geste."* The Provençal poetry of the softer South might perhaps seem a less congenial soil for the flowers of faith, for the dangerous Platonic love which inspired the lays of the troubadours was a serious rival to religion. But the Provençal poets could turn to higher and holier themes. Thus, Peire de Corbiac has left us a singularly beautiful hymn to Our Blessed Lady.

The presence of the religious element is still more strikingly manifest when the two streams are mingled in the work of that great poet, Crestien de Troyes. In the words of Wechsler, he surpassed all others in singing of *chevalerie*, *galaanterie* and *courtoisie*, and in his "Perceval" he joined with these three a fourth and higher ideal, the Christian faith (p. 46).

Here it is well to remember that these tokens of the spirit of faith which are found in the early French writers, abundant as they are, by no means represent the full influence of religion on the national life; for, besides all these poems and legends written in the vernacular, we have to reckon with the rich Latin literature of the Middle Ages, which was in no mean measure the work of Frenchmen.

But this religious influence does not cease with the close of the Middle Ages. We feel its presence in such a work as the history of Bayart by his *loyal serviteur*, which may be considered a Renaissance counterpart to the songs of earlier chivalry. And at the same time the rich religious literature, produced by Frenchmen who wrote in Latin, need not shrink from a comparison with the best work of the mediæval period. Nor is the influence of religion less marked in the purely French literature of the great classic age. We may pass by writers of lesser note and confine our attention to the great masters, and among them we shall find not a few whose very name and office speak of religion—men like St. Francis of

* See "The Communion with Three Blades of Grass." By the Rev. Walter Sylvester, O.S.C., DUBLIN REVIEW, July 1897.

Sales, and Bossuet and Fénelon, whose writings, apart from their theological value, are acknowledged masterpieces of style and literary workmanship. And if we turn from their pages to the poets and dramatists of the age of Louis XIV. we may still find tokens of the inspiring presence of religion. It is when he handles sacred subjects that Racine takes his highest flights as a poet. Nor is the religious spirit absent from the writings of the older tragedian, for we find Corneille turning aside from his dramatic labours to write a metrical translation of the "Imitation of Christ." This fine religious poem is perhaps little known to English readers of the present day, but it enjoyed a high popularity with the poet's contemporaries, and we believe it brought him a better income than his writings for the theatre. It is interesting to observe that the "Imitation" plays an important part in French literary history. It was claimed with some persistence for a French author, though the claim, we need hardly say, has no solid foundation. It has been translated by two writers of the foremost rank: in verse by Corneille, and in prose by Lamennais. And Lamartine has sung his praises in his "Jocelyn." We have already had occasion to speak of the remarkable career of La Harpe, the disciple of Voltaire, who lived to take part in the religious revival. And here we may add that his conversion was effected by the means of the "Imitation." When he was in prison during the Reign of Terror, and his mind was filled with despair and desolation, a Catholic fellow-prisoner had given him the "Imitation" to read. Opening the book in a moment of anguish, he came upon the words, "Me voici, mon fils! je viens à vous parce que vous m'avez invoqué" (Bk. iii. ch. 21). And forthwith he fell upon his face, weeping and praying.*

In the age of the Encyclopædistes and their disciples the religious element might well seem to be in danger of disappearing. But it is significant that the day of their temporary triumph was also a time of decadence and decay in literature. Nothing, as M. Brunetière says, could be less literary than the "Encyclopédie" itself, and but for its influence, direct or indirect, on the writers of the succeeding generation, it is

* See his own account, which is given by Sainte-Beuve, "Causeries du Lundi," v. 133.

likely enough that he would have disengaged his history, of its ponderous volumes. But when the storm of the Revolution had spent its force, we find French literature rising with the bright promise of a new life, and once more it is under the influence of religion. We have heard much, of late, of the great Catholic revival, which, though by no means confined to France, was largely the work of Frenchmen. And now in M. Brunetière's pages, the same men, and the same writings are considered under another aspect, as the leading forces in a new and brilliant period of French literature. As we have seen already, the literature of the century opens with Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*," which thus marks an epoch in literary history no less than in "*Catholic Apologetics*." Here, too, the writings of De Maistre and De Bonald find a prominent place. Nor is the religious influence confined to their grave works of history and philosophy. It is not less noticeable in the writings of the foremost French poets of the century, in the "*Méditations*" and "*Harmonies*" of Lamartine, and in the "*Odes*" of Victor Hugo, which were written when that great but erratic genius was in his first, or royalist, and religious period.

The same deep vein of faith and piety, which may be traced in these works of genius, is equally manifest in the writings of many lesser lights of literature, whose names find no place in the present history. In speaking of Victor Hugo's changes, M. Brunetière says that the poet aspired to be in his writings "*the sonorous echo of popular emotion*." If this be so, however, the character of his later works would seem to show that by this time the religious movement had spent its force. But the reader who is saddened by the thought that the bright age inaugurated by Chateaubriand is already a thing of the past, should remember that the same may be said of some of those later phases of literature which are recorded in M. Brunetière's closing pages. As we saw above, he has abstained from the delicate task of dealing with the present generation of French authors. We need hardly say that we have no wish to rush in where this accomplished critic fears to tread. But there is one important fact in regard to the French literature of the hour which we may venture to bring to the notice of our readers, the more so that we have it on

the authority of one who is entitled to be a spokesman of contemporary French letters—M. François Coppée. In a striking chapter of the work in which he has recorded his own recent conversion, the poet tells us that there are already some signs of a "Christian Renaissance" among French men of letters.* We have one instance of this in M. Coppée's own return to the faith of his childhood, a change which he signalled by some fine religious poems in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The conversion of M. Huysmans furnishes another sign of the movement. And we are happy to see that M. Coppée can also appeal to some weighty words, on the close connection between France and Catholicism, which were uttered by another and a very different writer, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the author of the book before us. These words, we may add, are quite in keeping with our author's treatment of religious topics in the course of the present history.

Thus, after philosophers and revolutionists have done their worst, we still find the spirit of religion as potent in the literature of France as it was of old in the poetry of the Middle Ages, or in the master minds of the great classic era. In this, indeed, we do but see an illustration of the intimate connection between religion and true culture. The noblest works of ancient art were inspired by a religious motive, however imperfect and mistaken. The brightest pages of Greek philosophers and poets enshrine the truths of natural religion, or, it may be, remnants of primitive revelation. And as Grace does not destroy nature, but elevates it and brings it on to higher perfection, even so do the influence of the Christian Revelation and the spirit of the Catholic Church bring a new life and inspiration to art, philosophy and poetry. This truth is borne in upon us by the monuments of mediæval art, or by the sublime pages of Dante, or again by the best works of the Christian Renaissance. But it is nowhere seen in a clearer light, or established by a greater weight of cumulative evidence, than it is in the bright records of French literature.

W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

* Cf. "La Bonne Souffrance," 37me édition. Paris, 1898.

Science Notices.

The Centenary of the Royal Institution.—At a recent meeting of the members of the Royal Institution, the president remarked that probably no other Institution in the world has contributed so largely to the progress of science as has the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Those who had the privilege of viewing the collection of relics displayed in the library on the occasion of its centenary in June last must have felt assured that there was no exaggeration in this estimate of its work, and must have marvelled at the unerring judgment which has prevailed in the selection of those who have held chairs in this remarkable establishment.

Of all the relics displayed, perhaps those which most fascinated the assembly were the Faraday treasures: the simple magnets and coils of wire, implements with which he first demonstrated the relations between magnetism and electricity, and laid the foundations of practical electrical science. During the last twenty years the public have become more and more convinced of the magnitude of the results of those historic experiments and in the development of electric generators and electric motors, rendering possible such an electric transmission of energy as was described in this REVIEW last July. During recent years it has been still further startled by such subtler results as Röntgen's radiation and very lately by wireless telegraphy, both of which discoveries depend upon the induction coil, which is only a finished reproduction of Faraday's coils.

The relics of Sir Humphry Davy were of nearly equal interest to the scientific historian, including as they did the identical battery with which he first decomposed the alkalies and gave to the chemical world sodium and potassium.

But it was not on the work of Davy or Faraday that Lord Rayleigh discoursed in his commemoration lecture; it was on that of one who, though connected with the Royal Institution for only a short period, was the greatest genius of which the Institution can boast.

In selecting Thomas Young as the subject of the festival discourse, Lord Rayleigh rendered justice to one who, being ever in advance of his contemporaries, did not receive it in his time. The greatest work of Young was those experiments in the interference of light waves

by which he placed on a secure basis the undulatory theory of light, but the very daring of his speculations evoked the sarcastic pages in the *Edinburgh Review*, which for twenty years robbed Young of the fame which was his due, and must have made the great philosopher fear that his name would be one "writ in water." But the magnitude of his discoveries began at last to be realised when the French philosophers Fresnel and Arago remade his discoveries and vastly extended them.

Helmholtz estimated Young as one of the most profound minds the world has ever seen. Tyndall spoke of him as being intellectually second only to Newton. Lord Rayleigh, in his discourse, confirmed this opinion when he said that in his speculations Young was seldom wrong. But yet, as the lecturer pointed out, even Young was human; at any rate, he made one great error of judgment when he said that there was no reason to suppose that there was any connection between magnetism and electricity.

Photography in the Dark.—*Fin de siècle* science may truly be said to be reversing many a deep-rooted conception. One of its latest developments is the discovery that light is no longer absolutely necessary to obtain images on sensitive plates and that photographs can be produced in the dark. This discovery is due to Dr. Russell, and the specimens he displayed during his discourse at the Royal Institution fully justified the hours of labour he has spent over the research in the new Davy-Faraday Laboratory.

Dr. Russell has found that there are certain substances, some being metallic and others organic, that act on a photographic plate, and that by their means a picture can be rendered latent on the plate in the dark—a picture which, when rendered visible by the same methods as light pictures, strongly resemble those produced by light. Amongst the metals which have this hitherto unknown property are, magnesium, cadmium, zinc, nickel, aluminium, bismuth, and antimony. The action is generally a slower one than that of light, but under favourable conditions the time required to produce a picture has been reduced to two or three seconds. The most active substances for the purpose appear to be magnesium and cadmium, but zinc does not fall far short of their activity, and as it is a more convenient metal than either of the former, it was used for producing most of the pictures illustrating the metallic process, and exhibited during the discourse. In its dull state zinc is totally inactive, and it must be scratched or scraped before it displays its photographic power. The first picture

shown was that of a piece of zinc which had been rubbed with coarse sandpaper, and which, when placed in contact with the sensitive plate, had photographed itself, every scratch being visible. Another example was a piece of dull zinc on which some circles had been turned. On the photograph the circles only were visible. The time required to produce these pictures depends on the temperature. At the ordinary temperature an exposure would have to be two days, but at a temperature of 55° C. about half an hour is sufficient. It is not necessary to have actually contact between the zinc and photographic plate, but they may be some inches apart.

Dr. Russell accidentally discovered, when experimenting with zinc, that copal varnish was an active substance producing a picture like that produced by zinc. He traced the action to the turpentine present.

After a difficult inquiry it was found that this property of acting on photographic plates in the dark belongs to a class of bodies known to chemists as "terpenes." It has been found that printer's ink is a very active substance, acting like zinc at a distance of some inches. A picture was shown taken when the ink was at a distance of one inch from the plate. The activity of printer's ink varies according to its composition. Specimens of three pictures taken with ink of various compositions were shown, and they all varied in intensity. Printed pictures act in the same way. The pictures in *Punch* give excellent results. One specimen shown was of peculiar interest. This was the rude trademark on Wills's tobacco. In this the red pigment produces a very distinct picture, but the blue printing is without action on the plate.

A peculiarity of all these actions is that the photographic intensity passes through media such as gelatine celluloid, gold-beater's skin, albumen, collodion, and gutta percha. Some bodies, however, are opaque to the action, such as paraffin and writing ink.

In the case of porous bodies, such as most papers, the action passes gradually through the interstices and impresses the plate with a picture of the general structure of the intervening substance. Some modern papers are, however, quite opaque. A very curious effect was shown with porous paper that had printing on both sides of it, the printing that was on the side that was away from the photographic plate appearing in the picture and being reversed.

Dr. Russell has already thrown light on the cause of these remarkable effects. He believes they are due to the formation of hydrogen peroxide which, undergoing decomposition, acts upon the plate, and is the immediate cause of the pictures formed. He has built his

belief on three grounds : (1) The fact that the metals which are active are those which when exposed to air and moisture most readily cause the formation of peroxide of hydrogen. (2) That a most characteristic property of the terpenes, which, as has been stated, act on a photographic plate in the dark, is that in the presence of moisture and air they cause the formation of hydrogen peroxide. (3) That every result which can be obtained from zinc, or an organic substance, can be obtained by using the peroxide itself. It has been found that even when the solution of hydrogen peroxide is exceedingly dilute it is extremely active; one part of the peroxide diluted with a million parts of water is capable of giving a picture. The action of the peroxide passes through the same media as does that of the metals and organic bodies, confirming the strict similarity which exists between the action of the peroxide and these substances.

Coherers.—A timely and useful paper on coherers by Professor J. Church. Bose was recently read before the Royal Society. The first portion deals with a difficulty experienced with coherers in warm and damp climates such as Bengal, where the author has experimented. Under damp conditions of atmosphere the surface of the metal rapidly oxidises and loses much of its sensitiveness. Professor Bose has found that great advantages are obtained by coating the metal of which the coherer is composed with another metal which is less liable to chemical change than iron or steel. A good result was obtained by using fine silver threads wound in narrow spirals and coating them with cobalt in an electrolytic bath. The next portion of the paper deals with a most exhaustive inquiry of the action of different metals as regards their cohering properties, an inquiry which promises to be of general importance to the progress of wireless telegraphy, depending as it does on the sensitiveness of coherers. The conditions which are favourable for making a coherer sensitive to electric radiation are the proper adjustment of the E. M. F. and pressure of contact suitable for each particular receiver. The E. M. F. is adjusted by a potentiometer slide. For very delicate adjustments of pressure Professor Bose used in his experiments a U-tube filled with mercury, having a plunger in one of the limbs; various substances were adjusted to touch barely the mercury in the other limb. A thin rod, acting as a plunger, was arranged so as to dip to a more or less extent in the mercury by a slide arrangement. In this way the mercury displaced was made to make contact with the metal used with gradually increasing pressure, capable of being very delicately adjusted.

The circuit was completed through the metal and mercury. Occasionally the variation of pressure was produced by a pressure bulb. In this arrangement the contact is between various metals and mercury. Even when these metals were amalgamated with mercury they still exhibited sensitiveness to electric radiation. For studying the contact sensitiveness of similar metals Professor Bose made an iron float on which was soldered a split tube, in which the metal could be fixed, a similar piece of metal being adjusted above the float, so that by working the plunger on the pressure bulb the two metals could be brought into contact with graduated pressure.

In the following investigation in the various metallic groups as to the effect of electric radiation on metallic contact the radiometer was a platinum sphere 9.7 mm. in diameter. The coherer was placed at a short distance so that the intensity of the incident radiation was fairly strong. Taking first the alkali metals, the investigation with potassium afforded a surprise. The effect of radiation was to produce not decrease, but increase of resistance. Professor Bose thus describes this remarkable experiment :

The pressure of contact was adjusted till a current flowed through the galvanometer, the galvanometer spot of light being at one end of the scale. On subjecting the receiver to radiation, the spot of light was deflected to the opposite end, exhibiting a great increase of resistance. When the pressure and E. M. F. were suitably adjusted a condition was soon attained, when a flash of radiation made a spot of light swing energetically in one direction, indicating an increase of resistance. The receiver, however, recovered instantaneously with the cessation of radiation, and the spot violently swung back to the opposite end, indicating the normal current that flows in the circuit. This condition was found to persist, the receiver uniformly responding with an increase of resistance followed by automatic and instantaneous recovery. To prevent oxidation the receiver was kept immersed in kerosene. When the receiver was lifted from the protecting bath, it still continued to respond with an increase of resistance, but with a gradual loss of power of automatic recovery. This power was again restored on again immersing the coherer in kerosene.

Passing to the neighbouring metals, Professor Bose found that there is a gradual transition of property as regards the nature of response to electric waves. With sodium, though in general there is an increase of resistance produced by electric radiation, there are occasional exceptions when a diminution of resistance is produced. In the case of sodium the automatic recovery is not energetic as in the case of potassium.

With lithium the effect of radiation was sometimes a decrease and sometimes an increase of resistance. It was difficult to adjust matters to produce automatic recovery, and when it was manifested it was not energetic or persistent.

Taking the metals of the alkaline earths, since pure metals of this group were not available, reliance had to be placed on the deposit obtained by electrolysis. Professor Bose only succeeded in making a calcium coherer, as he could not get any deposits of either barium or strontium. With the calcium, which was kept immersed in kerosene, the action was similar to sodium, though automatic recovery was only slightly indicated.

In the case of magnesium, zinc and cadmium, there is a tendency to diminution of resistance under electric radiation. The most interesting metal of this group is magnesium. As magnesium is easily oxidised, there is a thin coating of oxide on its surface. When this is scraped off the metal makes a most sensitive receiver. Though magnesium displays a tendency towards reduction of resistance, yet it is possible to obtain the reverse by careful adjustment. In fact, in the experiments Professor Bose has so delicately adjusted matters that one flash of radiation produces a diminution of resistance and the next an increase of resistance. These actions can be alternately maintained. With this metal there appears little possibility of automatic recovery.

Bismuth and antimony appear to make sensitive receivers, though details of their action are not described. In the iron group, including nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium and aluminium, there is not much recorded. The general action of iron coherers is well known, for the present working of wireless telegraphy is based on the diminution of resistance under electric radiation. It appears, however, in the case of iron, that, if the contact is very lightly made, there is a tendency towards an increase of resistance; in the case of the remaining metals, tin, lead, thallium, molybdenum, uranium, platinum, palladium, osmium, rhodium, copper, gold and silver, they all exhibited sensitiveness to electric radiation. In these cases, as well as with the metals as a whole, the general tendency is towards diminution of resistance.

The most important result of these experiments was undoubtedly the behaviour of potassium under electric radiation, exhibiting as it does not only an increase of resistance, but also a power of self-recovery. Concerning its actions Professor Bose says :

In the accidental instances of increase of resistance exhibited by other metals, an increase of pressure or E. M. F. generally brought the coherer to the normal condition, which showed a diminution of contact resistance by the action of electric waves. With potassium I gradually increased the pressure till the receiver grew insensitive. All along it indicated an increase of resistance, even when one piece was partially flattened against the other. I increased the E. M. F. many times the normal value; this

increase (till the limit of sensitiveness was reached) rather augmented the sensibility and power of automatic recovery. I allowed the receiver a period of rest, the nature of response remaining the same. As far as I have tried, potassium receivers always gave an increase of resistance, a property which seems to be characteristic of this metal, and to a less extent of the allied metals. It will thus be seen that the action of a potassium receiver is not, strictly speaking, a cohering one, for it is difficult to see how a cohering action and consequently better contact could produce an increase of resistance. It may be thought that the sudden increase of current may, by something like a Trevelyan meter action, produce an interruption of contact. But such a supposition does not explain the instantaneous action and the equally instantaneous recovery.

These experiments, however, suggest the doubt whether the action of a coherer is in reality a cohering one in the case of any of the metals, and that the instrument has been called a "coherer" in ignorance of the real nature of the action. The suggestion contained in a leading article on the subject in *The Electrician*, July 21, is worth consideration. This raises the question whether what is termed "coherence" may not be in reality a phenomenon of individual atoms and molecules rather than of aggregations of molecules in large masses.

As far as the practical side of the question is concerned, the discovery that there are metals that automatically return to a condition of decoherence immediately after the stimulus that induced them to cohere should stimulate invention. The same article which has been quoted above points out the advantages that will accrue to wireless telegraphy on the discovery of a coherer that will always promptly decohere on the cessation of the Hertzian impulse. Now wireless signals can only be sent with the painful slowness of ten words a minute on the Morse Code, because the coherer depends upon the attentions of a mechanical tapper. The abolition of the mechanical tapper would, at any rate, endow the system with speed.

Scientific Kite-flying.—Very excellent work in the exploration of the free air by means of kites has been carried on in America at the Blue Hill Observatory. As is well known, observations taken at mountain observatories do not represent the condition of the free air. These conditions can, however, be investigated to some extent by kites. No less than two hundred records have been obtained at Blue Hill by means of Hargrave kites carrying meteographs, comprising a barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and anemometer, at various heights from 100 ft. to 11,444 ft. In Mr. Lawrence Rotch's paper

on the subject, read before the Royal Meteorological Society, he thus describes the efficient kites now in use:

The kites generally have two rectangular cells covered with nainsook cloth except at their tops and bottoms, and one is secured above the other by four or more sticks. The wooden frames are as light as possible, but are made rigid by guys of steel wire, which bind them in all directions. Some of the kites stand nearly 9 ft. high, have 64 square ft. of lifting surface, and weigh 6 lbs. A very efficient but complex form is Lamson's *aero-curve* folding kite, which has the sustaining surfaces of its forward cell curved like a bird's wing, while the rear cell, with triangular superposed planes, acts as a tail or rudder. With a short line the kites fly at an angle of from 50° to 60° above the horizon, and in a wind of twenty miles an hour they exert a pull on the line at this angle of about 1 lb. for each square foot of lifting surface. In the bridle or hanger of the Blue Hill kites an elastic cord has been inserted which stretches when the wind pressure increases beyond a safe amount, causing the kite to fly more nearly horizontal while the gust lasts. These kites may be started in a wind which blows more than twelve miles an hour, and they continue to fly in gales of fifty miles an hour.

The following are some of the results obtained by these kites. It has been ascertained that wind velocity as a rule steadily increases with elevation, confirming the measurements made upon clouds. The tendency of the kites as they rise is to come into a current from the west, and it is possible, with no great difference of height, to find currents almost diametrically opposed to each other. The decrease of temperature with elevation varies under different conditions. On most cloudless days the temperature falls at the rate of 1° for each 180 ft. of ascent to the height of a mile or more. On fine days with cloud the fall is at the same rate to the base of the clouds. In the cloud the rate of fall is slow (the figures are not given), and still slower above the cloud.

The diurnal change in the temperature in the free air almost disappears at about 2500 feet, which is much lower than has been hitherto supposed. It has been found that during calm nights there is a marked inversion of temperature, the air near the ground being usually much colder than at a height of a few hundred feet. On some occasions the air may be colder at the ground than at the height of several thousand feet.

Mr. Rotch thinks that daily kite flights confirm the theory that temperature changes in the upper air are cyclonic in character, being due to the passage of warm and cold waves, which are more strongly felt in the upper air than near the ground. The following appear to be the changes with altitude which precede a "warm wave." During the day there is a decrease of temperature at the adiabatic rate from the ground up to over 1000 feet, then a sudden rise of temperature

amounting to about 15° . This is followed by a slow fall. It is stated that clouds form when the dew-point of the warm current which overflows the cold current is sufficiently high. These conditions announce the arrival of a "warm wave," eight to twenty-four hours in advance of its appearance on the earth's surface. The conditions which indicate the coming of a "cold wave" are a rapid fall of temperature, which exceed the adiabatic rate up to about 1000 feet, and above that is at the adiabatic rate to 3000 feet or higher. While the cold wave is prevailing, the temperature at the height of a mile, which is sometimes its upper limit, may be 25° or 30° lower than at the ground. After the cold wave has passed the temperature rises rapidly up to a height of 1000 or 2000 feet, and then slowly falls. Clouds are generally formed when the temperature begins to fall, and sometimes the cloud extends to the earth as fog. The relative humidity generally increases the saturation in the clouds, and above them rapidly decreases. During cloudless weather there may be no change of relative humidity with altitude, as during "cold waves," or with no change of temperature vertically, both the absolute and relative humidity may decrease rapidly with increase of altitude, as is the case in areas of high barometric pressure. At the height of half a mile the diurnal changes of relative humidity are the inverse of those at the ground. It will be seen, therefore, that during fair weather in the upper air the days are relatively cold and damp, while the nights are warm and dry, as compared with surface conditions.

Concerning the electrical phenomena observed during the kite-flying, Mr. Rotch says:

Electricity is usually noticed on the kite-wire whenever the altitude of the kites exceeds 1700 feet. At higher altitudes, as well as during snowstorms and near thunderstorms, the potential increases, and is sufficient to cause strong sparkling discharges. It therefore appears to be only necessary to tap the great atmospheric reservoir to obtain an inexhaustible supply of electricity, which may perhaps be applied to the service of man.

The advantages of kites for meteorological research appear to be fairly well realised. In the United States the Weather Bureau has already equipped twenty stations with kite appliances to obtain synoptic data daily at the height of a mile in the free air for forecasting. In France, M. Teisserene de Bort is equipping his observatory near Paris with kites and apparatus for recording. In Russia, General Rykatchen is observing wind velocities by means of anemometers lifted by kites. In Italy, M. Tachchini is going to make use of kites at his mountain stations. In Germany, Professor

Assmann, in the new section of aeronautical-meteorology of the Prussian Meteorological Institute of Berlin, has an important scheme for their use. In Scotland some experiments in testing kites of various sizes have been carried out at Edinburgh by Mr. R. C. Mossman, but Great Britain is behindhand in the development of meteorological kite-flying, and appears to be resting content with having set the first example, for the first use of a scientific kite was in 1749, when Dr. Alexander Wilson and his pupil, Thomas Melville, raised thermometers attached to kites at Glasgow. It was not, however, till 1883 that systematic kite-flying was undertaken. The honour of this is due to Mr. Douglass Archibald, who obtained measurements in wind velocity at different heights up to 1200 feet. An account of his experiments will be found in *Nature*, vol. xxxi.

In connection with the subject it may be mentioned that Captain Baden Powell has frequently brought kites into public notice as a means of lifting photographic apparatus, and even human beings, in military operations; and a paper on his form of kite was published by the Society of Arts in their journal last year. He claims that his kite can ascend in lighter winds than those that are used at the Blue Hill Observatory.

Notes of Travel and Exploration.

The Eastern Archipelagoes.—Major Younghusband, in his recent work, “The Philippines and Round About” (London : Macmillan, 1899) gives a valuable historical and political sketch of the Philippine Archipelago, but saw nothing of the islands except their chief ports owing to their disturbed condition at the time of his visit in the autumn of 1898. Iloilo, the capital of Panay (which, by the way, he calls Pana, while he transfers the dropped letter to a neighbouring island, and converts Paragua into Paraguay) seems to have very poor accommodation for shipping, as the town has no wharfage, and large ships have to unload at the anchorage, an excellent one, in the Strait outside. Of the beauty of the scenery visible in the cruise through the archipelago he gives a somewhat disparaging account, saying that it consists of wooded hills dipping steeply to the sea, and certainly is not worth going so far to see. From his outspoken description of the dirt of Manila, of the habits of the population, and of the total absence of drainage, it need surprise no one that the American troops should be decimated by disease. Sailing thence to Hongkong, he was freshly impressed with the beauty of the British port, which, he says, “for majestic surroundings, colouring, and general attractiveness,” he in all his wanderings has never seen surpassed.

His next port of call was the French town of Saigon, situated some thirty miles up a very tortuous river with flat banks covered with impenetrable jungle about twelve feet high. The town stands on the right bank and covers a space measuring about two miles in each direction. The streets are in excellent order, and the side paths are lined with avenues of trees ; but there was little appearance of commercial activity and an air of listlessness pervaded the place. The Frenchman, he says, takes no active exercise, and has no amusement save loafing about in *cafés* and playing dominoes, which does not conduce to health in a tropical climate, and accounts for the depressed appearance of the European population of Saigon. For the amusement of the garrison, consisting of two French infantry regiments, four Annamite regiments, and three companies of artillery, stationed either in Saigon or the neighbourhood, the Government annually imports an operatic company from Paris, and “Romeo et Juliette” was played during the traveller’s stay.

Dutch Administration.—He next visited the Dutch East Indies,

landing at Batavia and taking train to some of the principal settlements of the interior. The railway, which runs practically the whole length of the island, consists of a series of tunnels, bridges, and embankments, rising gradually after leaving Batavia, and passing through beautiful mountain scenery. Green hills cultivated to their summits save where scarred by traces of volcanic eruptions, are separated by deep ravines forming the track of roaring torrents. Rice in all stages of growth, from the pale green of the baby crop to the yellow of the ripening grain is seen everywhere, interspersed on the hillsides with tea, coffee, tobacco, clumps of cocoa-nut palms, plantains, and other tropical vegetation. In contrast with the smiling foreground were the active and semi-active volcanoes, blackened with recent lava streams and still ejecting showers of stones and volumes of smoke. The writer praises the Dutch system of colonisation, by which the population was trained in rural industry, compulsory at first, but now voluntary, though still under the supervision of a Resident. It consisted of the monopoly by the State of all the more valuable products, such as tea, coffee, sugar-cane, and tobacco in Java and Sumatra, with spices, nutmegs, and cloves in the Moluccas. The islands were divided into village areas, each of which was bound to cultivate all available ground within its circumscription with such crops as the Resident might direct. The harvest was then delivered into the public granaries at a fixed price, much below the market value, the proceeds going to the peasants in the ratio of the labour supplied, after the deduction of a percentage to the chief of the district and to the village headman. Against the large profits made by the Government must be set the outlay in introducing the various industries and extending the area of cultivation. The Dutch have not been successful in solving the military problem presented by the Achin War, which has smouldered on for twenty-five years, ever since the cession of the territory by England against the will of its inhabitants. The step decided on by the authorities at the time of Major Younghusband's visit, of withdrawing the troops and leaving the insurgents to themselves, is objectionable, since it will in that case become a nest of pirates dangerous to the commerce of the Straits. The British steamer *Pegu* was, in point of fact, seized by Achinese pirates no later than 1897, when, after massacring many of the crew and passengers, they plundered her of all portable valuables, and made good their escape in boats. The author suggests that, under these circumstances, the retrocession of the district to Great Britain would be the obvious solution of the difficulty, since the natives are anxious and willing to come under the English flag once more.

Extension of British North Borneo.—A large addition has been made to the territory of the Borneo Company by the submission of the Tambunans, the most numerous and warlike tribe in the interior of the country, who have hitherto defied all attempts to bring them within the pale of civilisation. Despite their maintenance of trade relations with the European administration, they would never admit a white man into their country, threatening death to any who should attempt to enter it. Now, following the example and under the influence of the rebel chieftain Mat Salleh, who made his submission last year, they have petitioned the Government through Mr. Fraser, the Company's Magistrate in the interior, to build a Residency in their capital, and place a European officer in charge of their district. The British North Borneo Company has acceded to this request, and given effect to its decision by telegraphing to the officials at Sandakan to construct a road and telegraph line into the heart of the Tambunan country. The latter, which lies just behind the great range of mountains on the west coast, is about 500 miles in extent, and is said to be rich and productive. The submission of the inhabitants, numbering some 25,000, will also be advantageous in reinforcing the supply of native labour available. The country is quite unexplored, the only European who ventured into it having been murdered by the natives.

Germany and the Congo State.—The weakness and mal-administration of the Congo State threatens to be a source of complications in the heart of Africa, since it furnishes a temptation to an aggressive neighbour to turn its troubles to account. This is what Germany appears to have done in the occupation of Lake Kivu and the adjacent region as far as the bank of the marshy stream called the Rusisi, which connects it with Lake Tanganyika. The pretext and opportunity for this occupation was furnished by the recent rebellion of the Batetele, who captured and burnt both the State posts on the eastern shore of the lake. No sooner were they vacated by the rebels than a German force marched in and occupied them, on the plea that the occupation of the State was not effective, and that outrages had been perpetrated by the insurgents within their frontier. The Congo State, on the other hand, is by no means disposed to acquiesce in this act of spoliation, and a well-equipped force of 500 men led by Commandant Hennebert and eight white officers had by recent advices left Stanley Falls in order to restore the two stations on Lake Kivu. There it will presumably have found the Germans installed, and the two white forces are in presence of each

other in very critical circumstances. The lake, which was only discovered in 1893-4 by the German traveller Count von Gotzen, in the course of a remarkable journey across Africa, did not of course appear on the map at the Berlin Conference of 1884-5, but lies unquestionably within the boundary then assigned to the Congo State, as defined by latitude and longitude and imaginary lines drawn from point to point between them. No actual delimitation has taken place between Germany and the Congo State in Central Africa, but Lake Tanganyika appears on the map as the common boundary of their territories in this region. The dispute does not concern Germany and Belgium alone, since France, who holds the reversionary right to the Congo State territory, is pledged in her own interests to guarantee its integrity, while England is deeply concerned in this region as one through which the Cape to Cairo telegraph and railway must pass by arrangement with its sovereigns.

Lord Lovat's Expedition to Abyssinia.—The sporting and exploratory journey of Lord Lovat and Mr. Weld-Blundell from Somaliland through Abyssinia, returning by the Blue Nile and Egypt, has had valuable geographical results, as they were permitted by Menelik to traverse portions of the country heretofore closed to European travellers. Leaving England in November 1898, they made Berbera their base, and there formed a caravan of thirty-five camels and some native porters, with four Sudanese soldiers as their only armed attendants. Three weeks were spent in Somaliland, and on December 23 the Abyssinian frontier was crossed, within four days' march of Harar. In approaching the latter town the country became very mountainous, as the scarp of the Abyssinian plateau is here ascended, and the camels had to be exchanged for mules. It took a month to traverse the 300 miles separating Harar from Menelik's capital, Adis Abeba, and before they reached it he had left it with his army to receive the submission of Ras Mangascia. This news they received by the telephone from Harar to Adis Abeba, constructed by a Franco-Russian company in which Menelik is a shareholder, but by their account kept in very bad repair. Ivory caravans were constantly passed on the road, as well as political missions conducted by French or Russians, and a few French missionaries. On reaching the Abyssinian capital, on January 22, they were received by Captain Harrington, the British Resident, who has been there for about two years. His residence consists of a couple of large tents and several smaller ones enclosed in a turf-walled compound.

The Abyssinian capital [said Dr. Reginald Koettlitz, surgeon to the expedition, in an interview with Reuter's agent] is about five miles square, and consists of an agglomeration of round thatched huts made of bamboo and grass, without windows or chimney. The better-class houses are surrounded by stockades. Menelik's so-called palace is merely a collection of somewhat larger houses of the same type. He is now having a few stone houses constructed by Indian workmen.

The Russians have established a large hospital and medical establishment at Adis Abeba with several medical men in charge. British prestige was found to be much enhanced by the Fashoda settlement, with the history of which Menelik was well acquainted. Lord Lovat and Mr. Weld-Blundell started with a fresh caravan in pursuit of Menelik, whom they found in a vast camp of thousands of tents occupying a high hill enveloped in mist and fog during their stay. Having received the Imperial authorisation for their further journey, they resumed it on March 2, proceeding due west and north-west through an entirely unknown country full of lions and elephants. The British outposts on the Blue Nile were reached after traversing an intermediate zone, under the rule of an Arab, inhabited by people very anxious for British protection against Abyssinian raids.

The Abyssinian Lourdes.—Dr. Koettlitz gave an interesting description of his visit to the sacred mountain of Zuquala, forty miles from the capital, and containing in its truncated cone, 10,000 feet high, a crater lake less than a mile long, credited with universal healing virtue. The adjoining springs are dedicated to Our Lady, and numbers of churches and hermitages are hidden in the forest which clothes the mountain. The diseased are carried in litters to the lake shore, and bathed in its waters, which must on no account be used for ordinary purposes. There are also crannies in the rocks through which it is regarded as an act of devotion to squeeze oneself, and a tree with a triple trunk is revered as an emblem of the Trinity, and hung with trinkets and rags as votive offerings.

Court Life in Abyssinia.—Captain Harrington, British Diplomatic Agent in Abyssinia, gave Reuter's representative some interesting details of the Negus and his Court, while declining to be "drawn" on political matters. Menelik's palace, called "Ghebi," occupying the centre of his capital, is an enclosure of nearly two miles in circumference, divided into a number of compounds containing the chapel,

audience-halls, private apartments, and other buildings. The throne, presented by the French Government, is an imposing structure in the form of a couch covered with silk damask, and roofed by a canopy of red and gold, somewhat like a four-post bed. The audience-room is built of stone with a concrete floor, and measures 150 feet by 50 feet. The Empress Taitu attaches much more importance to etiquette than Menelik, who rides out with little state attended by a few officers. He follows foreign news with deep interest, receiving cuttings from all the principal European newspapers. One of the most characteristic sights of Adis Abeba is the "ghibr," or bi-weekly banquet given in the throne-room every Sunday and Thursday to the soldiers in the capital. A meal excellently cooked in European style having first been served to Menelik and his foreign guests, the curtain screening them off from the rest of the hall is drawn aside, and they see the great space filled to the utmost capacity with officers and soldiers to the number of as many as 8000, all seated on the floor, and devouring their food in Abyssinian fashion, which generally consists in seizing a large slice of raw meat with the teeth, and cutting it off close to the lips with knife or sword. The guests succeed each other in relays through the afternoon, taking their places without any ceremony or etiquette. All the troops are armed with modern rifles, and have about a dozen Maxims and mitrailleuses. The number under arms at any given time is doubtless fluctuating, though Menelik has introduced some permanent form of military service, but he can on an emergency summon at least 100,000 men to his standard. The capital is nothing more than a vast encampment, formed of thousands of tents and *tukuls*, or grass huts, which are the Abyssinian dwelling. The British Residency is as yet but an assemblage of similar structures, amid which the European officials live in tents pending the erection of a house. The mission consists of an assistant-surgeon from India, two interpreters, an escort of four Indian and five Sudanese soldiers, and a large retinue of Indian and Abyssinian servants.

The Eastern Himalayas.—Major L. A. Waddell's book ("Among the Himalayas." Westminster: Archibald Constable. 1899) fills a blank in literature as the first devoted to those mountains since the appearance of Hooker's Journals, written about half a century ago. Their vast altitude is best measured in a single view from Senchal above Darjeeling, commanding at one glance "an elevation of the earth's surface of considerably over five miles of vertical height." It is as if we were to imagine "Mont Blanc rearing its full height

abruptly from the sea shore, bearing on its summit Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, and above all that two Snowdons, one on the top of the other, and were able at one glance to take in all these four superposed mountains." Kanchen-junga, crowned with 13,000 feet of snow, rears its stupendous bulk 27,000 feet high in the immediate foreground, while Mount Everest in Nepal, the highest mountain on the earth's surface, is among the semicircle of icy peaks girdling half the horizon. The effect of the colossal protuberance of the Himalayas on the symmetry of the planet is so great as not only to deflect the plumb-line towards it, but also to attract the sea so as to pull it several hundreds of feet up its sides. The Eastern Himalayas rise much more abruptly from the plains than the western part of the range, since there are no foot-hills, and the ascent of their cliff-like buttresses starts from a level of but 300 feet above the sea. Sikkim, whose name is interpreted to mean "The Land of Mountain Crests," is compared by the author to a stupendous stairway hewn out of the western border of the Tibetan plateau by glaciers and great rivers, and leading down to the Indian plains with a fall of about 17,000 feet in 100 miles. The aborigines of the mountains, the timid and gentle Lepchas, have been gradually ousted from the higher and healthier sites by the advance of the stalwart and turbulent Bhotiyas, as all the Tibetan-speaking races are called, and now inhabit the hot valleys and jungles, while the latter occupy the higher slopes and pastures. The policy of the British Government has been to attract Nepalese settlers to their territory, so as at once to reinforce the scanty population by a more progressive element, and to make it a recruiting ground for the Gurkha regiments. The latter are Hindus, though of Mongol origin, and holding less strictly to caste than their co-religionists of the plains. Lepchas and Bhotiyas are Buddhists, but of a perverted type, with an intermingling of aboriginal spirit worship.

Catholic Missionary on the Tibetan Border.—Major Waddell tells us how at Pedong, on the road from Darjeeling to Tibet, he encamped near the little chapel of Father Desgodins, who, after having for twenty years conducted a mission within Tibetan territory on the borders of China, was driven out by the Lamas, who razed his church and other buildings to the ground. He then settled within British territory on the high road to Tibet, carrying on educational work with a small staff of assistants, and lithographing tracts for distribution among the Tibetan traders.

One cannot but admire [says the author] the self-sacrifice of these men, who have given up their lives entirely to this humanising work, to labour here without salary and on a bare subsistence that affords them little better food than the poorest native; for they choose to die here among their life's work without ever thinking of returning, like most missionaries, to home-life in Europe. It is a pity that they have not more striking results to show for their labours. Yet it is something to accomplish the deliverance even of a few individuals from the constant terror of malignant spirits under which these poor natives labour. And there are not a few of their flock who regard these benefactors with the same mingled feelings of reverence and love as the Irish peasant expresses towards his pastor, the "Soggarth Aroon" of the song.

Results of Colonel Martyr's Expedition.—The solid result of Colonel Martyr's expedition northward from Uganda has been to lengthen by 180 miles the chain of British outposts along the Nile, leaving only a gap of 350 miles between Rejaf and Fashoda which is not effectively occupied. While there is clear waterway for 200 miles of that distance, 120 at the Fashoda and 80 at the Rejaf end, the river for the intervening 150 miles north of Shambeh is blocked by vegetation, converting it into a vast swamp. Through this obstacle it should be possible to cut a navigable channel, such as was always kept clear in Sir Samuel Baker's and Gordon's time. Mr. Willcocks, in his work on "Egyptian Irrigation," suggests that by the planting of willows along the banks the growth of aquatic vegetation might be counteracted, but some more immediate remedy might be applied in the meantime which should at least render the river available for navigation.

Nova et Vetera,

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS PREPARED FOR CONFESSiON.

AT the present time, when the minds of so many of our countrymen are occupied with the Ritual controversy, and with that other, reaching much deeper down, concerning the practice of Confession, it may not be amiss to show how our and their forefathers in pre-Reformation days examined their consciences in preparation for approaching this divine ordinance for the healing of their sin-stricken souls.

The original of the document from which we give extracts is in Harl. MS. 172, No. 4, ff. 11 sqq., and in the opening sentence affords internal evidence that it was compiled somewhere in the Winchester diocese, from its reference to St. Benedict, but above all to SS. Swithin and Birinus. There are, of course, many such forms to be found in various collections of manuscripts, which it is unnecessary to specify here. The late Mr. Wm. Maskell, in his "Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ" (Vol. III. p. 293), has made a somewhat shorter "form of confession," or, to be more exact, "examination of conscience," accessible to the ordinary student, taken from a "Prymer of Salysbury use . . . newly enprynted at Rouen, 1538." The "form" has prefixed to it an instruction by way of question and answer, on the sacrament of penance, but there is no reference to the articles of faith as will be found in the accompanying transcript. Another "form" has been printed by Mr. J. F. Nicholls in "Bristol Past and Present" (Vol. II. pp. 183-84), extracted from a MS. in the Bristol City Library, which is a volume of homilies composed, or at least transcribed, by one or more of the brethren of St. Mark's Hospital in that city, and is dated 1502. The one here printed most probably belongs to about the same date. The Bristol confession in length and matter is not unlike that given by Mr. Maskell, but in certain phraseologies is even more akin to that in Harl. MS. 172. This latter furnishes indications that the practice in that day was to approach Holy Communion during the somewhat lengthy intervals that elapsed between confession and confession (unless, of course, the soul was burdened with mortal sin), in the same way as frequent communi-

cants are in the habit of doing at the present time with the sanction or advice of their confessors.

It serves a further purpose: it is a compendium of the Catholic doctrine and practice of the age to which it belongs; and, as we might naturally expect, is but a reflex of what prevails amongst us to-day.

The following extracts will convey an idea of the manner in which examination of conscience and confession were made:

Confiteor Deo celi et beate Marie beato Benedicto et omnibus sanctis eius et vobis, &c.

I knowlege me gilty un to god and to oure lady seynt Marye. To seynt Benett seynt Byryn and to seynt Swythune. and to all the holy company of heuene and to you my gostly fader beyng in goddys stede. of all that I have. offendyd and synnede inne sythe the tyme that I was bore and toke the name of Cryste in my crystondome un to thys tyme. And specyally of that I have synnede inne sythe the laste tyme that I was reconysled.

I have wyllfully offendyde and synned ih all the viij dedely synnes. and in all the braunches and spyces that spryngethe of them. brekyng of the X cōmaudemēts. and in myspendyng of my v wyttes bothe bodily and goostly. nother fulfylled the werkes of mercy bodily nor goostly. nor other giftes of grace. suche as almyghty god hathe endewyde me w'all.

Specyally that I have synnede in prydē bothe bodily and goostly. be Imaginacyon howe that I myght make me plesaunte un to the world by all man(er) of Rayments that longede to my wrecchide body. Beyng obstatine. and Inobedyente un to the lawes of almyghty God; thenkyng be myn owne deservynge that I have deservyde the vertues that god hathe lente me of hys hyghe grace. That ys to seye. ffayrnnes. beaute. vertue. kunnynge. Havyng ryches. possessions. golde. sylver. good catayle. And the ryches whiche God have sende me. I have dyspendyde hit in veynglorye of the worlde. and in pompe and prydē. whereas hit nedyd nott, but dyspendyde the worldys good agayne goddys pleasure. and a gayns the helthe of my soule. Also I have be proude in herte. in beryng of countenaunce ayens myn evyne crystene. proude of lordshipe of ladyshippe. of maystershipe. of kyne. or of allyaunce. proude of love or favor of my evyn crysten. by the whiche I have exaltd myselfe in prydē. Also in ypcrysye I have synned. that is to seye I have bene hooly outwarde un to the worldly pepul. and fals and fykelle in wards to god. Wherefore I beseke god of mercy. and forgiuenes of all the circūstaunce of the stynkyng synne of prydē. for his grete pyte and you my goostly fadys here i goddys stede.

Also in Ire that I have bene Irefulle. wrothe. hasty. and Angry out of charyte. un to myne evyne crysten. thorughe my defaute and caused them to be oute of charyte be my hastynes. by the whiche I have be cursyde and also I have bannyd the creatures of god and have desynd to venge my cause or the dethe. or ellis harme or shame or losse of good or worshippe. All these and many moo I wold have bene glade i myne Irefull herte that myght have beene bene p(er)formede. and not have forgivene hem. as I wolde have had forgiuenes of Jhū Cryste at the dredefull daye of dome. but p(er)severyd ther in. and not put hit onzt lyghtlye fro my herte as hit come inne. for love of my lord god and helthe of my soule. wherfor I cry god m(er)cy.

Also I have synned in Envy. I have bene envyous un to myn evy
crystē bothe to mene and to wȳmen. that have done ayens my entente.
I have be busy bothe to say and to doo ayansse ther ētent. backebytyngē
them sclaunderynge them seyinge be hynde theyre backys that I wold
[not] sey before them. and have sayde other wyse of them than I wold. than
I wold they shuld have seyde of me. Also I have bene evyll payede of
ther welfare and well payede of ther evylle fare. or losse of ther worshippe,
good or catayle. Also I have be glad to here evyll talys, sclaundres,
backbytynges of such creatures that I have not lovyde in my herte and
ēresid hit. gyvynge counceyle w^t word helpe and concente ayens ther
worshippe loss of good or catayle. Also be my envyous harte I have
bene welle payede that my creature have be more cherysshde w^t lord or
lady or w^t eny other good frende than I of this and al other I crye god
mercye.

Also I have bene slowe in godlys s(er)vise and neclitent to pray and
for to goo to the churche in dewe tyme displesid the cōmaundemēts of
the churche. loth to here the worde of god. Nother enprentyde hit
nouzt in my  and bare hit awey. and wrouzt ther aftyr. Also I have
bene slowe to ryse and pray. slowe to fulfil the vij werkys of mercy.
slowe to fulfil my penaunce w^t almesdede. cōtrycion. and satisfacyon.
Also I be slowe unto vertue. and redy unto vice. Slowe to worshippe
my fader and my modyr bodily and gostly. and not deservyde ther
blessyngē at alle tymes as me ought to doo. but have bene Inobedyente
un to them. dysplesid the. and angrid them be my folye. Also I have
not seyd my prayers as I was bounde dystynkely w^t devocyon of herte
wher of I crye god m(er)cy and askē forgifnes.

Also I have synned i covetyse. I have temptide my god w^t unresonaby^l
desire. I have covet for to be fayrer streng(er) or of moo v(ir)tues. and
have desyred kuūyng where as I lytell or no thynge wold laboure there
fore. Also I have covett gold sylver catell. londes. rents. and other
mennys goodes wrongefully and have desyred veyn glorye of the
worlde. more than heavenly Ryches. Also I have desyred the deth of
my evyn crystene for ther worldly good or ryches. and sworne grete
othys for myn owne good. What tyme as poore peple wold have hadde
recreacyon ther of. other to lend or to geve. Also I have not cherysshed
and holpe them whiche hadde nede. but have be overe large i spending
un to suche as nedyd nott. To mynstrallys to jogolers agayne cōscience.
all only for vaynglorie of the worlde. Wherore I crye almyghty god
m(er)cy.

After the seven deadly sins, the examination turns upon the ten
commandments. The following extract will show how they were
dealt with :

Also I knowe myself gilti in brekyngē of the X cōmaundemēts.
Furste that I have not worshippede my lord god above alle creatury^s
w^t all my herte and strengthe and w^t alle my dyligence. but have
worshippede more other than hym. whiche bought me on the rode tre.
Wherore I crye god mercye.

The seconde that I have take hys name in veyne and sworne many
gretē othes by him or by oure lady. or by any parte of god. or by ony
seynte in hevene. or wrongfully agayn godlys byddynge where of I askē
god mercye.

The thryde ys that I have not kepte and holdyne my holyday as I
shuld have done in clennes and holynes fro synnes. also I have not

gyven good exsample of prayer and almesdede and other leefulle werkys accordyng for the tyme un to my evene crystene . but have done clene the cōtrarye. Where of I crye god m(er)eye.

The iii^{the} ys that I have not wyrchipped my fader and my moder . bodyli and gostely . that is to say I have not worshipped them heire in thys worlde . nother deservyde theys blesyngs . but ofte tymes displeside them be my obstynate wylle. Also I have nott worshipped my goostlye faders . and my godfaders as I ought to have doo . nother prayed for them. Wherefore I crye god m(er)eye.

Also I have nott fulfilede the vij werkys of mercy bodyli nor gostly as I was bounde and shulde have I do . that ys to say I have not fedde the hungry. Nor gevene drynke to the thursty. Nor clotheude the naked. Nor harborede them that were harborowles. Nor visytede them that were in pryson. Nor cofortede them that were seeke. Nor holpe to bery the dede bodyes that hadde nott where of to doo hit with the alle. None of theses have I observede to my power and where that hath the taylede. I have nott hadde at alle tymes ther to good wylle . wherby god myght have be plesyde. Wherefore I cry god m(er)eye . and am sorye ther of.

Also I knowe me gilty that I have nott be stedfaste in the xij artycles of the feythe the whiche be cōteynede in the crede. I have nott sadly and fully belevede in them as a trewe crysten creature ought for to doo. But have be varyante and unstabull in the feythe of holy chyrche . and belevede wichecrafte . sorcery and dremys . the whiche bethe agayne the doctryne and tecchyng of alle holy churche. Of these poyntrys and alle other that I have mysbelevyd or mysstrowyd . and have many tymes receyvede the holy Sacrement Crystis holy body unworthily . not in clene lyff as a trewe crysten creature shulde. Wherefore I cry god Intyerly mercye and mekely aske forgyfnes.

Also I have nott worshipped the vij sacramentis. That is to say . matrimonij . baptisme . ordre of prestehode. The sacrament of the auter . Penaunce . Confirmacyō . and the laste Anoyntyng. Where as I have . nott doo my dewte and parte i mynistracyon of the seyde sacraments astur the lawe un to them that I was bounde but have bene fulle necligente in doyngs of them. And also I have nott hadde soo myche sorowe and cōtrycione in my herte for my synne as I shulde have hadde by the wyll of our lorde . and not dewly and trewly fulylyde the penaunce for my synne as I shuld and was enjoynede be my gostly fadry to make satisfaccyon therfore . to the heithe of my soule and pleasure of god. Wherefore I cry god m(er)eye &c.

From this the examination passes to the use of the five senses :

Also I have myspendyde my v bodyli wyttes . that ys to say . heryng . seeyng . smellyng . touchinge and tastinge.

Finally, it concludes with a profession of faith :

There be the xiiiij artycles of the feythe in holy chyrche . of the whiche vij longethe un to the godhede . and vij un to the manhede. The furste artyle ys to beleve in god . that ys to seye . there ys noo god but one onlye.

The seconde ys to beleve stedfastly in the fadry almyghty.

The iij^{de} ys to beleve in the sone that ys the same god passyng forthe fro the fadry.

The iiiij^{the} ys to beleve in the holy goste not getyne and eythere passyngē forthe and the same god.

The v^{the} ys to beleve that he made bothe hevene and erthe of nouȝt and alle that ys ther inne.

The vij^{the} ys to beleve in the vij sacramēts of holy Chyrche.

The vij^{the} ys to beleve in the ev(er)lastyng lyff.

The furste ys to beleve in the Incarnacyō of Jhū Cryste.

The secunde ys to beleve in the Concepçyon of Jhū Cryste.

The iij^{de} ys to beleve in the passyō of Jhū Cryste.

The iij^{the} ys to beleve the descendyngē of the holy goste downe unto helle to take hem thens whiche was hys wylle.

The v^{the} ys to beleve verayli that he rose from dethe to lyff on the thryde day.

The vij^{the} ys to beleve in the verraye ascensyon of oure lorde Jhū Cryste to heven and there abydethe ev(er)more.

The vij^{the} ys to beleve in the comynge of oure lord Jhū Cryste for to deme both quycke and dede . and they that have doo well . shalle goo to evyr lastyngē blysse : and the other whiche have done evylle . shalle goo to evyr lastyngē Payne. God save us alle ther fro. And in alle theyse offences that I have trespayd inne and have rehersyde . or wolde yf they come to mynde be confessyde of . as by thought worde and werke . furste unto god . and to myn evyne crysten . slepyngē or wakynge . day ornyght . sythe I was cōcēyyde in synne . and borne of my moder . by cōtynuaunce un to the mynute of thyss oure. I beseche almyghty Jhū . and hys modys oure lady seynt Marye . and all the cōpanye of hevene and you my gostly fader in goddys stede of mercye and of forgiñnes . and also penaunce and absolucyon for charyte. **X** Sic ego peccator peccavi nimis . in corde ore et opere omissione mea culpa . ideo gloriosam mariam et omēs sanctos Dei et vos orare pro me.

H. N. BIRT.

Notices of Books.

Philosophie de la Connaissance de l'Ame. Par A. GRATRY, Prêtre de l'Oratoire. Cinquième édition. Tome Premier, pp. 366. Tome Second, pp. 441. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol; P. Téqui, successeur, 29 Rue de Tournon. 1898.

To say that this work contains many excellent thoughts is to say what every one knows. The treatise has been long before the public. It is a copy not of the first but of the fifth edition which lies before us now. We think, however, that the present would enjoy a distinct advantage over previous editions if the author's long note on pp. 284, 285 of the first volume had been omitted. The author here quotes a proposition to the effect that all natural knowledge of the truth is a direct and immediate vision of God Himself, not only without absolute condemnation, but even with a certain approval. Indeed, he goes so far as to assert that provided it be understood that this vision of God is an implicit and instinctive vision, and a vision without knowledge, the proposition expresses not only his own conviction, but also the teaching of all the Fathers. It is scarcely necessary for us to warn our readers of the Ontological character of the proposition, or to point out to them that it most emphatically does not express the teaching of the Fathers.

Intimations of Heaven and other Poems. By HORACE EATON WALKER. Claremont, N.Y.: Geo. J. Putnam & Co.

A FLASH of optimism from time to time is healthy and invigorating in our over-driven age. But we doubt whether the irrepressible cheerfulness of this somewhat lengthy poem will have the result which the author certainly desired. The "Heaven," of which he gives us "Intimations," seems, at first sight, to be rather of the kind that would be proposed as the final aim of a devout Mohammedan, so crowded are the earlier stanzas with "flowery wreaths," "joyous brides," and "rippling golden hair," the colour of the latter being, doubtless, a concession to Northern taste. Our poet has

evidently the most laudable desire to inspire confidence in the bliss of heaven from the consideration of the joys of earth, but the wings of his Muse are weighted with a good deal of terrestrial clay, and the prison fails to suggest a palace.

The rest of the volume is filled with a dramatic fragment, "The Lady of Santa Rosa," and one or two short poems. We live in days of freedom, and our poet dwells in a land of liberty; but is not poetical licence stretched to lawlessness when we find such lines as the following?—

Love's aberration 'ation (!)
Is in her lovely eye . . .

Striving after Perfection. A Treatise addressed especially to Religious. From the Latin of Father JOSEPH BANNA, S.J. Benziger Brothers.

THIS little treatise is written in a style which closely resembles that of the "Imitation." This rather tends to diminish its value by suggesting inevitable contrasts. We think, however, that it will be found useful by religious persons. We may quote a few lines to give an idea of the whole treatise :

My son, a variety of things stand in your way in striving for perfection.

Some darken your understanding; others weaken your will-power; others, again, seduce you to sloth and inaction by working on your exterior senses.

* * * * *

It is a great prudence to mistrust one's self, and to catch all the attacks of the enemy on a strange shield.

Very meritorious are humble manifestations of one's interior goodwill to advance and pliant docility. Exceedingly strong is he that has a defender at his side: "A brother that is helped by his brother is like a strong city."

The grace of God makes the humble and simple strong; and what is foolish according to the judgment of the world, God has selected to confound the strength of Satan.

Reconciliation by Incarnation. By D. W. SIMON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street. 1898. Pp. 387.

THIS book contains much able writing, but it also contains views which, as we believe and hope, even many Protestant divines would reject as heretical. Not only is the Lord declared to have been in His incarnate state unconscious of His divine power and

knowledge, but it is further asserted that even apart from the Incarnation there are limits to the divine knowledge. Dr. Simon would seem to postulate God's ignorance of man's free actions till those actions are performed as a necessary condition of man's freedom. "In presence of man, to a certain extent, even the great God condescends to wait; nay more, has Himself so ordained things that He must wait, inquiring, what will he (man) do ?" (p. 287). There are various passages throughout the work in which the author repudiates the doctrine of pantheism, and yet there are passages (pp. 308, 309) which are not easily to be distinguished from pantheistic statements.

L'Esthétique du Dogme Chrétien. By R. P. JULES SOUBEN.
Paris : P. Lethielleux.

THIS little volume is a welcome addition to the Bibliothèque Philosophique which M. Lethielleux is issuing. It is not possible for every one to be a specialist, but most people like to be well informed. When an astronomer or a chemist writes a popular manual of his science, he is sure to find a wide circle of readers whose sympathy and interest are awakened in his pursuits. It is a reproach to theologians, and a misfortune too, that they hardly ever attempt the like. Our religious knowledge too often finds its way to the corners of the mind occupied by the Euclid and Algebra learned at school, simply because it has never been presented to us in a form which enables us to feed our imagination upon it.

The volume before us does a good deal towards supplying the want of a popular manual of theology. It consists of a number of short papers in which the beauties of theological science are set forth. To quote the author's own words :

Voici le plan que j'ai suivi. J'analyse un à un tous les dogmes du christianisme en faisant ressortir la beauté spéciale que chacun d'eux manifeste et je m'efforce de présenter une image réelle de la beauté que la pratique de sa morale produit en l'âme du chrétien. Puis, dans une conclusion rapide, je trace un tableau d'ensemble du christianisme au point de vue dogmatique, moral et social, montrant comment la religion chrétienne en poursuivant le bien a naturellement engendré le beau.

A notable feature of the book is its quotations. The writer has purposely avoided citing passages from authors, Bossuet excepted, whose names are household words. He gives instead a number of choice passages from unfamiliar sources. We may especially call attention to those printed in one of the appendices on mathematics and the illustration which these sciences afford of the "adequation"

between the mind of man and the universe. One of these passages contains the best popular exposition we have met with of the Pythagorean doctrine that numbers regulate the world. There is also in another appendix a very striking extract, from a French philosophical writer, on the Scotist opinion that the Incarnation would have taken place even if there had been no Fall.

The author's treatment of the different dogmas is a little unequal. In the chapter on the Trinity, for example, he shows considerable power as an expounder in popular language of abstruse philosophical ideas. In treating of other doctrines he, perhaps, fastens too much on their less difficult and less obscure aspects. The consequence is that we miss that pervading sense of the mysterious which Cardinal Newman knew so well how to convey to his readers or hearers. In religious writings the sense of the mysterious does more than anything else to beget the sense of reality. Dante's teacher, Beatrice, gazed at the sun without flinching, but she was not of this earth. Father Souben has introduced us to the admirable symmetry of theology. When he reaches a second edition he will, perhaps, tell us more of its heights and its depths than he has yet done. The sublime and the mysterious are Christianity's special contributions to *Aesthetics*.

X. X.

La Nouvelle Monadologie. Par CH. RENOUVIER and L. PRAT.
Paris: Armand Colin et Cie., Éditeurs, 5, Rue de Mézières.
Pp. 546.

THE authors of this work, which covers almost the entire field of philosophy, are of opinion that if the Church adopts the system which they here set forth and advocate much harm will be undone and much good be done. Hitherto the Church has misunderstood not only the nature, but also the function of philosophy. But, even at this late day, if the Church is willing to learn, our authors are willing to teach :

La loi morale et les croyances d'ordre rationnel et général, dont la loi morale est le fondement, réclament la prééminence et le droit de contrôle sur tout ce qu'une théologie spéculative emprunte et consacre pour l'éclaircissement de ses points de foi proprement religieuse. La théologie scolaistique, qui s'impose encore, abusivement, à la foi chrétienne, s'est tristement éloignée de la raison et de la justice dans la philosophie qu'elle a compilée pour son usage et pour être sa servante (*ancilla theologiae*). Le christianisme pourrait, sans rien abandonner de ce qui est de son essence, trouver dans une théodicée comme la notre, enfin échappée aux errements du froid optimisme philosophique autant qu'éloignée du symbolisme odieux des grands docteurs orthodoxes, une ressource dont l'Église devrait mieux sentir le besoin pour remédier à la caducité de ses dogmes et rendre la vie à son enseignement.

But perhaps our authors have too readily assumed the "caducity" of the Church's dogmas !

X.

Libellus Fidei: exhibens decreta dogmatica et alia documenta ad "Tractatum de Fide" pertinentia. Edidit BERNARDUS GAUDEAU, S.J. Paris : Lethielleux.

FATHER Gaudeau, who was formerly Professor of Dogmatics in the Roman College, and now fills the same chair in the Catholic University of Paris, has merited the thanks of every theological student by this useful compilation. It is a collection of all the dogmatic decisions which are connected with the treatise "De Fide," arranged in chronological order, beginning with the Apostles' creed, and ending with the condemned propositions of Rosmini (1887).

The work is as new in plan as it is admirable in lucidity of arrangement, and will become an indispensable addition to the library of every divine, whether in the seminary or outside. No less than 260 pages are devoted to the nineteenth century, and of these the Constitution of the Vatican Council with its *schemata* and amendments occupy 140.

The student will find collected here the majestic series of the definitions of the teaching Church throughout the ages, now proclaiming a dogma of the faith, now crushing with her condemnation the errors of some upstart heresy or some too daring thinker. Certainly the activity of the Church has not declined in our age: this book only consists of 365, so that two-thirds of its contents date from our own century. One reason of this seeming disproportion is that the Vatican Council, as we have seen, has been treated with exceptional fulness, its documents forming the best of treatises, *de fide*. The spread and persistence of Protestant heresy necessitated an extraordinary increase in the Church's vigilance: the dogmatic decrees previous to the Council of Trent fill hardly forty pages of this work, all the rest is occupied with the Church's efforts against various forms of Protestant unbelief.

Y.

Un Apôtre. Le Père de l'Hermite des Missionnaires Oblats de Marie Immaculée. Par le R. P. MARIUS DEVÈS, de la même Congrégation. Paris : Delhomme et Briguet.

IN this biography Père Devès gives us a vivid picture of a good Oblate Father whom he calls "a perfect model of a priest, missionary and religious."

The Père l'Hermite came of an illustrious race, his family claiming to be the direct lineal descendants of Pierre l'Ermité, better known to English readers as Peter the Hermit. It is certainly rather a shock to one's feelings to learn that this famous personage was neither monk nor hermit, but a noble who left a numerous posterity behind him; nor indeed does it appear that the fact is fully proved, but the family l'Hermite have many arguments in favour of their claim, which has been allowed, by the way, by such exacting critics as the heralds of Philip II. and Philip IV. of Spain, and was acknowledged by Louis XIV. himself. The family traditions state that Pierre, after the death of his wife Béatrix de Roussy, became a priest, and retired for a time into a solitude in the neighbourhood of Liege. He emerged from thence to make his celebrated pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which was the occasion of his preaching the first crusade.

Marc de l'Hermite had all the zeal and the fiery energy of his famous ancestor. A saintly youth prepared him for a fruitful apostleship. His devotion to Mary led him irresistibly to the novitiate of Notre Dame de l'Osier and the Congregation of the Oblates of the Immaculate Virgin. His whole life was spent in active ministry, save the last few years when the duties of a high charge in his congregation chained him to his desk in their house at Paris, a sacrifice which was very painful to him. He was Superior there at the time of the expulsion of the religious from France, and we have a vivid picture of his reception of the *gendsarmes* who broke into the house—a picture half pathetic, half ludicrous, and wholly French. This expulsion seems to have broken his heart, and he did not long survive it. He has left an indelible impression of fervent zeal and untiring self-sacrifice.

One of his chief spheres of work was the famous Sanctuary of Notre-Dame-de-Cléry near Orleans, where he worked incessantly and successfully in conjunction with Bishop Dupanloup, to restore the fallen glories of that ancient shrine. He re-established the pilgrimage there, and had the joy of seeing twenty thousand pilgrims come on one day, from all parts of France, to assist at the solemn coronation of the holy image. An even more celebrated sanctuary was confided to his care, that of St. Martin of Tours. Here he and his Oblates became the restorers of the *cultus* of St. Martin, thus justifying the choice of the venerable Archbishop Mgr. Guibert, who had confided the ruined sanctuary to their care.

His work among the poor was even more noteworthy and more blessed. His name will ever be held in benediction among the poor

of Paris, where for fifteen years he organised and carried on wonderful works of charity. The book is written in an interesting and lively style, and cannot fail to do good.

La Russie et l'Union des Eglises. C. TONDINI DE QUARENghi.
Paris: P. Lethielleux. Pp. 188. Price 2f. 50c.

FATHER TONDINI DE QUARENghi has long made the affairs of the Russian church a subject of special study; and during the past five-and-twenty years many books and pamphlets, of different character and various value, on this and other kindred topics have issued from his busy pen. And now that the religious "Eastern Question" has entered on a new phase with the recent utterances and acts of the Holy Father, it is only meet that the voice of this veteran apostle of reunion should be once more heard in the land. The little book before us is, indeed, of a somewhat humbler character than some of his earlier writings; but it is by no means the least in importance. Originally written in Italian, it has now, like most of the author's other publications, appealed to a wider audience in a French version. It is not, properly speaking, a work of controversy, and is apparently addressed in the first instance to Catholics, rather than to Russian readers.

The main purpose of the writer is to explain the attitude of Russia on this question of reunion with Rome. When we read the Holy Father's Encyclical on this subject, or when we heard of the subsequent appointment of a special commission on the affairs of the Eastern churches, we naturally asked ourselves, What will come of it? what will Russia say? is there any hope or prospect of reunion? And we turn to Fr. Tondini's pages to find some welcome light thrown on these anxious questions. His work is the more valuable because the author does not attempt to play the prophet, or confine himself to the expression of hopes or fears for the future, but keeps rather to the actual facts of the present. And when he seeks to ascertain the attitude of the Russian authorities he betakes himself to the most authentic sources.

Shortly after the appearance of the Encyclical *Praeclara gratulationis*, a remarkable work was issued from the office of the *Tserkovnya Viedomosti*, the organ of the Holy Synod. It consisted of a Russian version of the Encyclical itself, followed by three articles by way of rejoinder—viz. (1) an examination of the Encyclical by General Kireieff; (2) an article on the meaning of the proposed union by Professor Lopukhin; and (3) an earlier paper from the Greek of

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2 G

Professor Diomèdes Kiriaki, on the probable results of union with Rome.

Father Tondini gives us an analysis of this answer of the Easterns to the appeal of Pope Leo ; and finding that one of its chief elements is a distrust of the promised protection of the Russian rite, he goes on to tell the sad story of the Uniat Ruthenians, which certainly goes far to explain the existence of this fatal misgiving. It is true that some of these same facts are susceptible of a different reading, and some writers cite them as an instance of the harm done by the diversity of rite. But those who have faced the question frankly and fairly will probably agree that the mischief was largely due to a mistaken policy, and to the misguided zeal of Catholics more Latin than Rome herself.

The little book, we may add, contains a supplementary chapter on the subject of the calendar, and on the movement in favour of introducing the Gregorian reform into Russia and other Eastern nations. This question, we are reminded, will enter on a new phase next year, when the centennial omission of the Bissextile will add another day to the difference between the two styles, and accentuate the need of reform. To the proposed unification of the calendars, some would wish to add a further reform, and make Easter a fixed instead of a movable feast. Our author apparently favours this proposal ; but, in spite of its advantages, the change will probably meet with considerable opposition.

W. H. K.

Victim to the Seal of Confession. A true story by the Rev.
J. SPILLMAN, S.J. Pp. 324. Herder.

THIS claims to be a true story not only on the ground that the chief incidents have occurred and may occur again, but also that the chief character in the drama is actually *in terrâ viventium*. We may well hope and believe, however, that such things but seldom happen. The victim is a young priest, and the villain is his sacristan who murders an old lady for gold, and immediately after confesses his sin to the priest, flees from the country, and leaves his master, a victim to the seal of confession, to bear the awful consequences of a combination of suspicious circumstances. What these consequences are, and how they end happily if somewhat tamely at last, we must leave to the reader to discover. As a literary effort this book can hardly be commended ; its style is crude and laboured, and it fails altogether to arouse our sympathy with any of the characters ; in fact, we finish our perusal of it without feeling any personal acquaintance

with any one of them. It is, in short, somewhat wearisome, and, in spite of its tragic incidents, wanting in interest. As a very respectable and edifying moral tale which may, we need not say, be safely placed in the hands of the good young person, it may well be recommended.

X.

La S. Congrégation du Concile, son histoire, sa procédure, son autorité. Par L'ABBE R. PARAYVE, Dr. en droit Can. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. 424. 8vo. Price 5fr.

THE author is a member of the "Studio" of the Council, which is a class of young theologians who assemble on the Wednesday preceding the sessions of the Congregation, under the presidency of the Cardinal Prefect, of the Secretary, or of the Auditor. They have the privilege of using the documents and library of the Congregation, and they are furnished with the full account of each case decided; they report upon it, and discuss it; and thus gain a complete knowledge of the methods of the Congregation, as well as practice in affairs. M. Parayve has used his opportunities well. He gives us the history of the Congregation of the Council, its administration, and its powers. The book is less useful in England, since any English cases which go to the Congregation of the Council are simply remitted to it by that of Propaganda; but as a study of Canon law and procedure it is worth reading. The authority of the decrees of the Congregation is discussed with great fulness, and the opinion is strongly upheld that the "extensive" as well as the "comprehensive" or explicatory decisions of the Council have the force of law for the whole Church.

J.

De l'habitation du Saint-Esprit dans les âmes justes, d'après la doctrine de St. Thomas d'Aquin. Par le R. P. BARTHÉLEMY FROGET, O.P. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. 300.

THE exposition of St. Thomas's doctrine as to the inhabitation of the Holy Spirit in the souls of the just appears to be as admirably correct as it is clear and forcible in its reasoning. We are, on the whole, on the side of the reverend Dominican against the adversaries whom he successively overthrows, though in some cases he certainly makes the worst of their doctrines. The subject is so lofty and so spiritual that the book is almost fit for spiritual reading, although it is from beginning to end scholastic and controversial. But we can only say "almost fit"; for though the expression is very

clear, the matter is too technical for the use of any who have not studied theology; and the writer is too lengthy and thorough-going to be at any time suggestive or pithy. We regret, therefore, that he did not compress his matter into a theological treatise of a less diffuse character, or else simplify as well as shorten it into a book of devotional reading on a dogmatic subject, such as is greatly needed at the present day. At present it seems to be neither the one thing nor the other; its usefulness is therefore greatly narrowed.

X.

Sacra Liturgia. Tomus i. *Tractatus de officio divino seu de Horis Canonis, ad usum alumnorum Seminarii Archiepiscopalis Mechlinensis, opera J. F. VAN DER STAPPEN, Epis. titul. Joppen, auxil. Emi. ac Rni. Dni. Petri Lamberti, Card. Goosens, Archiep. Mechlin, Sacrae Liturgiae Academiae Romanae Censoris. Mechliniae : H. Dessain.*

WE have here a work invaluable for every student of liturgy, written in the first place for the use of the students of the Seminary of the Archdiocese of Mechlin by Mgr. van der Stappen, the auxiliary bishop to Cardinal Goosens. We do not doubt that it will find its way into many seminaries throughout the Church. This volume, which treats only of the Roman Breviary, and that most exhaustively, is but the first of a large work on Sacred Liturgy to be completed in five volumes. The fact that the author is a member of the Liturgical Academy of Rome and cites frequently its official organ, *Ephemerides Liturgicae*, is a guarantee for his statements being both accurate and up to date. The book is useful also as showing the origin of the Roman Liturgy, and as giving some account of the different rites at present in use in the Church.

Not the least interesting item of information given us is that regarding the desires for a reform of the breviary expressed in the Vatican Council, and the extent to which they have been met by Leo XIII.

G. T.

Oxford Church Text Books. *The Hebrew Prophets.* By R. L. OTTLEY. London : Rivingtons.

THIS is an age of primers. We have primers in science and history of every kind. The Oxford Church text books may be said to be primers of religious knowledge, dealing briefly as they do

with sacred Scripture, the science of religion, the future state, the Apostles' Creed, and such like subjects.

In the work before us, Mr. Ottley lays before his readers the more generally accepted teaching of the modern critical school as to the Hebrew Prophets. There is nothing original in the volume; and no doubt Mr. Ottley does not intend that there should be. But the conclusions of such well-known men as Robertson Smith, G. A. Smith, Driver, Kirkpatrick and Cheyne are briefly set before the reader; in many instances verbatim quotations being made.

To any one who wants to know the dominant view held as to the nature of Hebrew Prophecy and the character of the Hebrew Prophets, and who has not time to read the longer works of such writers as the late Professor Robertson Smith, Mr. Ottley's little volume will no doubt be of great service. One serious blot we noticed in the work. There are no maps. Dealing as Mr. Ottley does so largely in the history of Palestine and the adjoining countries, the absence of maps is a great defect. Why were they not supplied, as in the case of Professor Freeman's little work on European History? Still, notwithstanding this shortcoming, the volume is likely to prove useful to many readers.

J. A. H.

Le Journal d'un Evêque. Par YVES LE QUERDEC. Première Partie. Pendant le Concordat. Paris: Lecoffre. Pp. 350.

CIRCUMSTANCES which we regret have delayed the review of this fascinating volume. It is no ordinary book. It entertains the reader by the variety and life of its pictures, and delights him by the art and grace of its narrative; and more than this, it stimulates and encourages him by the manliness of its tone. For some reason the first part only has reached us, and to that we must confine our judgment. It is written in the form of a diary, beginning with August 18, 1921, and ending on September 27 of the following year, thus embracing the first eleven months of a bishop's experiences. As regards the substance of the book, the reader is presented with a series of views of the ecclesiastical situation in France at the supposed date of the journal. After a careful reading of the volume, we feel justified in saying that the opinions and principles of the writer are throughout both broad and well-matured. Early in the journal the writer is unexpectedly raised to the Episcopate, and sets to work without delay to discharge to the best of his ability the serious duties of his office. The reader must not expect an ascetical treatise, nor a

course of sermons, nor theological controversies, nor any theories of Apostolical Succession. He will be occupied exclusively with practical questions of the hour, such as the relations of the clergy with the republic—the social intercourse of the bishop and his clergy—the direction of the charitable works of the diocese, and the concentration of the social and political energies of his flock. The attitude of some of the French bishops comes up for criticism; the studies of the colleges, the convent schools, and the seminaries are investigated, criticised, and re-organised. To quote from the book is no easy matter. It must be read.

It is a book which all who occupy an ecclesiastical position of responsibility will be thankful to have known. And when it has been read, we are confident that it will compel reflection. The superiores of the orphanage, of the convent school, the priest on the country mission, his hard-worked brother of the city, the priest in conflict with the secular authority, or out of harmony with his religious brethren, the heads of colleges or ecclesiastical seminaries, will find in these thoughtful pages both light and encouragement. Much that is vigorously enforced in the journal will be accepted as an approval of what we have already accomplished in this country, while it may seem impracticable to our brethren in France. On the other hand, suggestions are put forward which would require modification in order to meet the requirements of our position. The tenderness of the author overflows when he speaks of his beloved clergy: he knows how to discern and to appreciate their worth, and is generously kind to their deficiencies, which are mainly external. There are touches of humour and indignation, when he has to record his experiences of his visits to the greater and lesser seminaries of the diocese:

Et pour bien leur montrer que mon intérêt n'était pas purement verbal, j'ai assisté le matin à une classe de philosophie, le soir à une classe de dogme et à une classe d'histoire ecclésiastique. J'ai passé la récréation de midi partie avec les sous-diacres élèves du premier cours de théologie, partie avec les philosophes.

Hélas ! hélas ! que tout cela est loin de ce qu'il faudrait. . . . Le supérieur est là depuis dix ans et a une grande réputation de vertu et d'intelligence. . . . Visiblement il est content de ce qui se fait, et il trouve que tout est bien. . . . C'est une âme haute et forte, avec de gros partis pris et de très étranges lacunes. . . . Volonté énergique et dominatrice, il se rend malaisément aux idées d'autrui. . . . Le monde finit ou s'arrête sa pensée, et tout ce qu'on peut lui dire est pour lui non pas comme l'hébreu, car il sait l'hébreu, mais comme du tartare ou du chinois.

J'aurai donc du mal à lui faire accepter les réformes indispensables (pp. 112-116).

Here is a paragraph from the account of the visit to the class of philosophy :

Un prêtre d'une trentaine d'années expliquait en latin un livre latin, et le malheureux, au lieu de s'appliquer à parler simplement le latin technique, facile à entendre, il tâchait de l'enjoliver, le saupoudrait de *Verum enim vero*, de *Jam enim* et finissait ses périodes par des *Esse videatur*. Au demeurant il répétait moins clairement le texte du livre sans y ajouter ni un exemple ni une idée. . . .

Or, ce professeur qui réfute si magistralement Descartes ne l'a jamais lu, pas même le *Discours de la méthode*. . . .

Afterwards, by way of explanation, the superior remarked to the bishop :

Ici, Monseigneur, nous professons que l'erreur c'est le néant. Le néant ne se comprend pas, on ne saurait l'expliquer. L'erreur, on ne l'explique pas, on la combat et on la détruit. . . .

Il n'y avait rien à repliquer (pp. 117-119).

He deals severely with the professor of dogma, and gives the following sketch of the professor's history :

Le professeur d'histoire ecclésiastique est un vieillard, président de la Société d'archéologie de Châteaurenard, grand collectionneur de pierres et de silex, qui a écrit des mémoires intéressants sur des sujets d'histoire locale, mais qui a ni critique ni érudition générale. Il racontait aux élèves, quand je suis entré, l'apostolat de saint Martial à Limoges, avec une multitude de détails puisés dans les bréviaires du moyen âge, &c. (p. 120).

When, at length, the bishop undertook the reconstruction of the diocesan studies, he wrote in his journal :

Je suis parvenu à faire accepter une anumânerie très douce au professeur d'histoire que j'ai honoré de toutes façons, j'ai nommé le professeur de philosophie et le professeur de dogme à des postes en rapport avec leur situation (p. 321).

The study of the physical sciences and of Hebrew is enforced, the desirability of a degree in arts for those about to enter the school of philosophy is urged, and a further course of study at the university is advocated for those who are to occupy the professional chairs in the seminary. The reconstitution of the studies, the question of apologetics, the nature of the entrance examinations for the greater seminary are treated in the spirit of one who concludes the subject with the words :

De toutes façons il faudra qu'on travaille dans nos séminaires et qu'on travaille de façon intelligente, à former des prêtres, de bons prêtres pour

le ministère d'abord, et dont quelques-uns pourront devenir savants ensuite (p. 343).

He approaches very cautiously the subjects of the relations between the regular and the parochial clergy, as also of the age of compulsory retirement from the ranks of the active clergy. In connection with the former we may give the following extract:

Tout cela est affligeant, dit le dominicain.

Assurément triste, dit le jésuite.

Eh ! mes Pères, dis-je alors, c'est de manque d'organisation, de cette anarchie intérieure que nous périssons. Chacun se cantonne dans son œuvre, et nul ne veut que faire à sa tête. Je crains qu'il y ait en tout cela, en toutes ces revendications réciproques, bien de la gloire humaine, et par conséquent de faiblesse. Or comment serait-on fort alors qu'on est faible ? (p. 197).

He deals in a judicious manner with the character of the Church services. In the subjoined passage is enunciated a condition of things which it is well to bear in mind :

Nos offices, nos prédications durent trop longtemps, même à la campagne. Les gens du XVII^e siècle ou du moyen âge passaient volontiers des heures immobiles dans les églises, ils priaient, comme ils faisaient toute chose coutumière, comme font encore nos paysans, avec lenteur et une sorte de somnolence, ils n'étaient pas pressés, la rareté relative de leurs impressions et de leurs idées les gardait longtemps tranquilles. Aujour d'hui tout va plus vite : tout le monde a voyagé, tout le monde a lu, le cerveau s'est peuplé et d'images et d'idées, on vit davantage en moins de temps. L'intensité de l'effort empêche la durée de l'application (pp. 315-316).

The question of the attitude of the Catholic in regard to the higher criticism is, as it appears to us, admirably traced in a discussion between the superior of the seminary, the professor of Scripture, and the bishop ; but we dare not venture to give any more quotations.

There is a good deal of plain speaking in the book, but it is never bitter or offensive. And we gladly express our belief that the work is one of exceptional interest and importance.

H. P.

Studies in Scottish Ecclesiastical History in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By M. G. J. KINLOCH. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1898.

MISS KINLOCH gives the reader a bright and interesting account of the ecclesiastical history of her country during the period that elapsed between the death of King James VI. and the Jacobite

rising of 1745. We can sincerely recommend it as a readable and crisply-written sketch of a somewhat tangled and difficult period. Scotland was indeed one of the least hopeful of countries from the Catholic point of view. Nevertheless, there always remained a faithful remnant in her bosom, and there were always devoted priests to be found to minister to that remnant. But we are surprised that the numerous Scottish ecclesiastical foundations did not provide a larger number of priests. Too many of the students seem to have shrunk from the perils and privations of the mission, while a quite disproportionate number embraced the religious state. Apparently the colleges were not so well governed as they might have been. The Scots College in Rome had many troubles and vicissitudes (first under Jesuit superiors, and later under Italian secular priests), and it seems to have been the same with the others. The records of the mission are sadly scanty, and we know far too little of the labours of the Scottish clergy. As Miss Kinloch well puts it, the shouts of the contending sects drowned the *misereres* of the Catholics. The writer gives a very graphic description of the struggle between the Episcopilians and Covenanters, and is careful to remind us at the outset that it was a conflict between rival sects of Protestants, not between Catholics and Protestants. We can therefore the more easily take an impartial view of the whole matter, and condemn equally the headstrong folly of the Government and the blasphemous excesses of the Covenanters. Montrose is a hero with most people, and Miss Kinloch gives us a very touching picture of his chivalrous rising and gallant end. It was said of his cruel execution, that the Presbyterian ministers who hounded him to death "delighted not in unbloody sacrifices." One of the most extraordinary things is that these warring sects, which pursued each other with such bitterness, differed scarcely at all in either doctrine or practice. True it is that the Episcopilians were governed by so-called "bishops," but according to their English brethren they had scarcely any other distinctive feature of Episcopacy. They used the Westminster Catechism for the instruction of the people, and their services were entirely Puritan, consisting chiefly of metrical psalms and extemporary prayers, followed by a long sermon, during which the congregation (who had sat for the prayers) wore their hats. The Lord's Supper was celebrated at most once a year, and the method of its administration differed little or nothing from the Presbyterian.

For they had their Preparation Sermon (as they called it) the day before, their Action Sermon on the day itself, besides their long discourses at the serving of the tables, for they had long tables placed in the church,

on each side of which the people sat, as if it had been at a common meal, and handed about the elements from one to another, whilst the attending elders shoved the plate with the consecrated bread along the table for their greater convenience.

This is the description of a Scottish "bishop," and it must be somewhat painful reading for the present Ritualistic members of that Episcopalian sect. For they are bound by High Church principles to believe that this supper was in reality the sacrifice of the Holy Mass, and that the bread thus unceremoniously eaten was in very truth the Body of our Lord. It is certainly a relief not only not to have to believe this, but not to have any doubt at all that this ceremony was a mere "nude commemoration" and no true Eucharist. Anglican Orders would involve so many terrible sacrileges, that one would have thought High-Church people would have been glad not to believe in them. Certainly Catholics are. We thank Miss Kinloch for her excellent work.

D. B. C.

Institutiones Theologiae Moralis Generalis. Auctore G. BERNARDO TEPE, S.J. Parisiis: P. Lethielleux. 2 vols. Pp. 361 and 412. Price 8frs.

THOSE who are acquainted with Father Tepe's excellent series on dogmatic theology will learn without surprise that his latest work on fundamental moral theology is quite on a par with the high level already attained. Unfortunately, in these days of systematic log-rolling, it is a matter of no mean difficulty to gain acceptance for genuine laudatory notices, where praise is most deserving. But this does not absolve us from recording our honest opinion on the work before us, and we say that not for many a day has it been our privilege to meet a manual so unequivocally satisfactory. Father Tepe's method is lucidity itself. What that method is, it is superfluous to describe; but we were delighted to see that he has wisely continued to discard the question and answer form, which, whatever its merits may be for the rapid revision of a given subject, is apt to degenerate into a merely mechanical process. The arguments he employs in his effort to wrest the later teaching of St. Liguori from among the Equiprobabilists, are forceful and worthy of hearty commendation, but whether they carry conviction is another question. Two topics, particularly, call for special mention: the school question and the perfection of the religious state especially in its compatibility with the care of souls. As to the first, the four propositions along

with the six scholia are exhaustive and beyond all praise, and merit the careful perusal of those already engaged in the ministry. The learned author adds his treatise on the religious state by way of an appendix, and in view of its appearance at a period immediately preceding the Sovereign-Pontiff's famous letter to Cardinal Gibbons it is evidently more than a mere coincidence, and seems traceable to a direct inspiration from higher quarters. From these and manifold similar counts we welcome this manual, and trust that it will soon find an honoured place in every well-ordered library.

P. A.

Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens. By CATHERINE BEARNE. Illustrated by EDWARD H. BEARNE from ancient drawings, prints, &c. London : T. Fisher Unwin. 8vo. Pp. 346. 1899.

IN some 340 pages a very stirring chronicle of very stirring times awaits the reader of this charming and fascinating book. The author, in her preface, modestly says :

Details of the lives of the earlier queens are more difficult to trace; but it seems to me that the information gained by researches into the records of their times, although less copious, is more interesting, as it brings before us a period with which we are less acquainted, and a manner of life at once simpler and more picturesque.

Mrs. Bearne has most assuredly succeeded in getting together the details, and of them she has succeeded in making her work thoroughly interesting and picturesque.

The period covered is from about 1300 to 1361—and the chief personages concerned are Jeanne de Bourgogne, Blanche de Navarre, and Jeanne d'Auvergne—but associated with them are a host of others, and together with many curious customs and ceremonies of their times. The whole book is one entrancing panorama. In its pages there is much to learn, much to interest, and not a little to amuse. The staid and sober scholar on history bent will peruse it with pleasure, blessing the author for her lucidity in dealing with perplexing genealogical descents and dates, and for an index which is really an index—and the schoolboy of to-day, should it be his good fortune to come across it, would assuredly hail it with delight, and wonder why all his history books were not written like unto this.

How gracefully and picturesquely the author writes may be gauged from the following passage (p. 194). Queen Jeanne d'Auvergne seeks a short rest and repose in a convent :

To pass long days and nights in that peaceful shelter, to pace up and down the silent garden, to kneel in the dim church and listen to the chanting of the nuns, to help them tend the sick and prepare their simple food : with no sounds to break on the seclusion of the place but the music of the holy offices, the convent bell, and perhaps a distant hum from outside the grey walls as the stream of busy life rushing by passed the closed gates of that haven of refuge.

Did space permit, as a marked contrast equally vivid and spirited, the author's description of the battle of Crécy would be quoted. But the following cannot be resisted. Mrs. Bearne writing of the pastimes most popular among the peasantry in 1355, says it

was the soule or chule, an exercise of activity and strength very ancient and deeply rooted in the affections of the people, which went on chiefly in winter . . . one village contended against another, or married men against bachelors ; but it was rough and violent, often causing serious accidents, a broken arm or leg, or even the loss of an eye being by no means uncommon. It was played by kicking a ball, and from it was derived the English football, said to have been learnt by them from the French in The Hundred Years' War (p. 199-200).

The author, in her preface, gives us a hope that this work may be followed by another dealing with the lives of Jeanne de Bourbon, Isabelle de Barière and some of their successors. We sincerely trust she will not disappoint us.

A. G. O.

La Vie Meilleure. Conférences faites dans la chapelle de L'École Fenelon, carême de 1894. Par L'ABBÉ PIERRE VIGNOT. Paris : Poussielgue, 15, Rue Cassette. 1898.

THE principal aim of this admirable work is to bring the Parisian world into its own heart, forcing it to carefully scrutinise its darkest depths with light from the hand of God, in the form of its own conscience. Père Vignot establishes conclusively the threefold mission of conscience as a light, a legislator, and a judge—a light for the intellect ; a legislator on what we are to do, what to avoid ; and a judge whose irrevocable decisions on our acts and omissions remain fixed and unalterable. He deals unsparingly with the fallacies employed by the various professions to obscure when they cannot extinguish its irresistible radiance. He singles out interest and sensuality, and leaves not their even most trifling devices unexposed, not less than the systematic extinction of conscience itself. In most graphic detail he establishes the utter impotency of human legislation to heal a mere mechanism from which conscience has escaped, and instances

the industrious designs of rulers first extinguishing the conscience of the soldiery to be employed in the destruction of a hated and doomed nation, and a note gives as an illustration, on the testimony of the Capuchin Fathers, the massacre of the Armenians by a soldier whose conscience was previously deliberately blinded by the demon of the Bosphorus. Before closing with the many illusions substituted for the decisions of conscience, he follows the soul into the humblest and most hidden recesses of life, always kindly leaving the remedy before he departs. In the concluding chapters he deals with the necessary remedies, and finishes with our Lord, as the fountain of life, in whom the unsullied conscience rests as its natural term. We know no other work in which the human heart has undergone so severe and so merciless dissection, or where the blind are, *bon gré, mal gré*, made to see. The work has a distinct and limited mission, and fulfils it to the letter. We think it ought to have a preface, which would greatly facilitate the reader's way through its 257 pages, and would enable a critical pen to catch more of the scope and spirit of the mind of the author.

JN. M.

Mariae Corolla. By the Rev. EDMUND HILL, C.P. New York : Benziger Brothers. 1898.

OUR Lady has had many tributes in verse laid at her feet in recent years, but none inspired by a more ardent spirit of devotion than breathes from the pages of this volume, daintily bound in blue and gold, as the old masters loved to paint her robe. It is the eloquence of the heart that speaks in every line, through the resonant music of their varied rhythms. For the poet seems equally at home in the most different forms of versification, in which he sets high thought to melodious words. The subjoined sonnet, one of two on "England Revisited," has a special appropriateness to English readers at the present time.

"Ah, thou wast once her very Dower yclept!
Wilt yet reclaim the title? I may trust
High Mercy's purpose [and in sooth I must—
Or vainly would thy saints have prayed and wept,
Thy martyrs agonised]; that thou are kept
For great achievement in the final times—
When thou shalt nobly expiate the crimes
Of faithless centuries—thy dream outslipt.
Aye, even now that evil dream is breaking—
That spell Satanic which has bound thee long;
And o'er thy senses the remembered song
Of ancient worship stealing; while the face
Of God's sweet Virgin-Mother, full of grace,
Looks down forgivingly to greet thy waking!"

Eleanor Leslie. A Memoir. By J. M. STONE. London and Leamington : Art and Book Company. 1898.

THIS was a book well worth writing from many points of view, but primarily as the record of a saintly life passed amid family and worldly cares, yet ever guided by a profoundly religious spirit. It is a story of spiritual progress, in which the soul, thirsting for truth, assimilates some fragment of it from each teacher in turn, and is thus gradually led on to find it whole and entire in its sole depository, the one true Church. Mrs. Leslie's conversion, which took place in 1846 in the middle period of a life running with the century, belonged to those fruitful years in which the Catholic revival made the first great breach in English Protestant tradition. Her strong personality had much influence in assisting the movement in Scotland, and the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch wrote of her after her death :

I always look upon her as *our mother*, who helped to bring us into the true Church. We are all her children—good Father Robertson, his aunt and her children, dear Lady Lothian and her children, myself, and I do not know how many others.

All her own family followed her at different intervals, and of her four children, three entered religion, her two younger daughters as nuns, and her son, Father Leslie, as a Jesuit. To part with them was in each case a bitter pang, and only by heroic efforts of resignation did she reconcile herself to the sacrifice.

Her only brother, Mr. Falconer Atlee, had a curious mental history, from his abandonment of all Christian faith in early life under the influence of a secretly infidel tutor. He continued, however, to think religion desirable for women, always took his sister's part after her conversion, encouraged his own family to follow her example, and would even help them to dress the altar and decorate the oratory. Once a gleam of faith visited him during an interview with a priest, he threw himself on his knees and made a partial confession, but fell away immediately again, and lost all hold of the momentary impression. Later on, he was formally reconciled to the Church and received the Sacraments, but the habit of forty years of infidelity again conquered, and he relapsed once more, only to be finally converted on his death-bed.

Mrs. Leslie's travels were more adventurous than similar journeys at the present day, and her experiences included a great flood at Avignon, when she and her party were imprisoned for some days in the upper floors of a hotel, of which all the lower part was submerged. Primitive customs still prevailed in some of the out-of-the-way parts of

France, and the manner of summoning the congregation at La Roche Posay, where there was a mineral spring, is described as follows :

Before High Mass on Sundays two boys were employed in ringing the bells, the ropes of which came through holes in the roofs between the transepts, each boy in turn flying up some six feet into the air clinging to his rope. As one came down, the other went up, and the effect to the assembling congregation was comical to a degree rather out of place in a church.

The book is enlivened by anecdotes, some of them of well-known people, as when Mr. William Palmer is described as dissenting from the admiration expressed for a showy beauty in Roman society, by exclaiming almost fiercely, "No, I never could see anything to admire in her. I can't bear the way she swivels her great black eyes about." A curious instance of a fulfilled premonition is told of Mrs. Leslie's father, Mr. Falconer Atlee, who when in a boat with some companions was suddenly seized with an imperative desire to land, although to reach the shore he had to wade through deep mud. He did so, and thus escaped the fate of the rest of the party who were all drowned. The volume is illustrated with portraits and reproductions of some of Mrs. Leslie's drawings of the scenes of her early life, and is altogether a valuable and interesting current biographical literature.

A Klondike Picnic. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. New York : Benziger Brothers. 1898.

THE doings of American children are always delightful to read of, and those of the little Klondike picnickers are no exception to the rule. It must, however, be explained that the scene of their outing is not the Canadian El Dorado, but an island near Shell Beach called after it. Here we find a camp fitted up with a stove, and all appurtenances for fishing, bathing, or otherwise idling away a holiday. On the present occasion, moreover, these sports are varied by the reading of letters declared to be genuine, from real gold-seekers on the trail to Dawson City, and a touch of drama is added in their mother's anxiety about them in the long cessation of further news. The day closes with a happy *denouement*, the arrival of pater-familias with a telegram from the wanderers, announcing that they "had struck it rich," and were on their way home. Thus the happy excursion has a happy finish, and the curtain falls on a jubilant group.

Mrs. Markham's Nieces. By FRANCES I. KERSHAW. London: Burns & Oates. 1898.

OUR two heroines are the daughters of a country vicar, and the evangelical atmosphere in which they are brought up influences them in diametrically opposite ways. Miriam, the elder, takes easily its mould of sanctimonious self-satisfaction, but in her younger sister, Marjorie, revolt against its pressure results in frank worldliness and little or no religion of any kind. The arrival of their wealthy and fashionable "Aunt Laura," who surely, as "the widow of a certain Sir Charles Markham," should have been Lady and not "the Hon. Mrs. Markham," causes a flutter of excitement in the shabby vicarage, and she ends by carrying off Marjorie to the intoxicating experiences of a gay life in Paris and London. From the dangers to which her guardian's foibles and follies expose her, she is rescued by an ever-watchful friend, by whose influence she is in the end won to Catholic faith. Her intervening adventures are lively enough to furnish some excitement to the reader, who may thus find amusement as well as edification in the tale, which is prettily brought out in a neat gilt-edged volume.

Le Clergé et la Question Sociale par le Dr. Scheicher, Examen Critique. Par AUGUSTE ONCLAIR, prêtre. Paris: P. Téqui. 1898.

THE reverend author combats in these pages the attempt to wrest the Papal Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum* into a text for Socialistic teaching. Capitalism, treated by Dr. Scheicher as synonymous with liberalism, is arraigned by him in terms with which we are now familiar, as the root of all social ills, and he perpetrates the usual fallacy of his school, in reckoning as labour that of the hands alone, leaving that of the head altogether outside his calculation. He starts with the false premiss of the increasing misery of the working classes, an assumption absolutely in contradiction with fact, since the progressive advance in their standard of comfort is one of the most obvious commonplaces of social history. Father Onclair, a well-known writer on economic subjects, takes up the cudgels on behalf of capital, and makes out a very good case for that maligned institution.

He quotes M. Hubert-Valleroux on the profits of capital, to show how vastly these are exaggerated by modern demagogues, and cites the figures adduced by him in proof of his assertion. He thus states that the coal-mining industry in France has yielded in ordinary years

dividends of 2 per cent. and in exceptional years of 4 per cent., while in some cases companies earning no dividends continued to pay their workmen's wages. The aggregate product of all the Belgian mines for 1884 was, according to the official figures, distributed in the following proportions: 41 per cent. in outlay, 57 per cent. in wages, and no more than 3 per cent. in interest on capital. And according to the *Jahrbücher* of Jena for 1888, out of 1782 German industrial companies with a gross capital of 3 milliards, 16 per cent. were working at a loss, 32 had given no dividend, 24 had paid a dividend less than 5 per cent., 15 only had paid more, and the remaining 13 had sent in no accounts, being presumably in difficulties. As wages have priority over all other outlay, capital is the partner in industrial enterprise which bears all the losses, acting as an insurance for labour. The communistic ideal of State owned and organised labour assumes that all profits would accrue to the latter, omitting from consideration the armies of functionaries, brain-workers like the capitalist himself, whose salaries would, according to all precedent, swallow up a far larger proportion of the earnings of manual labour than fall to the share of the latter. The *Civiltà Cattolica* of February 7, 1898, has thus good grounds for pronouncing all Socialist aspirations and teaching "a solemn imposture," which would legitimise "all spoliations and oppressions, in the sole interest of a new aristocracy, providing itself with a career under the mask of popular government."

Père Onclair has equally little difficulty in demonstrating the fallacy of the contention that Socialism is opposed neither to religion nor to family institutions, by extracts from the writings of its most conspicuous apostles, proving that their onslaught on organised society includes both Christianity and Christian morality. He has done good service by thus controverting the sophisms of an author who especially sets up for a teacher of the clergy.

D.

The Epic of Humanity, or the Quest of the Ideal. Edited by an Apologist. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1898.

IN these days when the rills of verse generally trickle scantily as a summer stream over the widely spaced pages between extensive tracts of margin, the fecundity of language and idea shown by the production of a closely printed volume of 600 pages, representing a total of over 20,000 lines, is in itself a phenomenon. But the very abundance of the torrent has its disadvantages, since the thread of

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the narrative, an interesting and tragical one, is submerged through whole chapters by discussions and divagations, in which all manner of persons and personifications take part. Exuberance of diction, too, is associated with recklessness in its headlong flow, in which metres and metaphors are strung together with bewildering verbiage. Occasionally we come upon a really fine line, as for instance:

Earth shook, and cities shuddered into dust,
and
'Midst vocal verdure of a summer morn.

But the anonymous author will have to use the pruning-knife unsparingly, before he can hope for acceptance from a public impatient of prolixity. In this task we wish him all success, both for the sake of his luxuriant imagination, and for the strongly Christian spirit that inspires his verse, of which the subjoined passage may serve as a specimen :

Who can give

Counsel to Thee, or look on Thee and live?
Nought wastest Thou, no tittle of Thy power
Since Thy far back and first creative hour.
To Thee alone Thy first creation clung;
Thy next to that; on it Thy third one hung.
Each Thou on each still makest to depend
Throughout creation, not begun to end;
World upon world, and these upon a sun;
Systems upon each other, and on one.
Or sun, or system, mightier than they;
Universe upon universe away
To utmost bound, if such there be, of space,
And these—and all upon that nobler place—
The centre of creation, throne of God,
Whence He beholds and rules the bright abroad,
Around Him wheels it orderly and great,
And where He weaves or cuts the threads of fate.

Correspondence Inédite du Général-Major de Martagne. Par
CHARLES BRÉARD. Paris: A. Picard & Fils.

THE writer of the letters here collected and edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by M. Charles Bréard, was not only aide-de-camp of Prince Xavier of Saxony, but was also employed as an agent of that country in many confidential negotiations with the Court of France during the critical period of the Seven Years' War. In the Dauphiness, a Saxon Princess, he had a *point d'appui* for his efforts in the cause of her father, whose troops were acting with those of

France as subsidised allies. The death of the Dauphin in December 1766, followed by that of the Dauphiness, Marie-Josephe of Saxony, in the following March, obliged him to seek patronage elsewhere, and we sometimes find him paying assiduous court to the Princesses of the Royal House, and later, to the favourites who surrounded the weak and vicious Louis XV. The candidature of Prince Xavier for the throne of Poland was one of the affairs negotiated by him, and the election of Poniatowski was a bitter disappointment to him and his master. His capacity for the work he was engaged on was quite appreciated by his contemporaries, for the Electress-Dowager of Saxony is quoted for a description of him in 1768, as having "a mind fertile in intrigues." To this the Duc de Choiseul replied: "He is one of the greatest intriguers in Europe," and Louis XV. added that he was a man "capable of overturning the Kingdom." There are, therefore, valuable materials for history in this volume, contributed by one of the actors in the leading events of a stirring period. His private affairs fill a space in it too, for place and pension were sought, often vainly, as a means of recuperating finances dilapidated by debt, and he complains that it is too bad to be persecuted with writs, even when serving with the Saxon armies. Marriage with a comfortably dowered widow released him from his embarrassments and enabled him to realise the dream of a modest *château* and appurtenances, peopled by little Martanges, which he describes in a letter to her from a dirty village inn where he was quartered in Westphalia. Born in 1722, he lived through the revolutionary cyclone, and died in London in 1806, aged 84.

The History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions.

With a translation of her treatise on Consummate Perfection.

By AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE. Third edition, in two volumes. London : Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row. 1899.

A CURIOUS circumstance connected with the biography of this eminent servant of God is that upwards of sixty lives of St. Catherine have been published from time to time, and all have been notable failures. Of the two best that have appeared, those of Capecelatro and Chavan de Malan, the former details only her public life, while the latter deals so largely in imaginary materials, and mixes fact and fiction so unscrupulously that the reader doubts occasionally whether he is not dealing with a romance. The aim and the excellence of the present work is to supply the above defects, to do away with unnecessary matter, and give all the events of her life,

as far as they can be had, in exact chronological order, with matter from approved original sources and authentic notices of her companions. In these and in all other respects we believe the present work is a complete success. Her life and its chequered surroundings are graphically detailed, both forming a blend of individual sanctity and authentic history.

To the superiors of the conventional life who must occasionally find themselves in similar circumstances with St. Catherine, this accurately compiled work will prove an inestimable treasure, and their sisters in the world will derive from its perusal at least so much of imitation of the great saint as will keep them within the same horizon even at a distance. As the biography of the saints is after all the only one really worth reading and knowing, owing to the necessity and advantage of our own imitation *pro viribus*, it is consoling to have a work like this, carefully, minutely, and authentically compiled, and comprising all the reliable elements of satisfaction and successful execution. It is well worth its place in every Catholic library.

JN. M.

A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion. With a retreat of three days. Compiled and adapted by Rev. Fr. X. LASANCE. New York: Benziger Bros. 12mo, pp. 440.

THIS work is intended as a manual for first communicants. To use the language of its preface, it is meant to be: (1) A prayer book; (2) a meditation book; (3) an imitation of Christ for children; (4) a book of edifying stories; (5) a book of three days' retreat; (6) a book for the day of first Communion; and (7) a book to be used after Holy Communion, at Mass, Communion, Benediction, and visits to the most blessed Sacrament.

It will be seen from this that Fr. Lasance's little work includes a great deal. The matter is usually excellent, but as not unfrequently happens in such books, the style in parts lacks that directness and simplicity which is so needful in all that is written for the use of children. Does the author really think that a boy or girl of twelve is likely to be more impressed by speaking of "eternal beatitude" than by using the plainer phrase of "everlasting happiness," or by telling them that contrition is an "essentially requisite," &c.? But it is only fair to say that such Latinisms are comparatively rare in these pages, and that while the style is at times less direct and colloquial than it might be, it is, on the whole, easily within the range of the child-

intellect. Priests will find this book a useful one to put into the hands of their First Communion classes.

M.

Westchester: A Tale of the Revolution. By HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A. Freiburg: B. Herder.

"GET it writ, man; get it writ," says Caleb Wilberforce to his old friend Squire Broadbent, of Waverly Grange, Westchester, America, "and publish it, Squire, in simple justice. Remember, old boy, that ye are no chicken, and *vita brevis est.*" And Squire Broadbent, yielding to his friend "and gossip, good Caleb Wilberforce, who hath, in my opinion, parts unsurpassed in these colonies—and is withal exceptional—being both lawyer and honest man," writ it.

The Squire's story is painful and distressing. Descended from an ancestry of staunch and stout Jacobites, he finds himself at his birth the latest arrival in his father's settlement of Westchester, close to New York City. Political matters had brought this about. In due course he inherits the estate, marries, and Madeleine, his only child, is born. He led the life and fulfilled the duties of a large landed proprietor in New England. "My tenantry have ever found my justice tempered with kindness, I can humbly trust, and as a magistrate, vice did not more respect me than misfortune loved."

Troublesome times soon came to interrupt this peaceful state of things. The Revolution broke out. The country became divided for and against it, as also did families. Suspicion was afloat as to the principles of those who sought safety in cautious and time-serving neutrality. Squire Broadbent was no time-serving gentleman. Free with his criticisms of the policy of the Mother Country, he stoutly declined to have anything to do with measures calculated to widen the breach between her and her offspring. This attitude brought him trouble. Madeleine held other views and espouses the Revolutionary cause in concert with her lover and future husband, Major Victor Weston. The true rôle of the latter forms the nucleus of the story. It brings sorrow, anguish and disgrace upon the old Squire and his unfortunate daughter.

Mr. Austin Adams has given us a very vivid and realistic picture of New England's life and times during the Revolution. His characters are admirably drawn, particularly that of the old Squire, and his life-long friend and adviser, Father Newton.

O.

The Prince of Army Chaplains. By COLONEL COLOMB. London : Burns & Oates, Ltd.

WE may as well confess that in taking up this book for review we were taken in by the title on the cover, and later on by the text within. What it was we imagined with exhilarating anticipation we had before us need not be told. The disappointment was great when we discovered that our book of some 200 well printed, well "leaded" pages was seemingly devoted to "the character and doings of Hugh Peters (dubbed by the living chronicle of 'the great Civil War,' the Prince of Army Chaplains).'" This we take from the preface, as also the following lines :

"This little work . . . is meant for the edification and entertainment of those persons who are so constituted as to be unable to fall in love with regicides, however saintly they are asserted to have been."

It is due to the gallant author to say that he has undoubtedly succeeded in entertaining his readers even should some of them be of those capable of falling in love with " regicides." His style is refreshingly buoyant, and undoubtedly bellicose. A veritable Prince Rupert of the pen, he slashes out with most vigorous impartiality at everybody and everything concerned even in the most indirect and vaguest manner in the downfall of King Charles I.

Hugh Peters, it is true, comes in for the lion's share of the buffettings and blows. He is, after all, but a peg—and a puny peg—upon which the gallant Colonel hangs the men and matters he is desirous of thrashing.

But it is time to introduce Hugh Peters. The reader has two presentations before him. Colonel Colomb's of some 150 pages, and Professor Gardiner's of some four pages to be found in the appendix.

Of course the gallant Colonel falls foul of Professor Gardiner's presentation. The only points on which they agree are his birth, his frequent journeys to the continent, his stay in New England, and his chaplaincy to the Forces under Essex, Fairfax and Cromwell.

For Royalism and the religion of Royalism he had a hearty detestation and whenever there was a battle to be fought or a fortress to be stormed, he was always ready with a rousing appeal to the warriors of God's army to quit themselves like men in the struggle against wickedness in high places.

These are lines from Professor Gardiner's presentation. That they have rankled deep in the heart of the gallant Colonel is indeed evident

in the pains he takes to asperse the man Peters and discredit his every act and word. His chief authority for this course of criticism is to be found in the pages of a work written by Dr. Yonge, a contemporary of Hugh Peters, towards whom he bore an implacable hatred, and gave vigorous vent to it in his work entitled "England's Shame." Viewed through these glasses Peters is all and everything that is loathsome and degenerate. Through those of Professor Gardiner he is a man of conscientious convictions, who lives and acts up to them, thereby incurring the wrath and indignation of those whose policy he disapproved, and against whom he waged a merciless warfare. On the turn of his fortune's tide, his head, minus his body, was exposed at the Surrey end of London Bridge; that of his master and patron, Cromwell, was set up on Westminster Hall. Thus like many others, whether Royalist or Roundhead, he paid the penalty of his convictions. Whether or no Hugh Peters deserved the fate that befell him is to us a matter of small concern. But we do seriously question whether Colonel Colomb has been well advised in lavishing so much research, time and money upon an individual of whom the present and future generations know but little, and care yet less.

We cannot conclude this notice of Colonel Colomb's most vivid and vigorous work without calling our readers' attention to the first five chapters of his volume, entitled: (1) "Shakespeare's Plays Catholic Literature;" (2) "An Obscure Member of Shakespeare's Company;" (3) "The Ruin of the Anglican Church;" (4) "A Word for James II," and (5) "Precursors of Irreconcilables," &c. They have little to do with Hugh Peters, save chapter ii., and their interest is the greater on that account. The views upheld and the conclusions come to are refreshingly original, even if not absolutely convincing.

Colonel Colomb's exhilarating and vivacious style can be gauged from the following lines taken from the chapter "A Word for James II.":

He, as we said before, like his Protestant father, Charles I., no doubt believed that the Ruler of the Universe was *on his side*, and when all his designs and labours failed, was probably vastly surprised, more surprised than his father was when he found himself on the scaffold in front of his own house!

Whether our readers may or may not be interested in Hugh Peters, they will, however, most assuredly find within the pages of Colonel Colomb's book much to interest, amuse and entertain them.

A. G. O.

Maria Sanctissima, Our Life, Our Sweetness, Our Hope, or a Record of 150 Spiritual and Temporal Favours granted by our Blessed Lady. Selected and adapted from the German of Rev. DOM JOSEPH A. KELLER, D.D. by O.S.B. London: R. & T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row. 1899.

THIS delightful and neatly got-up work of over 400 pages is indeed a rare treat. Its purport is perfectly simple. We have from beginning to end nothing more than a series of authenticated favours and miraculous interventions by our Blessed Lady in behalf of her suffering children in France, Switzerland, Germany, and some other places. A very happy idea struck Dr. Keller when, to make Mary known to us, he passes over prophetic reference, theological advocacy, and ascetical exhortation, and brings us at once into the presence of facts that are exhaustive proof of our Blessed Lady's power and will to relieve and console her afflicted clients. The volumes that delineated her perfections and glories from St. Alphonsus to Fr. Humphreys have charmed the intellect and attracted the heart towards Mary no doubt, and we know that a description even by the Seven who stand before God could not reach the limit of her attributes, yet when we come to the record of what she *has done*, we feel the conviction of the strong hand and the warm heart, and yield ourselves without another thought to a stimulus to devotion we did not experience before. Example also pervades this collection, teaching us when in trouble to do what those recorded in these pages have done. We may refer specially to page 36, where B. Clement Maria Hofbauer, the first German who joined the Redemptorist Order of Priests, states it was his custom to say the rosary on his way to attend the sick, and he adds, "all is sure to go well when I arrive. Believe me, the Holy Mother of God assists all, and no one is forsaken who truly confides in her intercession." Speaking of a person who had not been to confession for seventeen years, and who died repentant, he says: "Yes, all goes well if the person lives in the suburbs, for then I have time to say the rosary on the way, and I do not remember any sinner dying without confession, if I have had time to say my beads beforehand." We believe it would be impossible for a country missionary priest who has preserved and realised his vocation to read these words of Father Hofbauer without seeing in vivid characters between the lines the other words, *Vade et fac tu similiter.*

The reader meanwhile must remember that these 150 brilliant instances of Mary's power and love are scarcely a unit of all she has done and will continue to do towards her children all over the world

until she has the last one secured. We would like to see each individual country collecting and publishing its own record of Mary's benevolence, and left as an heirloom of devotion to Mary from parent to child for all time. The "Sanctissima Maria" should be on every Catholic table, among other reasons, for a few minutes' perusal before saying the family rosary. We cordially wish the work a wide diffusion indeed.

JN. M.

Espirito Santo. By HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER. London : Harper and Brothers, 45 Albemarle Street.

THIS is a Catholic tale, containing a good deal of pious feeling, but lacking in life-like reality. It is occupied chiefly with the fate of opera singers, and we have devout tenors and baritones who are in love with pious contraltos and sopranos. There are three sets of heroes and heroines, who fall into each other's arms at all kinds of thrilling moments ; but their sentiments, though lofty, are too wildly improbable to kindle much enthusiasm. Count Daretti, the principal male character, proposes to Catalina, the beautiful singer, but allows it to be perceived, in the course of the interview, that his motive is simply one of generous renunciation, as he is in love with some one else ; the lady, while declining his sacrifice, accepts such an avowal with rather more equanimity than is quite consistent with dignity. Lady Ainsworth, a lovely widow, rejects the same man in her turn because, as she puts it, certain delinquencies of his past life need to be expiated "in sackcloth and ashes." Fortunately, however, it transpires, through the indiscretion of a pious valet, that the hero does actually possess a hairshirt and discipline ! The good news is quickly transmitted to the ears of the devout widow, whose last objections to the union are at once dissipated. The story closes with the death of a third couple on the eve of their wedding-day.

It is a pity that this tale does not contain less sentiment and more probability : nevertheless it is well written and contains a fair amount of incident, and can therefore be recommended to those who are always glad to hear of Catholic stories for clubs and parish libraries.

M. P.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D.
Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.

SOME months ago we gave an account of the first volume of Messrs. T. & T. Clark's new Bible Dictionary, and now, more than a year after the publication of Vol. I., the second instalment of the work lies before us. It is a large quarto volume of 870 pages, in double column, with small but clear type, and it extends from the word *Feign* to *Kinsman*. The list of contributors contains a hundred and twenty names; of these five only are German (two in America and three in Germany), and the only German contributions of any magnitude are Professor König's articles, "Jonah" and "Judges," the rest making up between them less than three pages in all. Of the hundred and fifteen British names, ten are from America. Thus the volume may be regarded as substantially of genuine British manufacture. It is evidence of the high level of biblical studies and scholarship that exists in England outside the pale of the Catholic Church.

On going through the volume we noted some forty articles as of the first order in importance and interest; it would not be in place to reproduce the list, but we may single out for special mention Professor Stanton's article on the "Gospels" (16 pp.), including a *précis* of the present position of the Synoptic problem; the articles on "St. John and his Gospel and Epistles" (60 pp. in all); those on the patriarchs Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, and on the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah; and elaborate articles on such special points as "The Herods," "The Kingdom of God," and "Food." The last-named article (16 pp.) strikes us as, from some points of view, one of the most remarkable in the volume. The writer, Dr. Macalister, is Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, and the article evidences a rare combination of scientific and linguistic attainments of a very high order; each article of food, vegetable and animal, mentioned in the Bible is dealt with individually, the Hebrew names and their Greek equivalents are discussed and illustrated, not only from the Bible but from the Talmud and other Semitic sources, from the classical writers and the Fathers; the results of modern travel and investigation are given, and the botanical and zoological technical names determined. It is an excellent example of what has come to be known as Cambridge scholarship.

A special feature of this volume are certain theological articles—those on "God," by Professor Sanday, "The Holy Spirit," by Professor Swete, and the "Incarnation," by Mr. Ottley. It must be remembered that they do not go beyond the domain of what is called "Biblical theology"; they aim at collecting and co-ordinating just

what is contained within the covers of the Bible, and drawing out precisely what is there, irrespective of the later workings of Christian piety and Christian thought. Thus the treatment is less full than that which is to be found in systematic theologies; but it serves a purpose of its own, and a very useful purpose. We direct attention to Dr. Sanday's exposition of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity as found in the New Testament (pp. 212-15). It is interesting to notice how completely he has broken away from the old Protestant position of "nothing but the Bible," and how fully he realises that alongside the Bible and behind the Bible there was a great body of living tradition: thus, speaking of our Lord's teaching on the divinity of the Holy Ghost, he says: "The fragments of that teaching which have been preserved for us in the Fourth Gospel seem to imply a yet fuller context which has been lost" (p. 215); and in another place: "A verse like 2 Cor. xiii, 14 shows that there must have been large tracts of important teaching which are imperfectly represented in our extant documents. When we consider how occasional these documents are in their origin, the wonder is not that they have conveyed to us so little of the apostolic teaching, but that they have conveyed so much" (p. 649).

The last extract is from Dr. Sanday's great article "Jesus Christ," and with a brief word on that article we shall close this notice. It occupies just fifty pages, so that it is quite a treatise, or rather a "Life of Christ." The author views his subject from the strictly historical standpoint; and as he is familiar with all that is best in recent literature on the subject of our Lord's life, teaching, and influence, we have the advantage of seeing an unusually candid and thoughtful and also believing and religious mind in the presence of modern thought on this central and most sacred subject. The impression is one that cannot be conveyed in a few words: we can only express our belief that all serious students of theology, and also any minds that may experience a sense of pressure under the stress of current theories and modes of thought, will find Dr. Sanday's article suggestive, stimulating, helpful. For the sight of a mind thus equipped with a wide knowledge of facts and theories and difficulties, thus regarding them all with the utmost calmness and candour, and thus devoutly believing, is, after all, the best kind of apologetics

E. C. B.

The Archpriest Controversy. Documents relating to the Dissensions of the Roman Catholic Clergy, 1597-1802.
Edited for the Royal Historical Society from the Petyt MSS. of

the Inner Temple. By THOMAS GRAVES LAW, LL.D. Vol. II. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

THE large and miscellaneous collection of manuscripts, originally the property of the antiquary William Petty (+ 1707) contains, *inter alia*, a number of documents relating to the domestic feuds of the Catholic clergy during the closing years of Queen Elizabeth. The history of these documents is a curious one. They were originally collected, some of them drawn up even, for the use and information of Bancroft, the Bishop of London, who during the years 1601-1603 was in close relations with the party among the Catholic priests known as the "Appellants" and was to a considerable degree taken into its confidence. These documents came somehow or other into Petty's possession, and a few years after his death found their way with the rest of his collection of MSS. into the library of the Inner Temple, where they have lain ever since. Hardly any public use of them was made till quite recently. In 1889, Mr. Law printed five of them in the appendix to his "Jesuits and Seculars in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." The volume before us and its predecessor* contain substantially the rest of the collection. Nothing, the editor assures us, of any real importance remains unpublished.

The chief causes or symptoms—the two things cannot be kept distinct—of the dissensions among the Catholic missionaries, which the appointment of an Archpriest brought to a head were, first, a fundamental difference of policy. There was a Spanish party, which plotted for help from Spain, and claimed the succession to the throne for a Spanish princess, and a "peace" party, which hoped to win toleration by persuading the Government that they were loyal subjects of the Queen, and ready to denounce any conspiracies against her. The plotters for the most part lived abroad, while the penalty of their futile schemes was paid by those at home who, though ready to suffer martyrdom, wished the issue for which they laid down their lives to be a patently religious one. A second cause was the constantly recurring disturbances at the English college in Rome, the government of which was entrusted to the Jesuits. The rectors, with the exception of Mutius Vitelleschi,† afterwards the sixth General of the Society, were quite unequal to the task of managing the somewhat unruly lads over whom they were placed. The students on their side resented a discipline uncongenial to the English character, the Spanish proclivities of their Superiors, and the attempts which

* Printed for the Camden Society in 1896. The Camden Society has since been amalgamated with the Royal Society.

† "Archpriest Controversy," vol. i. p. 45.

they suspected of fostering vocations to the Society. There were some black sheep among the young men, adventurers and even spies of the English Government who had managed to obtain admission.*

Thirdly, the miserable "Wisbeach Stirs" made violent ill-feeling. Wisbeach Castle, an old dilapidated building situated in the fens of Cambridgeshire, contained a number of recusant prisoners. These quarrelled among themselves, and eighteen of their number, at the instigation of, or at any rate under the leadership of, Father Weston, S.J., constituted themselves into a kind of religious community, keeping entirely aloof from the remaining ten or twelve. There were undoubtedly some exasperatingly rowdy elements among the mixed company at Wisbeach, and very probably deplorable instances of loose behaviour, but it was unfortunate that a Jesuit should be to the fore in what was regarded in many quarters as a deliberate attempt to discredit a number of persons who had and were suffering for the Faith. Lastly, the want of organisation among the secular clergy, which left their corporate reputation at the mercy of a few indiscreet and uncontrolled spirits among them, was reducing them to a position of humiliating dependence on the Jesuits. The following passages from the Report of Cardinal Segu, referred to above, will illustrate this :

The real state of the case is this : the priests from the seminaries stand on one broad footing of equality, and possess their faculties or licence quite independently ; hence, in the war they wage against heresy, they would be as soldiers without a captain, did not the Fathers [*i.e.* the Jesuits], by the example they set of godly conversation and religious observance, exert a kind of authority and maintain them in the path of duty, helping them in their daily straits, &c.

Many of the Catholics, so the Cardinal alleged,

terrified by the many and deplorable falls of the seminarists . . . will scarce hold any intercourse with them, unless they bear a recommendation either verbal or written, or some other token from the Fathers of the Society.

Let the reader weigh well the force of the words we have printed in italics. It had come to this : the seminary priests were dependent not only for their maintenance but even for their security on men who had no official responsibility. The conclusion which the good Cardinal drew was that "the authority of the Fathers should as far as possible be inviolably maintained."

The history which the Petyt documents illustrate is that of three

* See the not very judicial Report of Cardinal Segu on the disturbances in the English College, printed in Foley's "Records," &c., vol. vi.

appeals to Rome made by and on behalf of those members of the secular clergy who were opposed to the Jesuits. The first of these appeals took the form of "a memorial sent by certain Englishmen out of the Lowe-countryes to the Popes holinesse Clement the eight against the Jesuites labouring in the English Vineyard." The text of this memorial is not extant, but an abstract of it was triumphantly published by the Jesuits. It was apparently a preposterous document, stuffed with silly accusations of too vague and sweeping a character for either proof or disproof. Those who presented it must have been altogether ignorant of affairs if they supposed that any tribunal in the world could accept a case in the form in which they presented theirs. Those who presented the memorial got a good scolding, and later on some of them were deprived of their faculties.

What the secular clergy needed above all things was some kind of organisation. They were trying to remedy this, and were preparing a petition * to the Pope, when, without being consulted or warned, they suddenly found themselves placed under the jurisdiction of an Archpriest, Blackwell, who was chosen for this office, and was a man of irreproachable character, but utterly without tact, impatient of opposition, and (a most undesirable circumstance in view of the tension which existed) a whole-hearted partisan of the Jesuits. "We were prevented," exclaimed one of his opponents, "by wrong informations and a gouvernour appointed over us who, not being indifferent, is not likely to make any peace." To make matters worse, the appointment was made in an informal manner, which laid its validity open to question. Blackwell tried to crush all opposition by the harshest methods. The dissatisfied clergy made a fresh appeal, and in December 1598 two priests, Bishop and Charnock, arrived in Rome to lay their grievances before the Pope. This appeal, like the former one, was a dismal failure. Charnock and Bishop found the authorities from the very outset violently prejudiced against them. They were matched with opponents who knew every rule of the game, while their own inexperience led them into false moves at every turn. After about four months, during most of which time they were prisoners under Father Parsons's custody, Bishop and Charnock were commanded to leave Rome and forbidden to return to England. A Brief was issued declaring Blackwell's appointment to have been valid *ab initio*, and the

* They were going to petition for—"(1) The appointment of bishops; (2) The removal of the Jesuits from the government of the English College at Rome; (3) The prohibition of all books (such as those written by Father Parsons) treating of the affairs of the State; (4) Liberty for the secular clergy to establish regulations for their own government."—"Archp. Cont." vol. i. p. 63, note.

appellants duly made their submission. It was now the turn of the other side to blunder, and it did so egregiously. Before the case of the appellants had been decided, an ill-judged attack was made on them by Father Lister, S.J., in which they were declared to be guilty of schism—*ipso facto* excommunicated. Blackwell, after his appointment had been confirmed, refused to accept the submission of the appellants unless they acknowledged that they had been guilty of schism. This brought matters to a deadlock. The appellants offered in vain to submit the matter to arbitration, and procured a decree of the University of Paris favourable to them. Blackwell remained obdurate. There was nothing for it but another appeal to Rome. And now the battle became an Homeric one. Higher powers joined in the fray. On the side of the Jesuits was the power and influence of the Catholic King; the appellants were supported by the most Christian King, and even the "Defender of the Faith" lent them her secret support.

The idea of turning the domestic feuds of the Catholics to account seems to have originated with Bancroft, who, though at that time only Bishop of London, was virtually invested with the power of Primate. He had with him, in a sort of free custody, a leading member of the appellant party named Bluett. Bluett opened his mind freely to his gaoler-host. The one thing he and his friends had at heart was to clear themselves from any suspicion of disloyalty. The result of these extraordinary negotiations was that four priests were "banished." The good services of the French king were enlisted on their behalf, and time was allowed them before they left England to collect money and make other preparations for their journey to Rome. Nor was Bancroft content with this; he contrived that it should not be impossible for the appellants to get their books printed in England. This last piece of connivance nearly ruined their cause. William Watson, to the great discomfiture of his friends, kept issuing a number of scurrilous and libellous pamphlets against the Jesuits, which contained also some temerarious propositions about the authority of the Holy See.

The priests deputed to represent the cause of the appellants reached Rome about the middle of February 1602, and now the battle began in real earnest. Father Parsons, it is enough to say, was himself throughout, and had the whole Spanish interest to back him. The appellants were cautious, and guided at every turn by the French ambassador and the French Cardinal d'Ossat. The Roman authorities, now that they were fairly roused, behaved with splendid impartiality. For an account of the protracted negotiations we must refer the

reader to the documents themselves. They are three English narratives and a *Brevis Relatio*, containing a number of official documents. The appellants gained the following points : they were cleared of the charge of schism, and the obnoxious clause in the original letter of the Cardinal Protector appointing Blackwell archpriest, which bade him consult the Superior of the Jesuits in matters of importance, was annulled. They did not, however, gain a prohibition of writings against the State, and Elizabeth replied by calling God to witness that no idea of affording toleration to Catholics had ever entered her mind.

F. B.

The Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi. With Illustrations. London : Kegan Paul & Co. 8vo, pp. 277. 1899.

THIS is an interesting and entertaining work. It is a plain but graphic account of the prominent sayings and doings of the great St. Francis and the first members of his Order. The details are simple, lively, and attractive, and every one of its 277 pages has something new for the reader. It shows, and very clearly too, the wondrous communings of God with His great servants, the line of thought, the sayings and actions, and the entire mode of life of those whose being is penetrated to the full with eminent sanctity, and who move for a time in, and finally leave, a world that saw them but did not know them. Every incident tacitly inspires a determination of leading a better life, and allures to the ineffable happiness of adhering to God. It is supposed to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century, and the compiler is unknown. It is not a mere narration of facts and sayings. There is an appreciation and an unction pervading the entire work that could come only from a saintly pen, which leads us to the belief that the author, with his intimate knowledge of St. Francis and his first spiritual children, must himself have been one of the Order. It is neatly got up in very agreeable type, and is a really excellent book.

J. N. M.

Mémoires de M. l'Abbé Baston. Two vols. Paris : A. Picard et Fils. 8vo, pp. 433-419. 1897, 1899.

ALTHOUGH extracts from these "Mémoires" have already been printed in periodicals, the present volumes are virtually unpublished matter, and the "Société d'Histoire contemporaine" is to be congratulated on adding to its undertakings a work which will seem

to many to be of the very highest interest. We have in these pages the autobiography of a learned and dignified French priest who was ordained in 1766, went through the whole period of the great Revolution, lived as an exile in England and in Germany, and returned to finish an honoured life in his own native land. The Abbé Baston writes with ease, fluency and considerable humour. He describes his studies, his work, his troubles, and his adventures. He is a Gallican in his theological views, and once or twice, during the confusion of the Empire and the Restoration, he seems to have lent himself to questionable proceedings. But he has the heart and feeling of a Catholic and a Frenchman, and there is little to find fault with in a narrative which, as to the rest, is transparently honest and truthful.

There is a very complete description of "St. Sulpice," as it existed in Paris just before the Revolution. In Paris, this great institute for training ecclesiastics consisted, not of one, but of four or, rather, of five, establishments grouped together about the great church. There was, first, the *Grand Séminaire de St. Sulpice*; next, the *Petit Séminaire de St. Sulpice*; thirdly, the *Petite Communauté de St. Sulpice*; and, fourthly, the *Philosophes de St. Sulpice*. These four "houses" adjoined each other, and communicated interiorly with one another. But their outer doors were in four different streets. There was a "house" in another quarter called the *Communauté de Lisieux*. These various names by no means convey a correct idea of what the houses were. The *Grand Séminaire* and the *Petit Séminaire* were not distinguished from one another, as the names would imply; the studies and exercises were the same in both, and the students of both sometimes united in common acts. It was only that, in the second, the inmates were less numerous, the buildings more modest, and the pension lower. The *Petite Communauté de St. Sulpice* was a house apparently even more adapted to poor students than either of the two just named, and it was here that the writer of these memoirs lived from the time he was seventeen until he was seventy-one. The *Philosophes de St. Sulpice* contained only students in "philosophy," and it was from its ranks that the two "Séminaires," where only theology was studied, were recruited. Each of these establishments had a country house, where the inmates spent two months of every year in vacation, besides one afternoon each week. The *Grand Séminaire* and the *Philosophes* had theirs at Issy, the *Petit Séminaire* and the *Petite Communauté* at Vaugirard. The life of the Sulpician student in the last establishment was hard and trying. Of the food, all you could say was that it was wholesome. You had good bread, but (what seems strange) it had to be paid for by the students. There was a small glass of good wine, which you could double by paying for it. The other food was of the

simplest, with very little cooking, and in small quantities. The students' rooms were much worse than the cell of a Capuchin, but no one used them except for sleeping; everything else was done in a public hall. But the vacations were real vacations. We have a vivid description of the two autumn months spent at Vaugirard, in the country house called *Les Robertins*. This house, in which M. Olier first started "St. Sulpice," and which is still in part preserved—for the Jesuit Fathers have it, and M. Olier's room is a chapel—was called *Les Robertins* from the community of poor scholars to which our author belonged, although there seems to be no explanation of the name, either in the editor's notes or in Mr. Healy Thompson's "Life of M. Olier." Here, in the vacation, there was the greatest liberty and recreative ease, no obligatory study, more sleep, no silence, better food, and talking in the refectory. There were all sorts of games, both outdoor and indoor, such as ball, "barres" (prisoner's base, or "prison bass," as it used to be correctly called at some colleges), billiards, chess, &c., also fishing, walks in the environs of Paris and in the country, and theatrical performances, and sometimes diversions were indulged in which were in a high degree noisy and even "rowdy." The whole of this part of the autobiography is well worth the attention of any one who desires to see the Church student of the ante-Revolution period at home in his exercises of piety, his studies, his academic acts, and his recreations.

The Abbé Baston, after his ordination, was offered, and accepted, the post of professor of theology in the Royal College of Rouen, which he occupied until the outbreak of the Revolution.

We have, *d propos* of his residence in that flourishing provincial capital, a lively description of the manners and customs of its various social classes. What he says about the "noblesse" on the very eve of the Revolution is striking; he tells us that the "nobles" were frank, generous, brave, honourable; they succoured the poor, showed no pride to their inferiors, and were, if anything, too easy with their servants. When, in addition to all this, they were religious, then they were truly admirable. Their women were almost invariably better than the women of any other class. He anticipates an acute remark of Mr. Bodley when he says that it was not their faults that wrecked the "noblesse," it was the acceptance by an all-powerful "Assembly" of the theory of social equality. As for the clergy of the capital of Normandy, his eulogistic language would almost seem exaggerated were it not confirmed by evidence which is accumulating every day. The parochial clergy were by no means rich, and, on the other hand, they were really hard-working, cultured, and irreproachable in their

lives. We hear a great deal about preaching. Here is a *trait* which may serve as a specimen of the writer's matter :

In the convents of nuns a custom had crept in which was in many ways objectionable. It was the *preacher's collation*. It was a table of some twenty covers, around which, after the sermon, gathered all the acquaintances of the orators of the day and of the confessor, and often a good many others. There was a great profusion of fruits of the season, of preserves, sweets, pastry, and various kinds of wine. People ate and drank as if they had had nothing for a week, and it was a great chance that the women did not fill their pockets for the children at home (vol. i. p. 223).

To English readers, the first chapters of the second volume, describing his experiences in England, will be full of entertainment. After many unpleasant and perilous experiences, the Abbé Baston sailed from Dieppe for England in a wretched fishing-boat, with thirty or forty other priests, in the month of September 1792. They intended to land at Folkestone, but eventually found themselves at Dover. We have a slight description of that place, with one or two lively anecdotes. The British "bathing-machine" is noted and described. The writer tells us how the good people of Dover fleeced him and his compatriots. He presently goes on to London, travelling to Canterbury in a "carriage with three seats," and thence to London in the coach. They were set down at the "White Bear" in Piccadilly. In London he spent rather more than a year, learning to read English, if not to speak it, and "making notes on the manners, customs and laws of the country." He sets down the number of ecclesiastics who, in the year 1793, were receiving hospitality in England as 10,000 or 11,000, "perhaps more." These were not all fed and lodged by the public subscription or the parliamentary grant, some had means of their own, many took up teaching, or some trade, to gain a livelihood. Very full details are given of the "subscription," and of the organised distribution of the money under the supervision of the venerated Bishop of St. Pol-de-Leon. There is a good deal about the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Douglas. The Abbé Baston has to satisfy this prelate that he is not a condemned Gallican. The Abbé, on the other hand, marvels a little that the bishop, in a pastoral, speaks of "our brethren of the Established Church." He says of him :

We were received by Bishop Douglas with the utmost kindness. He is a man who possesses in the highest degree every Christian and moral virtue. His charity knows no bounds. His piety is of the most tender kind, and his humility, affability, and gentleness, if they have a defect, it is because they are carried to excess (vol. ii. p. 59).

He tells us how he visited many times those "brave women"—the Benedictine nuns—who had been expelled from Montargis, and were temporarily in London on their way to Bodney Hall, near Brandon.

(This is the community now at Princethorpe.) They occupied two houses in Duke Street, Spanish Place. Probably the particulars he gives about them are already written in their annals, but it is touching to read in the diary of this exiled priest how the Prince of Wales protected this community, how the Protestant steward at Bodney Hall was won over by them, how a Presbyterian neighbour came and in the true spirit of John Bull, informed them that he detested nuns, but they were to be sure to send to him whenever they required anything; how a convert gave them an organ worth eighty guineas; and how this last, when they were about to set out on their journey from London to the country, and seemed insufficiently provided with wraps, "measured them all with his eye," and soon afterwards sent in as many "redingotes, d'un beau drap noir," as there were nuns. This gentleman is related to have been the subject of a miracle, and seems, indeed, to have been a saint. Is it known who he was?

There is no space even to summarise what we find in these volumes about Holland and Westphalia, in which countries the writer subsequently spent many years. The editors justly say that "Mémoires" of ecclesiastics, and especially such as relate to the end of the *ancien régime*, the Revolution, and the Restoration, are rare. We trust that the remaining portions of the autobiography may soon see the light.

N.

One Poor Scruple. A Seven Weeks' Story. By MRS. WILFRID WARD. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 384.

WE welcome in this book not only a valuable addition to Catholic literature, but the advent of a skilful and powerful pen into the ranks of Catholic authors. Many of us who have read in "Helbeck of Bannisdale" the strangely distorted picture which it presents of the life and religious traditions of our old Catholic families, must have asked ourselves, not without some measure of impatience, how long it was to be left to outsiders, with their inevitable obliquity of view, to depict scenes and sentiments which can only be accurately and adequately described by those who see them and live them from within, and who bring to such a task the unerring instincts and intuitions of Catholic faith and experience. It has happily been given to another Mrs. Ward from her place within the pale of the Church to supply this want. She has fulfilled it by giving a picture of English Catholic life written from the inside, and all who read "One Poor Scruple" will recognise how ably her work has been accomplished. Both in style and construction, her touch has a strength and a precision and a brightness above the average

attained by most Catholic novelists. We have passed, it is to be supposed, out of the simple-minded age when novels had a moral, or even a plot, and possibly Mrs. Ward would disavow any intention of advisedly pointing the one or constructing the other. We think that she has done better. She has produced a graphic picture painted from the quick, and one in which the characters live and breathe, and are true to the features of life and fact. These speak for themselves, and in doing so they have a voice which goes very straight to the heart of things, and to the bearings of the actual problems which perplex the soul of society in these last hours of the nineteenth century.

In the telling of the tale there is, undoubtedly, much to interest and much to charm—traits of manly nobility and of womanly goodness; traits of masculine limitations and of feminine and feline *finesse*; but these, the warp and woof in the texture of life, are kept in due subordination to the main structure of the volume. This remains on the mind when we have closed the book, and seems to us as a Homeric battle in which two gigantic forces—the spirit of Christ and His Church as represented in Mary, the worthy daughter of the sterling and staunch old Catholic family, and the spirit of the world and its wisdom as represented in Laura Hurstmonceaux, the modern woman of society—measure their strength, and fight for their living stake in the person of Madge O'Reilly, who belonged by conscience and education to the one, and by association and sympathy to the other. The conflict of these two powerful and subtle influences—the one depicted with its focus in the peaceful, isolated, and somewhat rigid life and traditions of the venerable Catholic mansion in th' country; the other with its vortex in the rush and blaze of a London season—are really, after all the elemental struggle—drawn large and in the colours of our day—of the two great combatants, Christ and the world, which, in last analysis, enters into the fibre of human life in all times and in all stages. For this reason we cannot help thinking that if Mrs. Ward had given to her book the title of "The Two Standards," most of her readers would have found less difficulty in recognising its appropriateness and its logical nearness to the massive thought of the famous *Meditation*, than will have done the readers of another work to which that designation has actually been given. If any one who reads this notice gathers from it the impression that "One Poor Scruple" is in the least like a *Meditation*-book, even in disguise, we hasten to say that nothing could be further from the fact. Its pages are as bright and as sparkling and as unburthened as most spiritual works are—almost of a necessity, we fear—the reverse. What we would convey is something very different—namely, that to some who read and digest Mrs. Ward's work the after-effect on the mind

may not be less valuable than that of the *Meditation-book*. That only means that its art is faithful in its treatment of the life-problem, and although the authoress reaches her goal by a pleasanter path, and carries irresistibly her reader along with her, she undoubtedly gets there almost as effectually in her way as the spiritual writer, and does so all the more skilfully, not because she ostensibly aims at it, but because, being true to the facts of life, the facts in turn are of themselves true to the everlasting lesson which lies behind them. Any reader who retains in his or her mind the pathetic picture of the pagan emptiness and bitterness of the life experience of Cecilia Rupert, and that of the Calvary-taught strength and sweetness of Mary Riversdale, will recognise what we mean: *Christus vincit*.

A further proof of the ability and insight of the authoress is afforded by the way in which, in a chapter of singular power and interest, the struggle of the life forces is brought to a crisis, and is made to result in a life-deciding victory. A less skilful writer would have made Madge, at the critical hour of her career, yield gradually to such reasons or arguments or entreaties as Mary Riversdale could have brought to bear upon her. There are moments of crisis in life when reasons count for little, and entreaties for less. The Catholic Church is essentially reasonable, and the reflex of the Divine reason. But she is more. She is not merely an intellectual system. She is a *life* in herself—a world of gracious influences in which we live, and in which we have our lives insensibly moulded—an atmosphere in which we at all times breathe in a spirit which becomes a part our inmost selves. It is an existence, a world, and an atmosphere made up of truths, thoughts, affections, impressions, sights, sympathies, associations—all, in fact, that makes up the fibre of a living soul. Nothing is stronger than life, especially the life modelled upon Him who is the Life as well as the Way and the Truth. Hence the stupendous and penetrating power of the Catholic Church in souls which she has once made her stronghold. At the crucial moment, when Madge came to the parting of the ways, it was not the appeal of arguments to the intellect, or even of friendship to the heart, which stayed her against the torrent of worldly influence. Words might be idle as the winds. But by a happy inspiration, her friend, so to speak, seized her, and lifted her out of her present, and carried her back into the convent life of her Catholic youth. The actual and continuous flow of the sweet words of the Rosary opened the floodgates of Catholic association, and brought back around her soul all the full tide of Catholic life, with its marvellous power of beating down within the soul the forces of the world and of temptation. It was the victory of a Catholic past come back to conquer a worldly present, and to rescue its own in

a moment of danger. If Mrs. Ward had written a treatise on the need of Catholic education and the saturation of the soul in purely Catholic influences, to stay Catholic women in the hour of trial and test to which the world and society is sure to subject them, we doubt if she could have stated her case more eloquently and conclusively. The lesson is an all important one, and there are not a few who would do well to learn it. In tracing so far what has seemed to us the main drift of this interesting and remarkable work, we have left ourselves but little space to do the critic's work of pointing out its blemishes. We candidly think that there are few to be indicated. It might seem to some that in depicting the Catholic life of an old English family, with its splendid traditions of noble and inflexible loyalty to principle—so much needed in our day!—Mrs. Ward has somewhat tended to emphasise the note of what would be considered by many its narrowness and rigidity. No doubt the isolation of penal days, with its lessons written in blood, and that stern sobriety and stiff insularity, born of much suffering, which made what has been termed "Garden of the Soul Catholics," contrasts somewhat with the warmth and light and undefinable charm of joyousness and sweet reasonableness of the same Catholic life as led in a French *château*, or in the midst of an old Italian or Spanish Catholic family. But these are matters of fact and local colour; and if Skipton Grange presented imaginary terrors to the comfort-loving Madge and her French maid, and if, as we must admit, it is rather unusual for a Catholic hostess to disregard those canons of delicacy and good taste which the Church herself teaches, and to intrude on the spiritual life of her newly arrived guest by administering a lecture on the daily duty of gaining indulgences, we can only say that such deflections of detail, even if they were defects, detract but little from the charm and beauty of the book which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has given us—as the first instalment, we trust, of much and equally good work in the future.

M.

Cardiff Records: being Materials for a History of the County Borough from the Earliest Times. Edited by J. HOBSON MATTHEWS, Archivist to the Corporation of Cardiff. Vol. I.

THE Corporation of Cardiff are certainly to be congratulated on the publication of this first instalment of their city records. In Mr. Hobson Matthews they have evidently secured an editor who knows how such documents should be prepared and printed, and who has the somewhat rare "capacity for taking infinite pains" by which alone such a work as this can be fittingly done. The general appearance of

the volume surpasses that of any publication of a similar nature that we have seen ; the print and paper are all that could be desired, and the facsimile reproductions of the charters are really works of art. Of course the volume will have its chief importance for those who have some connection with Cardiff and its immediate neighbourhood, but incidentally there is much to bespeak the attention of those that are interested in history of the growth of a great commercial centre or are desirous of learning something as to the manners and customs of mediæval citizens. It would no doubt have much aided the general reader to appreciate the volume more had Mr. Hobson Matthews given some notes and explanations to the documents he prints. For instance, on page 379, as an item in an inventory of goods which were declared to have been taken from the cathedral during the religious reforms of Edward VI., we find : "Item, Seynt Jeloes boke wherin is the hole knowledge of the chirche with an image of brasse on the one syde therof doble giltyd." It would have added to the interest had the reader been told that this was the celebrated "Book of Llan Dar," the history of whose wanderings has been so graphically and fully described in the preface to the latest edition of the text by Mr. J. Gwenoghyr Evans ; and that a photograph of the "image of brasse" above named may be seen as the frontispiece of that excellently edited volume. Mr. Matthews has evidently been at great pains to produce this volume, and has taken any amount of trouble, but to our mind it is a pity that he did not print less and do more in the way of editing. Some of his work also strikes us as, to say the least, works of supererogation. For example, what can we think of his labour in translating the two charters No. XV. and No. XIX.? These two documents were known only in English translations, the originals apparently having been lost. Mr. Hobson Matthews is, however, not content with giving the English versions, but takes the extraordinary course of turning them into Latin himself, and giving these in the first place and then the English, named in each case "translation," afterwards. It is true that he calls his Latin, in a note following the translation, a "conjectural Latin version," but this was hardly necessary, as any one familiar with mediæval Latin documents could easily have detected the difference between the modern translation from the English and an original. Why Mr. Matthews should have given himself the unnecessary trouble of trying his hand at these Latin exercises must remain a mystery.

G.

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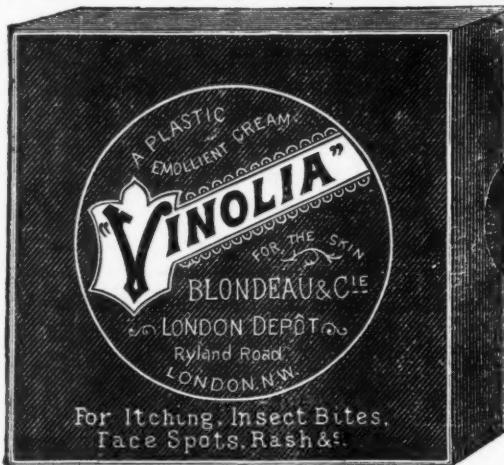
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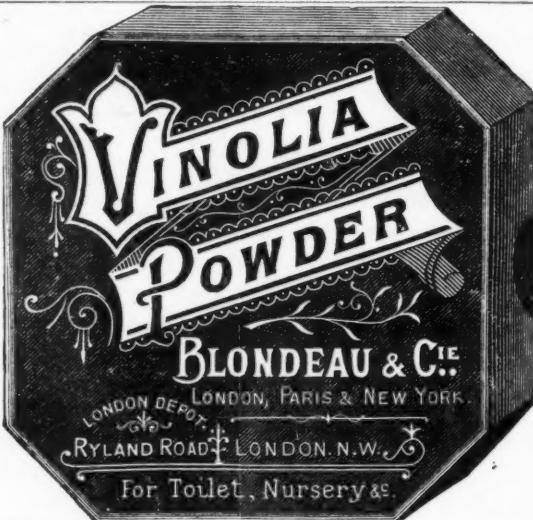
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